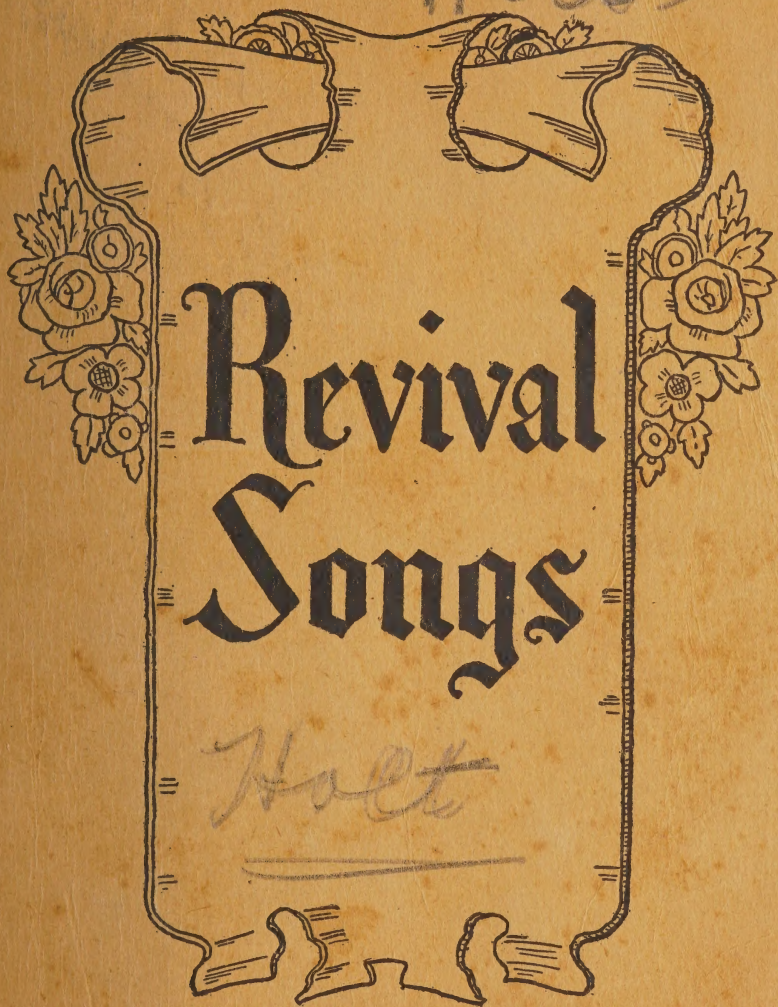


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Revival Songs.

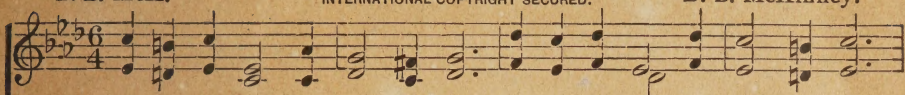
1

My Prayer.

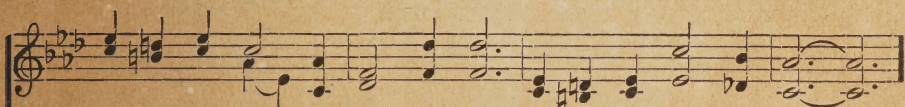
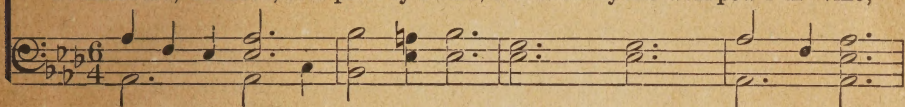
B. B. McK.

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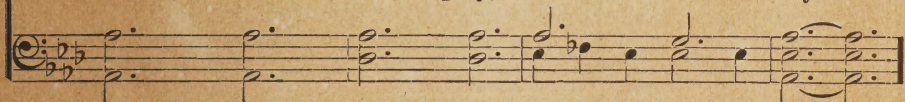
B. B. McKinney.



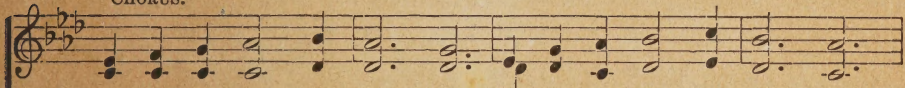
1. Take me, oh Lord, I now can see Thy precious will is best for me;
2. Mend me, oh Lord, with all my pride Let sel-fish plans be cru - ci - fied;
3. Make me, oh Lord, com-plete-ly Thine, Fill Thou my life with pow'r di - vine;



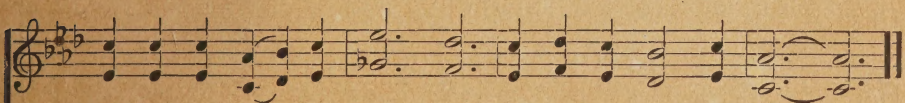
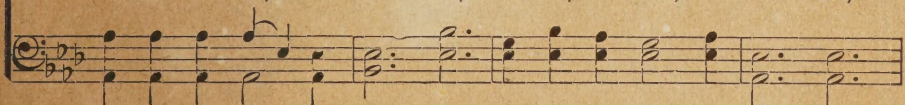
Just as I am, tho' weak and small, I yield my life, my all.
Oh, mend and purge this heart of mine, Give me a heart like Thine.
Own me, and use me, Lord, I pray, Thro'-out life's lit - tle day.



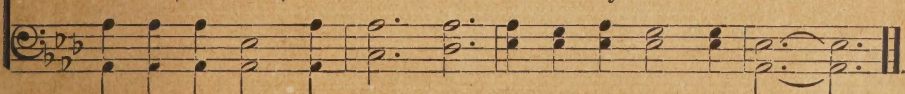
CHORUS.



Just as I am, oh take me, Bend me, oh Lord, or break me,



Mould me, oh Lord, and make me Af - ter Thy will di - vine.



B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

Duet. Slowly.

1. 'Neath the stars of the night, Walked the Savior of light, In the gar-den of
 2. All the sin of the world On the Sav-ior was hurled, As He knelt in the
 3. May my song ev-er be Of the love proffered me, By my Lord all a-

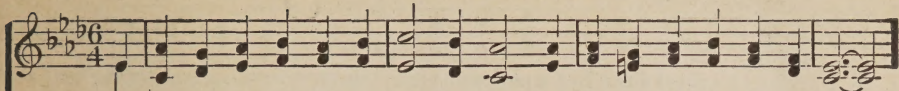
dew-lad-ened breeze; Where no light could be found, Je-sus knelt on the ground,
 gar-den a-bove; Hear His soul-burdened plea, Let this cup pass from me,
 lone on His knees: Praise His won-der-ful name, He who bore all my blame,

CHORUS.

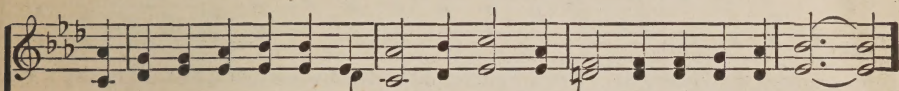
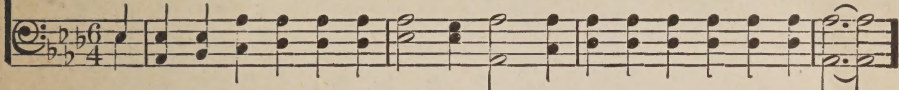
There He prayed 'neath the old ol-ive trees.
 "Nev'rtheless, not my will, Thine be done." 'Neath the old ol-ive trees, 'Neath the
 As He knelt 'neath the old ol-ive trees.

old ol-ive trees, Went the Sav-ior a-lone on His knees, "Not my will, Thine be

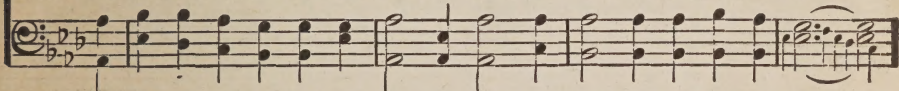
done," cried the Father's own Son, As He knelt 'neath the old ol-ive trees.



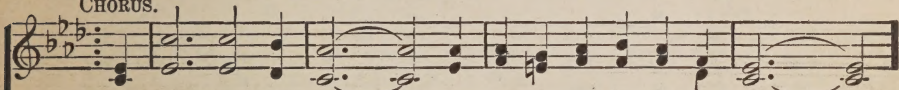
1. I heard a sweet story, I know its true, It took a firm grip on my soul;
2. I yield-ed my-self to this Christ divine, For sin was a bur-den to me;
3. And now I am singing a-long my way, Where once I was burdened and sad;



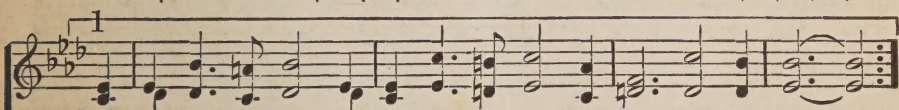
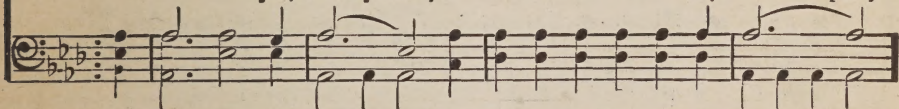
It told of a Sav-ior who came to save, And make a bro-ken life whole.
He lift-ed that burden and gave me peace, And set my cap-tive soul free.
Now He is my Shepherd, my Friend and Guide, And keeps my heart ev-er glad.



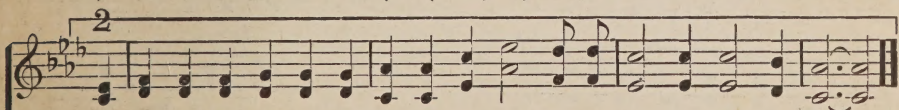
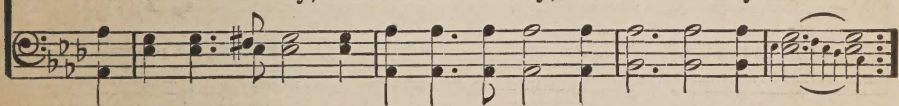
CHORUS.



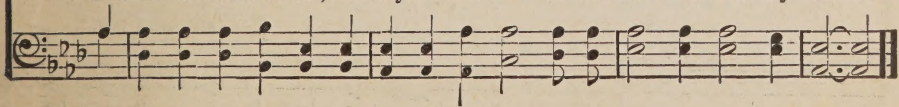
His love won my heart, . . . A love that will nev-er de - part; . . .
yes, won my heart, no, nev-er de-part;



He took sin a - way, and came in to stay, His love won my heart.



I want to be faith-ful, and loy-al and true To the love that won my heart.

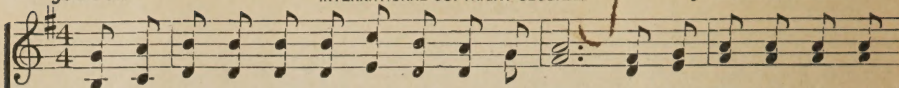


My Cup Runneth Over.

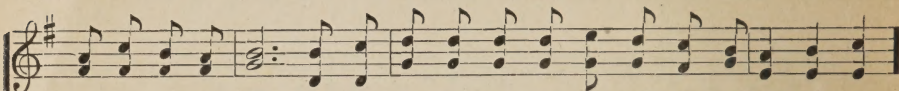
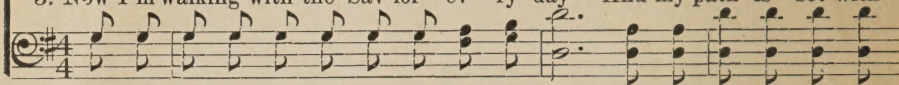
J. P. S.

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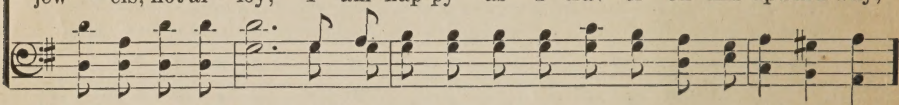
J. P. Scholfield.



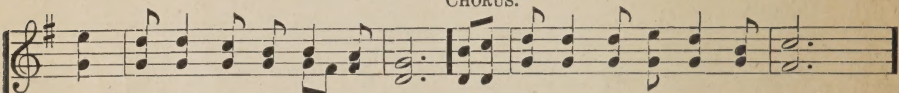
1. I had traveled down life's pathway many days,—Seeking something fear and
 2. When I heard that Je - sus came to res - cue me, And had pow'r to still the
 3. Now I'm walking with the Sav - ior ev - 'ry day— And my path is set with



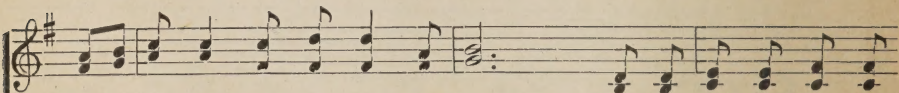
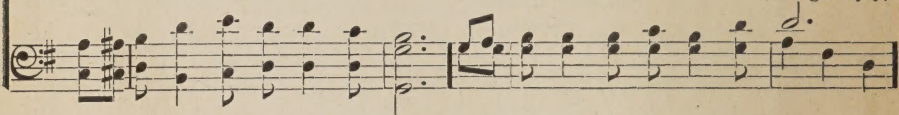
conscience would destroy: Then I anchored to the Savior and He changed my ways;
 waves that did an - noy; I com - mit - ted all to Him and He gave vic - to - ry;
 jew - els, not al - loy; I am hap - py as I trav - el on this upward way;



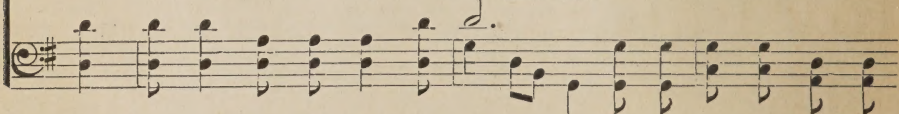
CHORUS.



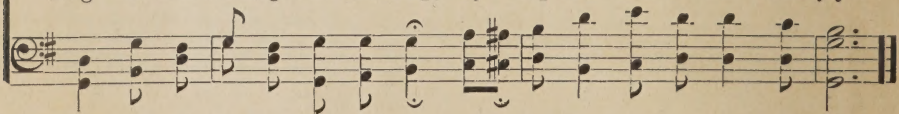
My cup run-neth o - ver with joy. My cup run-neth o - ver with joy, glad joy,



My cup run - neth o - ver with joy; glad joy; Now my soul de - lights to



sing—for I'm walking with the King; My cup run - neth o - ver with joy.



Don't Worry, But Pray.

Lizzie DeArmond.

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B. D. Ackley.

1. God knows ev - 'ry heartache, each bur - den and care, The trou - bles and
 2. The clouds may hang heav - y, no sunshine ap - pear, A - mid the dark
 3. Thro' rich - es of mer - cy each need He'll sup - ply, Who faith - ful - ly

tri - als so oft - en you bear, His presence is with you each swift passing day,
 shad - ows the Com - fort - er's near, "Fear not, I am with you," I hear the voice say,
 serve Him, He'll never pass by, Thro' life He will guide you, thro' death be your stay,

CHORUS.

Then trust in His goodness, don't worry, but pray. Just pray when you're weary at

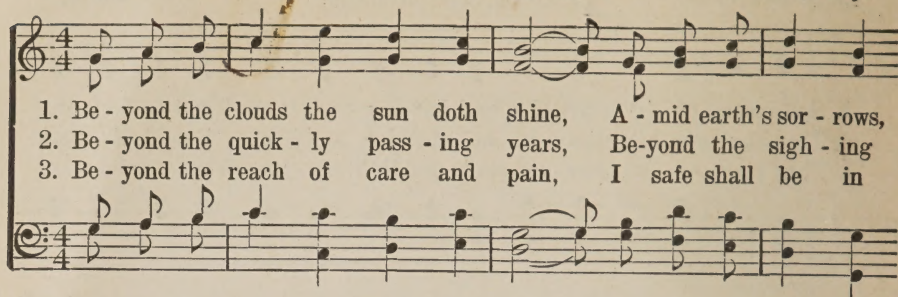
heart and oppressed, Look unto the Savior and you will be blessed, He knows ev'ry

strug - gle, along the life - way, Then trust in His goodness, don't worry, but pray,

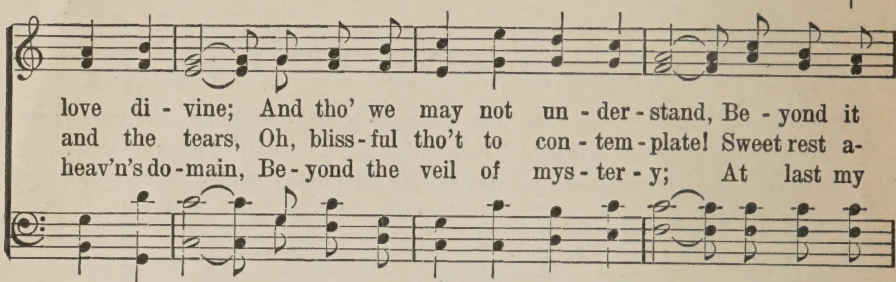
Gipsy Simon Smith.

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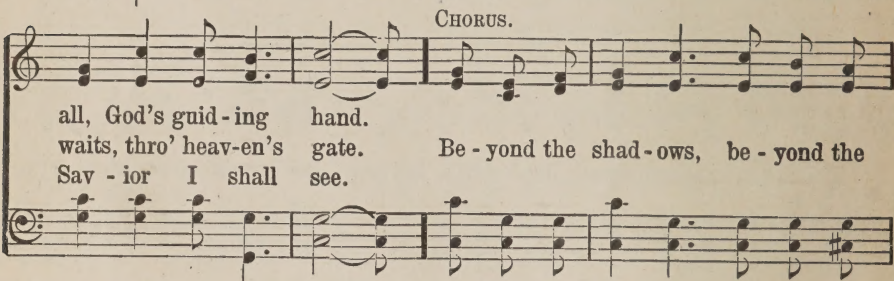
B. B. McKinney.



1. Be - yond the clouds the sun doth shine, A - mid earth's sor - rows,
2. Be - yond the quick - ly pass - ing years, Be - yond the sigh - ing
3. Be - yond the reach of care and pain, I safe shall be in

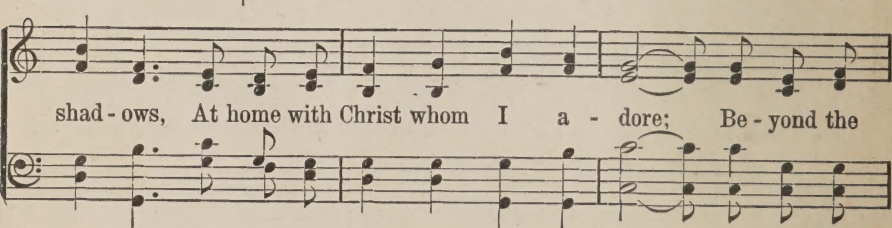


love di - vine; And tho' we may not un - der - stand, Be - yond it
and the tears, Oh, bliss - ful tho't to con - tem - plate! Sweet rest a -
heav'n's do - main, Be - yond the veil of mys - ter - y; At last my

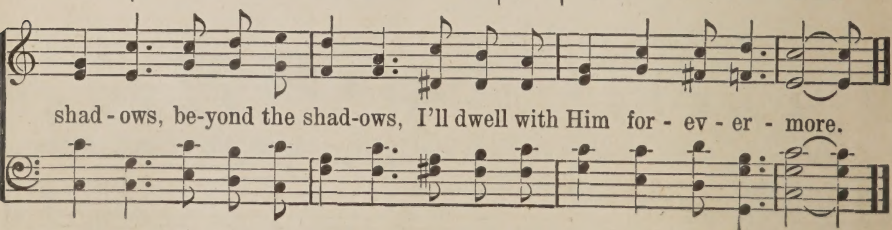


CHORUS.

all, God's guid - ing hand.
waits, thro' heav - en's gate. Be - yond the shad - ows, be - yond the
Sav - ior I shall see.



shad - ows, At home with Christ whom I a - dore; Be - yond the



shad - ows, be - yond the shad - ows, I'll dwell with Him for - ev - er - more.

Walk In The Newness Of Life.

James Rowe.

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B. D. Ackley.

1. Ye who are wea - ry and burdened and sad, Liv - ing where e - vil is
 2. Years you have was - ted in trou - ble and sin, This for your soul was not
 3. He is the hope, light and joy of the world, Why then, in dark - ness still

rife; Come un - to Je - sus, be saved and be glad, Walk in the
 planned; Still there is time a new life to be - gin - Let Him take
 roam? Un - der His glo - ri - ous ban - ner unfurled, Fol - low the

CHORUS

new - ness of life.
 hold of your hand. Walk in the new-ness, the new-ness of life,
 Bless - ed One home.

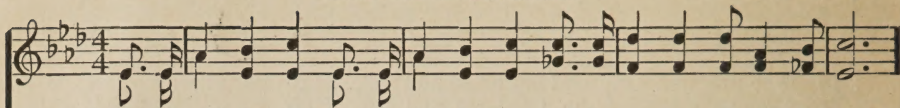
Leave now the low - lands of sor - row and strife; Je - sus will

lead and sup - ply ev - 'ry need, Walk, walk in the new-ness of life.
 Walk in the new - ness,

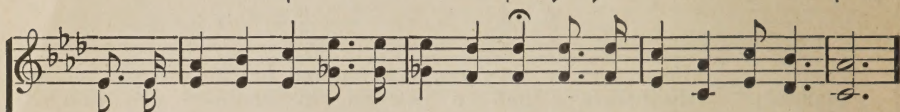
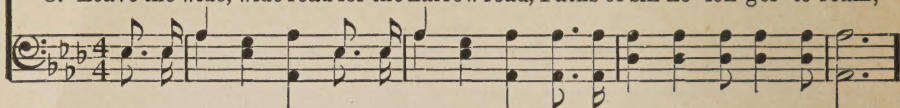
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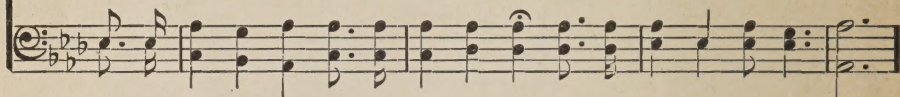
B. B. McKinney.



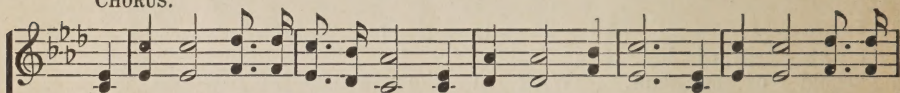
1. There's an old, old road by an old, old cross, And its way is narrow and straight;
2. On the old, old road walked the Christ divine, With His cross of sorrow and shame;
3. Leave the wide, wide road for the narrow road, Paths of sin no lon-ger to roam;



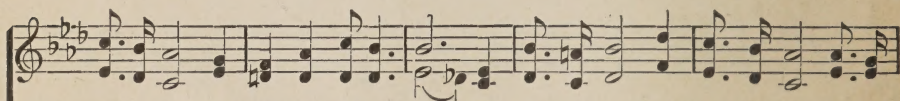
But it leads up home to the great white throne, Where the saints in glo-ry wait.
On its beams so wide Je-sus bled and died, There He bore the sinner's blame.
Walk the road divine where the cross doth shine, It will lead you safe-ly home.



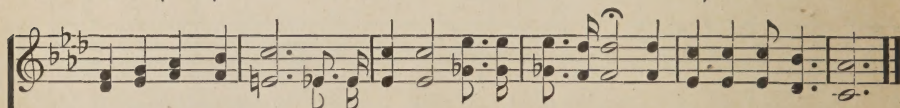
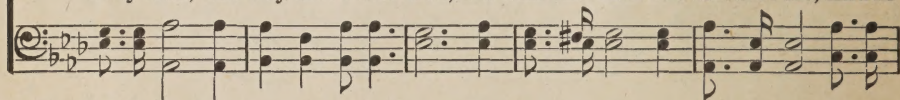
CHORUS.



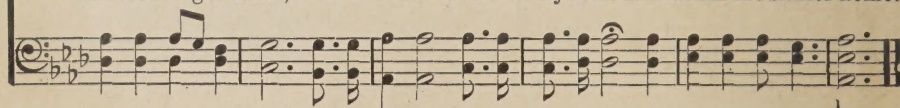
The old road is the on - ly road That leads home to God, The old road is the



on-ly road, The way that Jesus trod; I'll walk the road He walked for me, And in



sin no lon-ger roam, For the old road is the only road That leads the sinner home.



Only a Little Way Home.

A. H. A.

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A. H. Ackley.

1. O why do you wan - der in sor - row, When Je - sus in -
 2. Tho' you are a poor wretch - ed out - cast, For - sa - ken wher -
 3. The door of for - give - ness is o - pen, The light of love

vites you to come? His grace will im - part boundless joy to your heart,
 ev - er you roam, God nev - er de - spairs, He is one who still cares,
 shines thro' the gloam, Close, close to your side is the won - der - ful Guide,

CHORUS
 And it's on - ly a lit - tle way home. It is on - ly a lit - tle way,

Tho' you have gone a - stray, On - ly a lit - tle way home; . . . It is on - ly a
 way home;

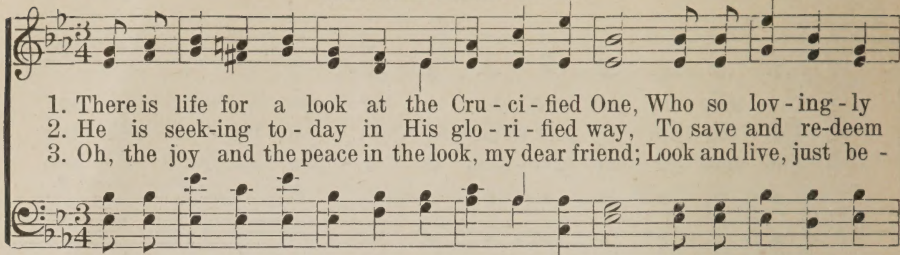
lit - tle way, Then take the step to - day, On - ly a lit - tle way home.
 lit - tle way home.

There Is Life for a Look.

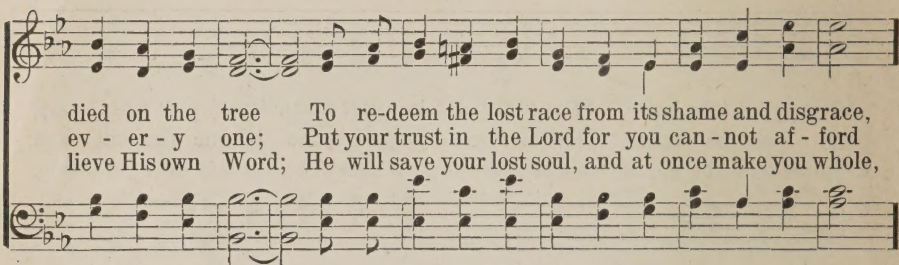
C. V. C.

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Custer V. Cox.

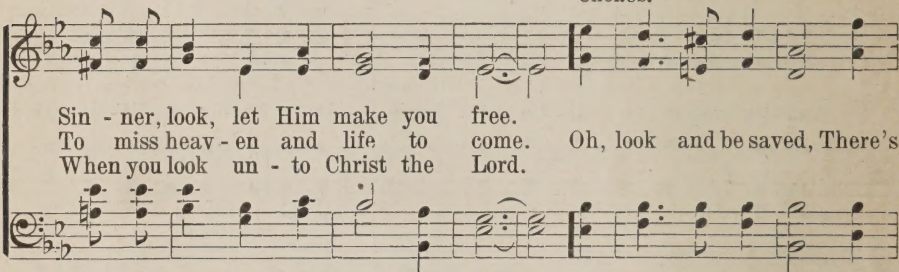


1. There is life for a look at the Cru-ci-fied One, Who so lov-ing-ly
 2. He is seek-ing to-day in His glo-ri-fied way, To save and re-deem
 3. Oh, the joy and the peace in the look, my dear friend; Look and live, just be -

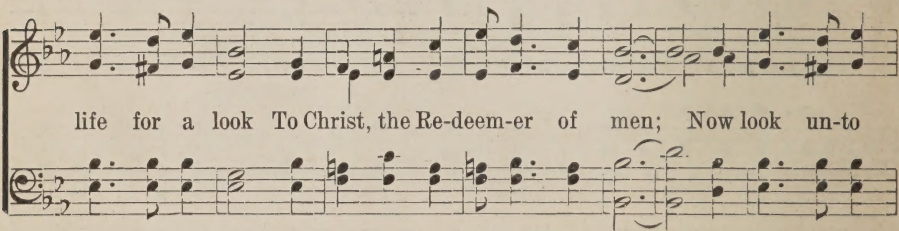


died on the tree To re-deem the lost race from its shame and disgrace,
 ev - er - y one; Put your trust in the Lord for you can - not af - ford
 lieve His own Word; He will save your lost soul, and at once make you whole,

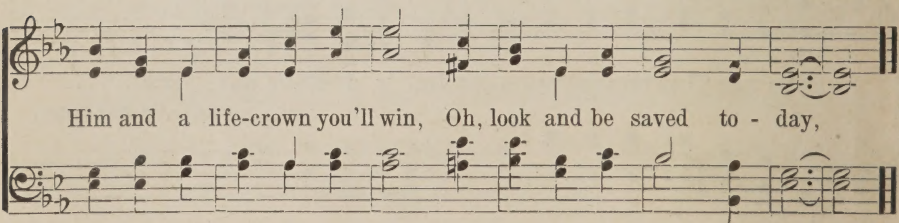
CHORUS.



Sin - ner, look, let Him make you free.
 To miss heav - en and life to come. Oh, look and be saved, There's
 When you look un - to Christ the Lord.



life for a look To Christ, the Re-deem-er of men; Now look un-to



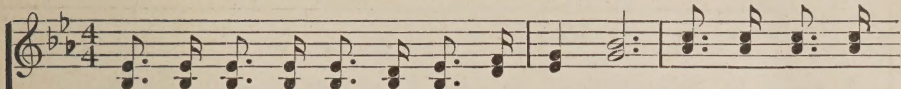
Him and a life-crown you'll win, Oh, look and be saved to - day,

Trust, Try and Prove Me.

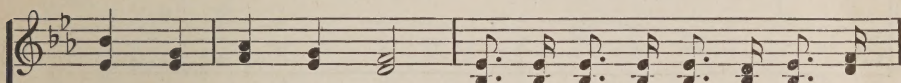
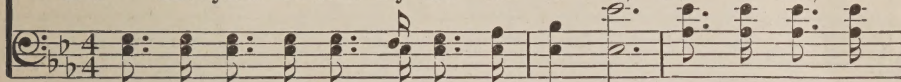
L. S. L.

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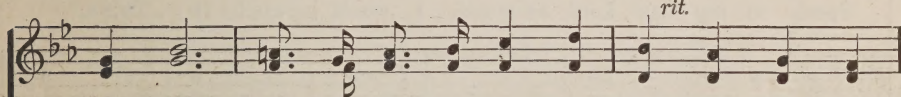
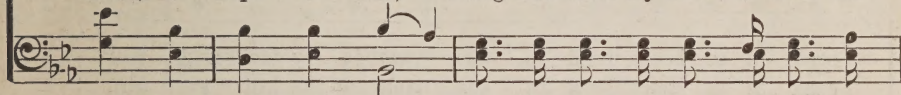
Lida Shivers Leecn.



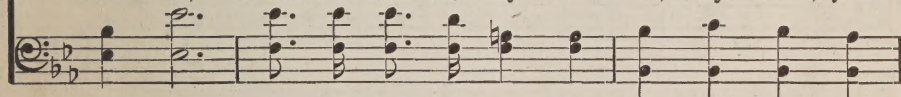
1. Bring ye all the tithes in - to the store-house, All your mon - ey,
 2. When my wav-'ring faith in tri - als fal - ter, When His guid - ing
 3. I have yield - ed Him my life for - ev - er, All I am, or



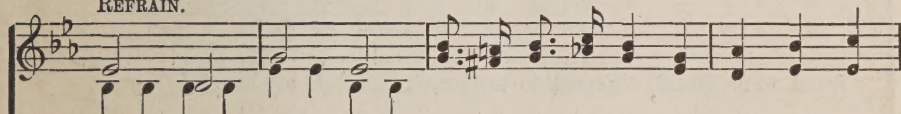
tal - ents, time and love; Con - se-crate them all up - on the
 hand I can - not see, Then in won-drous love and ten - der
 have, or hope to be; Naught on earth my hold on Him can



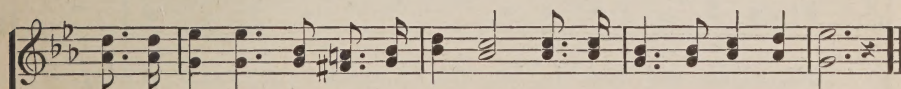
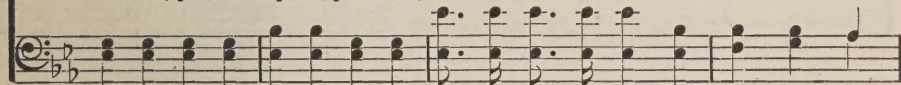
al - tar; While your Sav - ior from a - bove speaks sweet - ly,
 mer - cy, Thro' His word He says to me, My child, just
 sev - er, While I hear Him say to me, My child, just



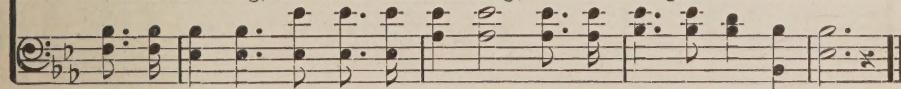
REFRAIN.



Trust Me, try Me, prove Me, saith the Lord of hosts, and see
 Trust Me, yes, then try Me, prove Me,



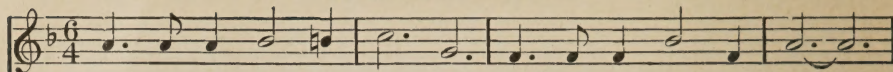
If a bless-ing, un-meas-ured bless-ing, I will not pour out on thee.



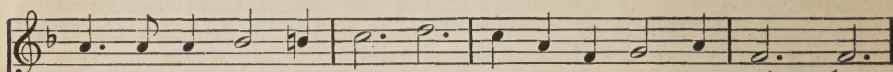
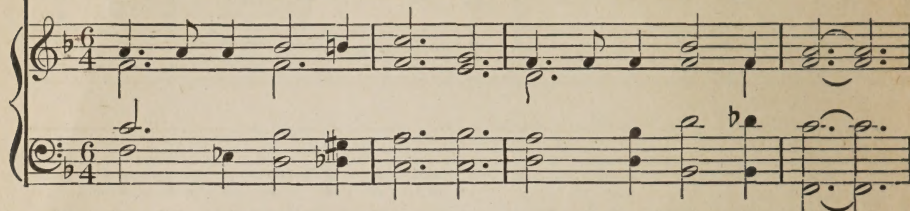
Gene Routh.

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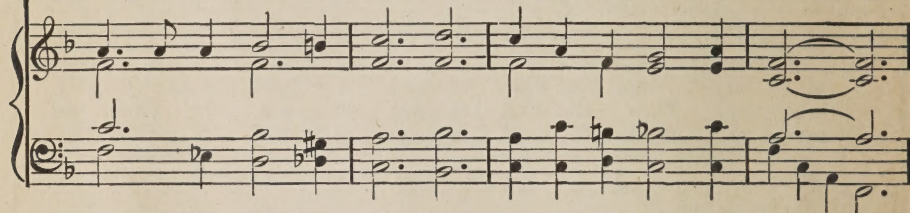
B. B. McKinney.



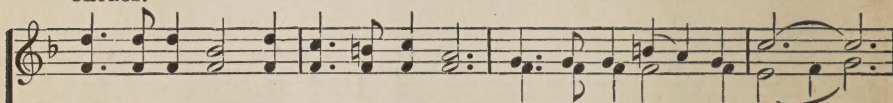
1. Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, Speak that my soul may hear;
2. Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, Purge me from ev - 'ry sin;
3. Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, It is no lon - ger mine;



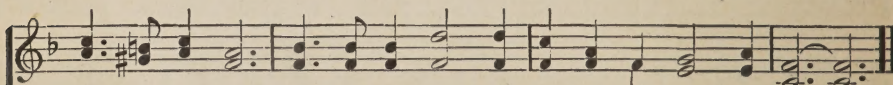
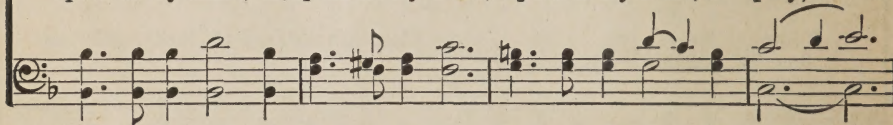
Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, Calm ev - 'ry doubt and fear.
 Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, Help me the lost to win.
 Speak to my heart, Lord Je - sus, I would be whol - ly Thine.



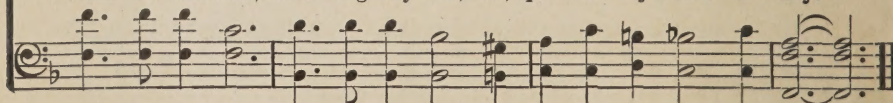
CHORUS.



Speak to my heart, oh, speak to my heart, Speak to my heart, I pray;



Yield - ed and still, seek - ing Thy will, Oh, speak to my heart to - day.

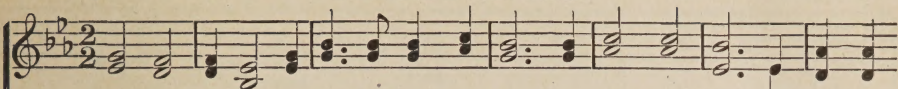


I Need Jesus.

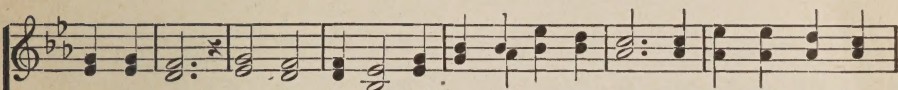
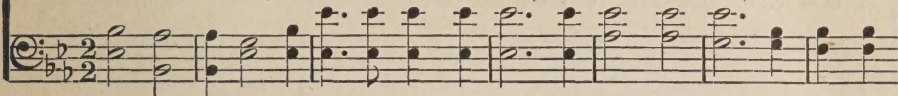
George O. Webster.

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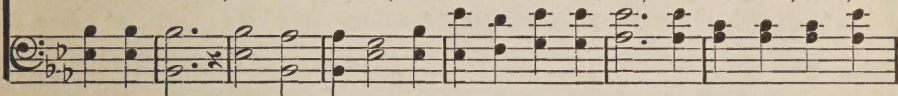
Chas. H. Gabriel.



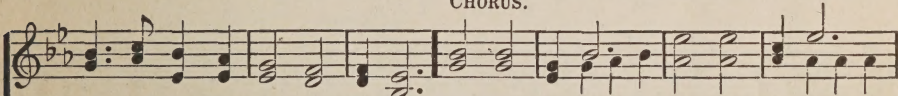
1. I need Je - sus, my need I now con-fess; No friend like Him in times of
2. I need Je - sus, I need a friend like Him, A friend to guide when paths of
3. I need Je - sus, I need Him to the end; No one like Him, He is the



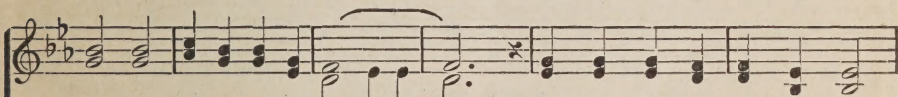
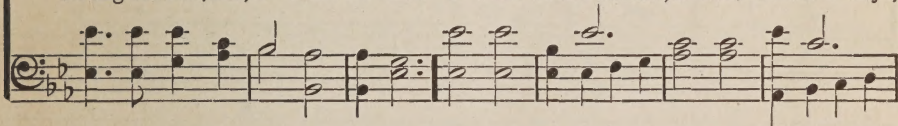
deep dis-tress; I need Je-sus, the need I glad-ly own; Tho' some may bear their
life are dim; I need Je-sus, when foes my soul assail; A - lone I know I
sin-ner's Friend; I need Je-sus, no oth-er friend will do; So con-stant, kind, so



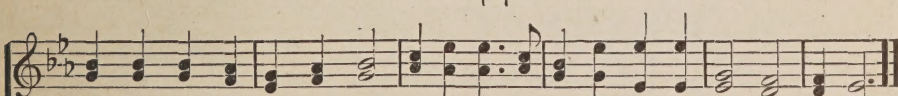
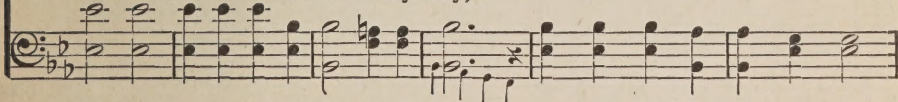
CHORUS.



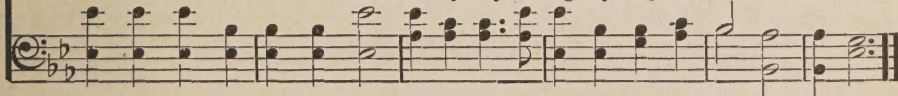
load a-lone, Yet I need Je - sus. I need Je-sus, I need Je - sus,
can but fail, So I need Je - sus.
strong and true, Yes, I need Je - sus. I need Je-sus with me, I need Je-sus al-ways,



I need Je-sus ev-ry day; Need Him in the sun-shine hour,
ev-'ry day;



Need Him when the storm-clouds low'r; Ev'ry day a-long my way, Yes, I need Je - sus.



R. H.

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Robert Harkness.

1. Love sent my Sav - ior to die in my stead, Why should He
 2. Nails pierced His hands and His feet for my sin, Why should He
 3. O how He ag - o - nized there in my place, Why should He

love me so? Meek - ly to Cal - va - ry's cross He was led,
 love me so? He suf - fered sore my sal - va - tion to win,
 love me so? Noth - ing with - hold - ing my sin to ef - face,

CHORUS

Why should He love me so? . . . Why should He love me so? . . .

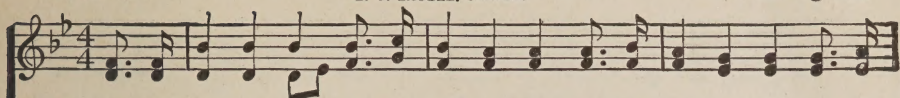
Why should He love me so? love me so? Why should my Sav - ior to

Cal - va - ry go? Why should He love me so? love me so?

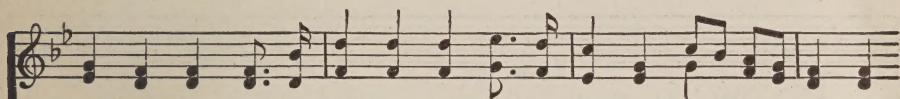
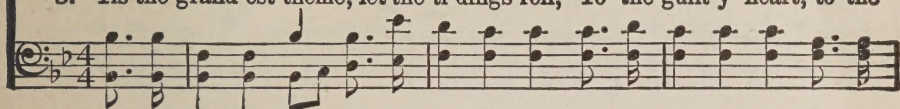
W. A. O.

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E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

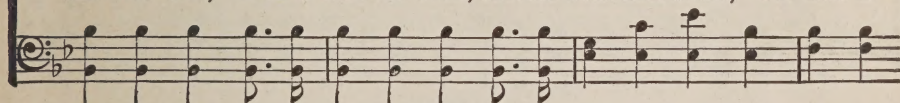
W. A. Ogden.



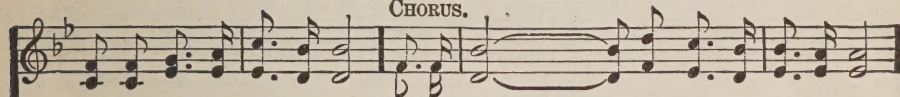
1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a-ges rung; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
2. 'Tis the grand-est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
3. 'Tis the grand-est theme, let the ti-dings roll, To the guilt-y heart, to the



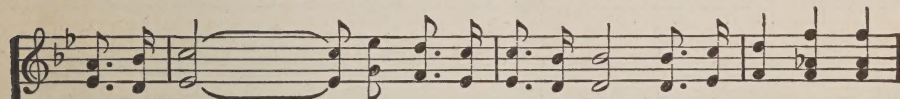
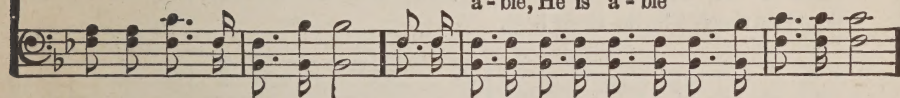
mor-tal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is
mor-tal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a - gain, "Our God is
sin - ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole, "Our God is



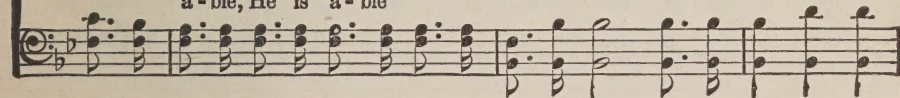
CHORUS.



a - ble to de - liv - er thee." He is a - - - ble to de - liv - er thee,
a - ble, He is a - ble



He is a - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by sin op-prest,
a - ble, He is a - ble



Go to Him for rest; "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee." A - MEN.



S. C. Kirk.

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Grant Colfax Tullar.

1. Hear ye the Master's call, "Give Me thy best!" For, be it great or small,
2. Wait not for men to laud, Heed not their slight; Winning the smile of God
3. Night soon comes on a-pace, Day has-tens by; Workman and work must face

That is His test. Do then the best you can, Not for re-ward, Not for the
Brings its de-light! Aid-ing the good and true Ne'er goes unblest, All that we
Test-ing on high. Oh, may we in that day Find rest, sweet rest, Which God has

CHORUS.

praise of man, But for the Lord.
think or do, Be it the best. Ev-'ry work for Je-sus will be blest,
promised those Who do their best.

But He asks from ev-'ry-one His best. Our tal-ents may be few,

These may be small, But un-to Him is due Our best, our all.

C. A. M.

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C. Austin Miles.

Slowly.

1. I come to the gar-den a-lone, While the dew is still on the
 2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet, the birds hush their
 3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him, Tho' the night a-round me be

ros-es; And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear, The
 sing-ing, And the mel-o-dy, That He gave to me, With-
 fall-ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His

CHORUS.

Son of God dis-clos-es.
 in my heart is ring-ing. And He walks with me, and He
 voice to me is call-ing.

talks with me, And He tells me I am His own; And the

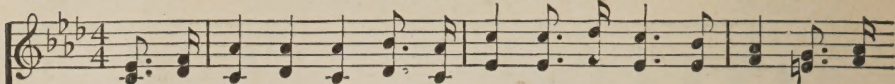
joy we share, as we tar-ry there, None oth-er has ev-er known.

18 The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

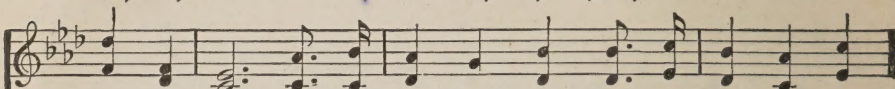
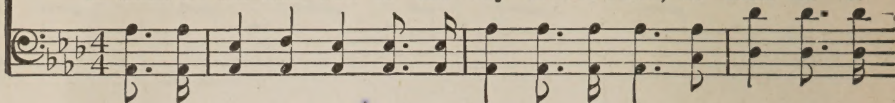
Jessie Brown Pounds.

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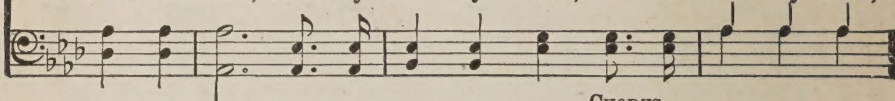
Chas. H. Gabriel.



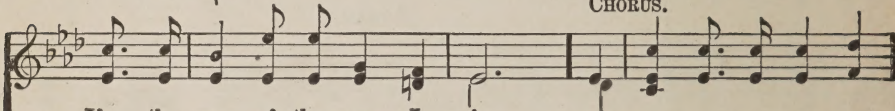
1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the
3. Then I bid fare-well to the way of the world, To walk in it



way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
nev - er - more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

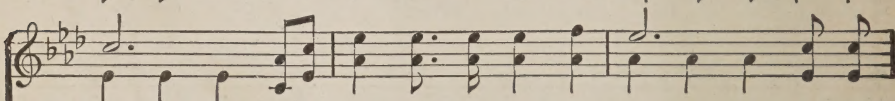
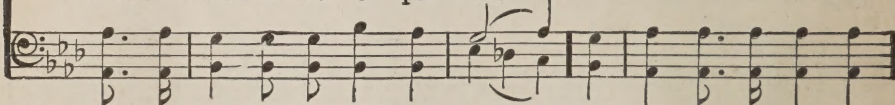


CHORUS.

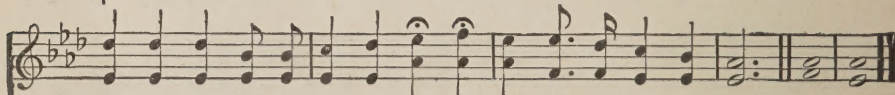
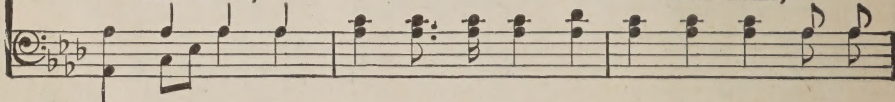


If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God.
Where He waits at the o - pen door.

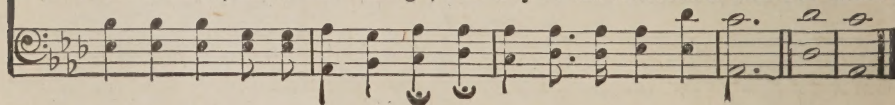
The way of the cross leads



home, The way of the cross leads home; It is
leads home, leads home;



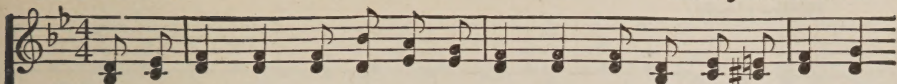
sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home. A - MEN.



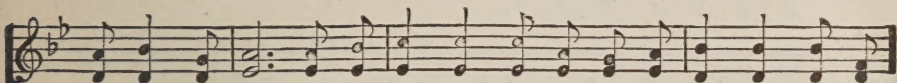
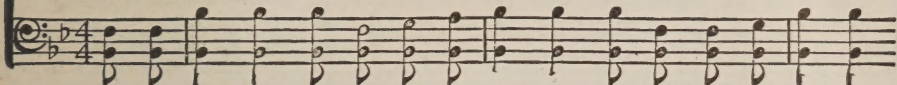
James Rowe.

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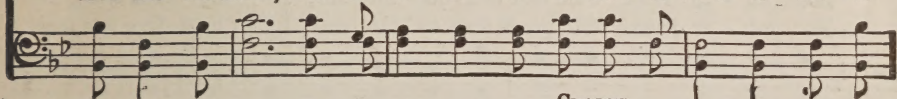
Henry P. Morton.



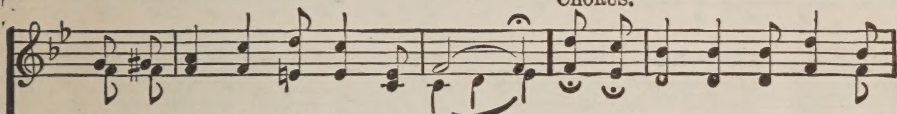
1. Dark-ness may o'er-take me and my song for - sake me, But a - lone I
2. Should mis-for-tune meet me, friends may fail to greet me, But if true to
3. How the tho't en-thralls me, that what-e'er be - falls me One will al-ways



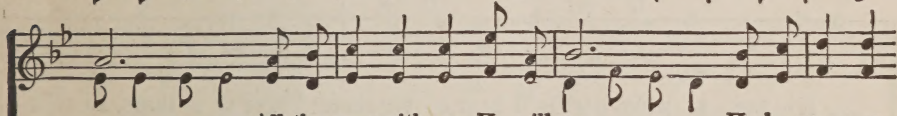
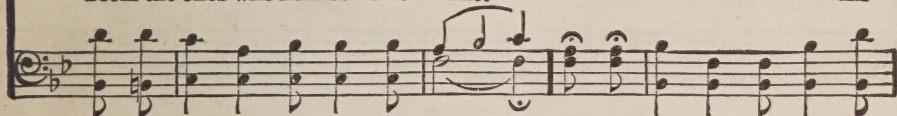
nev - er shall be; For the Friend be - side me prom-ised He would guide me
 Je - sus I stay He will still up - hold me, let His love en - fold me
 love me the same; Not a tri - al ev - er caus-es Him to sev - er



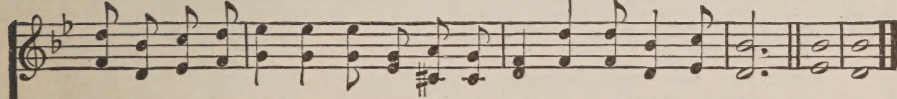
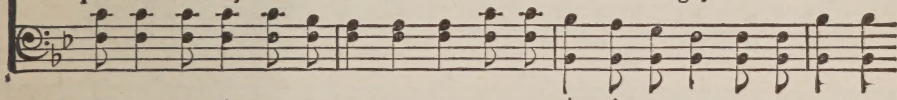
CHORUS.



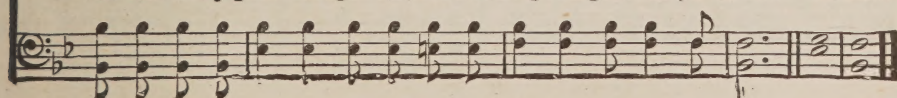
And will keep His prom-ise to me.
 Ev - 'ry drear-y mile of the way. He will keep His prom-ise to
 From the ones who hon-or His name. His



me, All the way with me He will go; He has nev - er
 prom-ise to me, He will go;



bro-ken an - y prom-ise spo-ken; He will keep His prom-ise, I know. A-MEN.



Whisper a Prayer.

S. L.

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Scott Lawrence.

Rather slowly.

1. Whis-per a prayer in the morn-ing, Just at the break of the day;
 2. Whis-per a prayer at the noon-time, Pause in the midst of the throng,
 3. Whis-per a prayer at the twi-light, Aft-er the day's work is done,

Why fear the fight, In your bat-tle for right, When you know He will
 Look un-to Him, Who can con-quer all sin; In thy weak-ness, in
 No oth-er friend Will prove true to the end, Like Christ Je-sus, the

CHORUS.

lead all the way?
 Him thou art strong. Whis-per a prayer, Just whis-per a prayer,
 Cru-ci-fied One.

E-ven a whis-per He'll hear o-ver there; Vic-t'ry is thine, In His

rit.
 love so sub-lime, When to Je-sus you whis-per a prayer.

No Longer Lonely.

R. H.

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Robert Harkness.

1. On life's pathway I am nev-er lone-ly, My Lord is with me, my Lord di-
 2. I shall not be lone-ly in my sor-row, He will sus-tain me un-til the
 3. I shall not be lone-ly in the val-ley, Tho' shadows gath-er, I will not

vine; Ev - er pre-sent Guide, I trust Him on - ly, No lon-ger
 end; Dark-est night He turns to bright-est mor-row, No lon-ger
 fear; He has prom-ised ev - er to up-hold me, No lon-ger

CHORUS.

lone-ly, for He is mine....
 lone-ly! He is my Friend... No lon-ger lone-ly, No lon-ger lone-ly, For
 lone-ly! He will be near.....

Je - sus is the Friend of friends to me;..... No lon-ger lone-ly, No lon-ger
 to me;

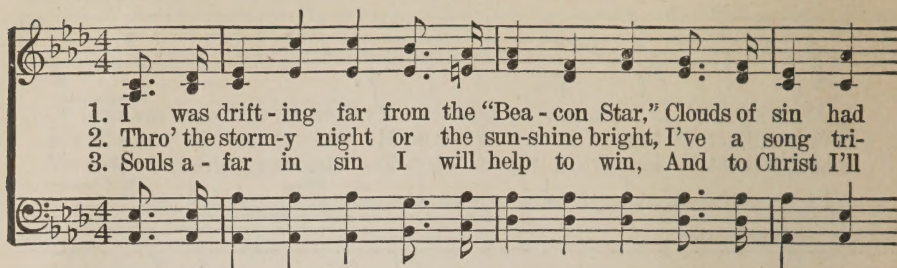
lone - ly, For Je - sus is the Friend of friends to me.
 of friends to me.

22 Since His Love Came Shining Through.

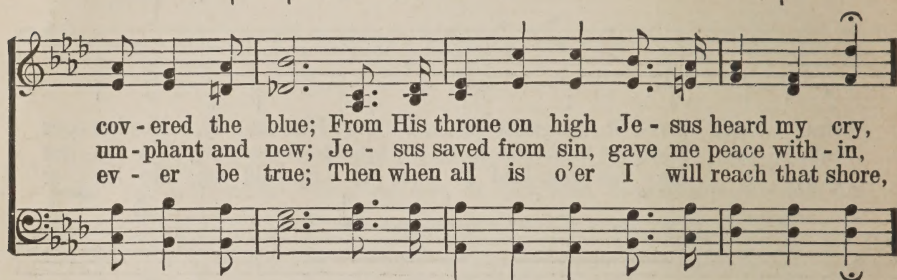
Gene Routh.

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B. B. McKinney.

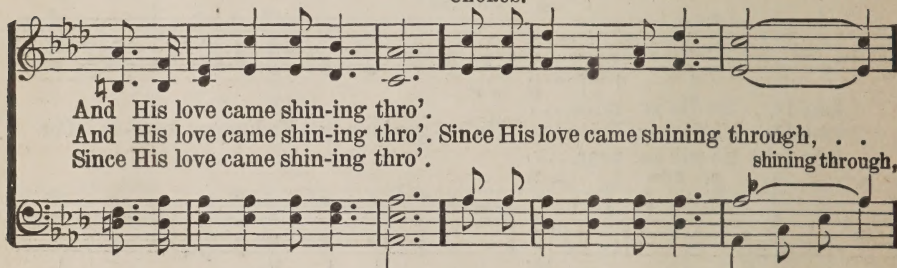


1. I was drift - ing far from the "Bea - con Star," Clouds of sin had
2. Thro' the storm - y night or the sun - shine bright, I've a song tri -
3. Souls a - far in sin I will help to win, And to Christ I'll

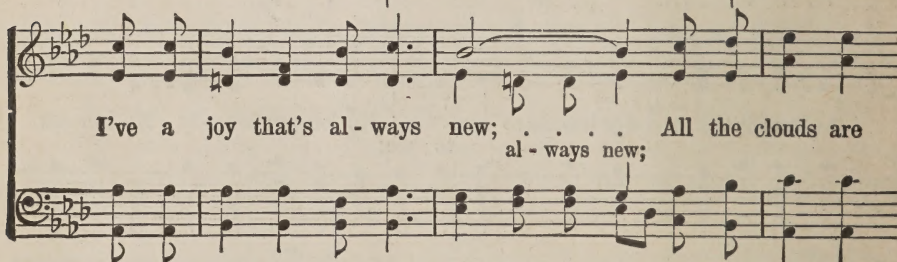


cov - ered the blue; From His throne on high Je - sus heard my cry,
um - phant and new; Je - sus saved from sin, gave me peace with - in,
ev - er be true; Then when all is o'er I will reach that shore,

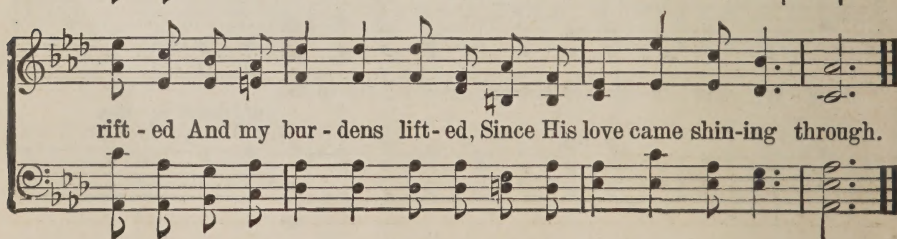
CHORUS.



And His love came shin - ing thro'.
And His love came shin - ing thro'. Since His love came shining through, . . .
Since His love came shin - ing thro'. shining through,



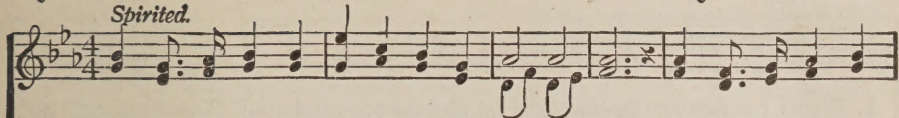
I've a joy that's al - ways new; al - ways new; All the clouds are



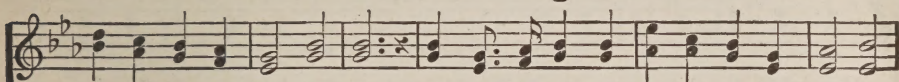
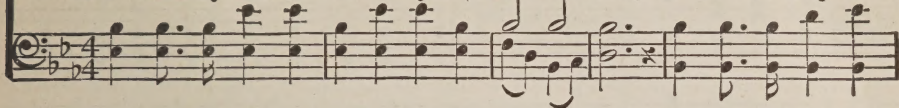
rift - ed And my bur - dens lift - ed, Since His love came shin - ing through.

J. P. S.

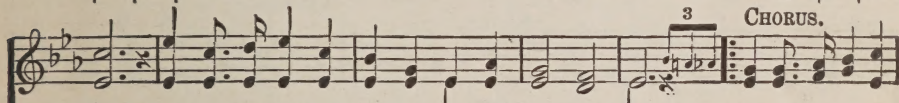
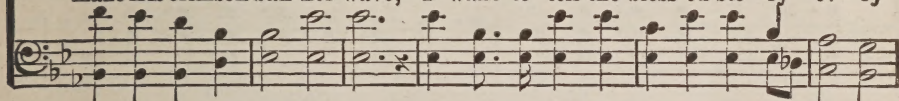
J. P. Scholfield.

Spirited.

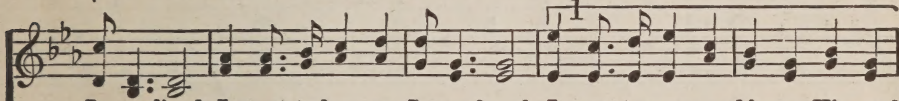
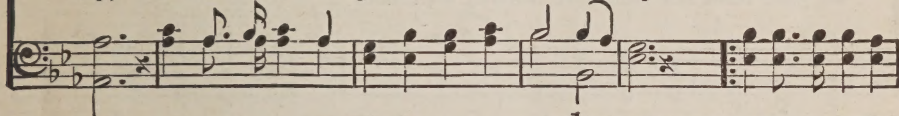
1. I want my life to glo-ri-fy my Lord and King; I want to please and
2. Oh, that my life might mag-ni-fy the Sav-ior's pow'r; Oh, that my deeds might
3. I want my life to tes-ti-fy that He can save; I want to help to



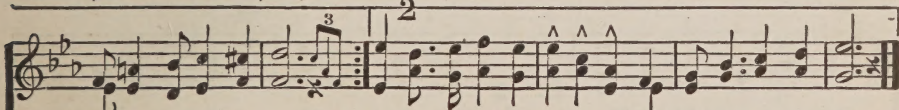
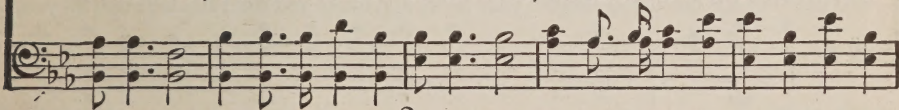
hon-or Him in ev-'ry-thing; I want my life to tell men that He is my
 wit-ness to His grace each hour; Oh, that my words might magnify His ho-ly
 make His crimson ban-ner wave; I want to tell the bless-ed sto-ry ev-'ry



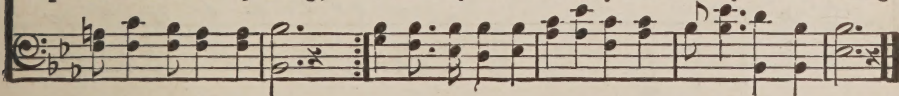
Guide; I want the world to know He's walking by my side.
 name, So let my heart and voice His mighty pow'r pro-claim. I want to live as
 day; I want to be a light to oth-ers on their way.



Je-sus lived, I want to love as Je-sus loved, I want to serve and honor Him and



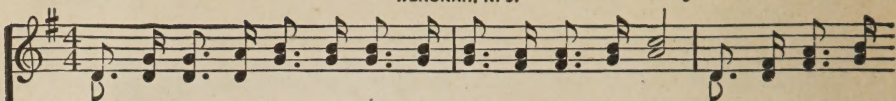
please Him in ev-'ry-thing; I want my life to tes-ti-fy that He's my Lord and King.



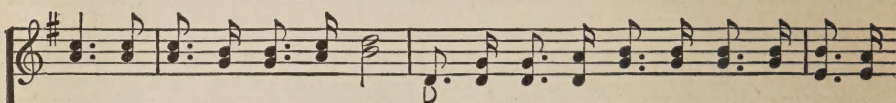
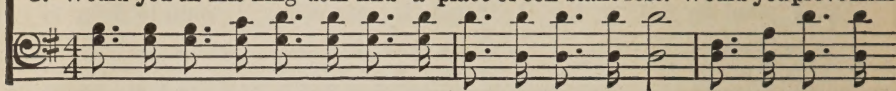
C. S. N.

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WENONAH, N. J.

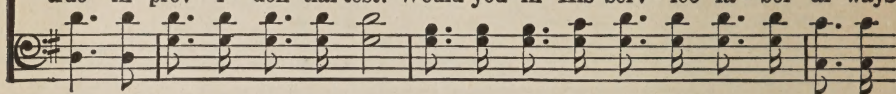
Cyrus S. Nusbaum.



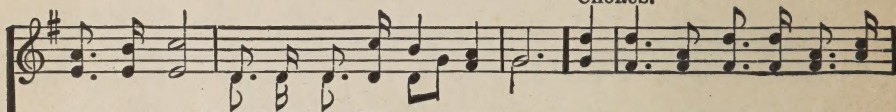
1. Would you live for Je-sus, and be al-ways pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol-low at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His king-dom find a place of con-stant rest? Would you prove Him



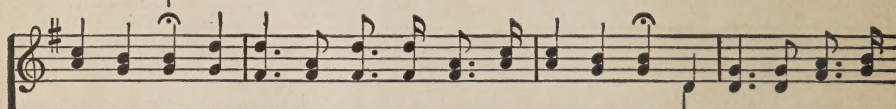
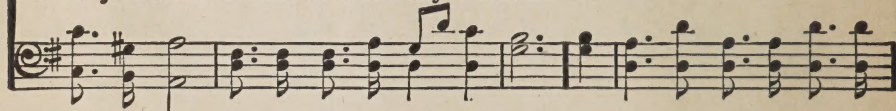
Him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your burden, car - ry peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that you can true in prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor al - ways



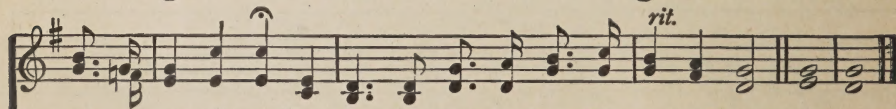
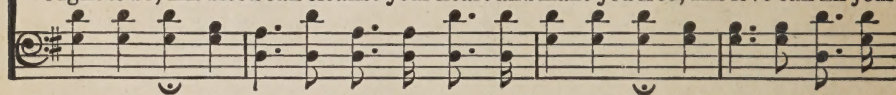
CHORUS.



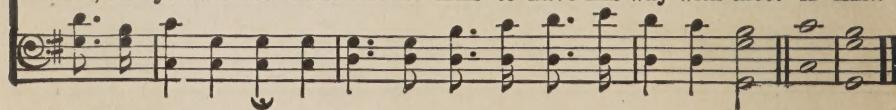
all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
nev-er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you
at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.



ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your



soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee. A - MEN.

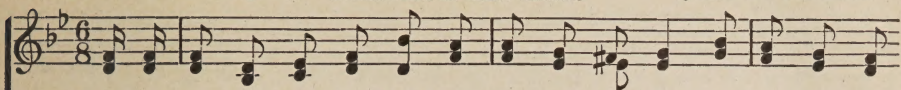


25 Have You Counted Your Blessings To-day?

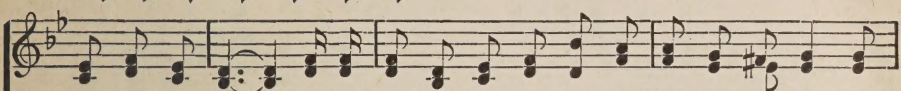
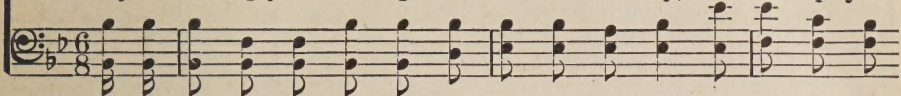
Rev. H. H. McGaughey.

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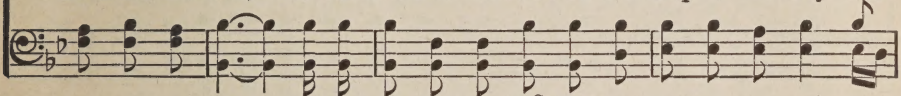
Jesse B. Thomas.



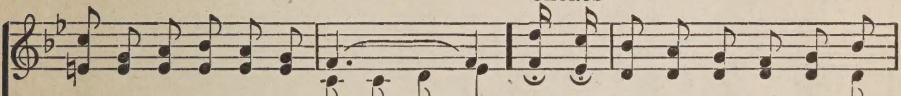
1. Have you count-ed the bless-ings from Je - sus to - day, Or count-ed naught
2. Have you tho't of the bless-ings that bright-en your life, Or on - ly of
3. If you'll add up your bless-ings from Je - sus to - day, Then add up your



but gloom and rain? Have you tho't of the sun-shine that lights up your way, Or
toil and de - spair? Do you on - ly count troub-le and sad wea - ry strife, Or
troub-les and woe, You will thank the dear Sav-ior each step of the way For

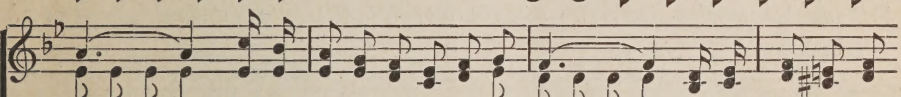
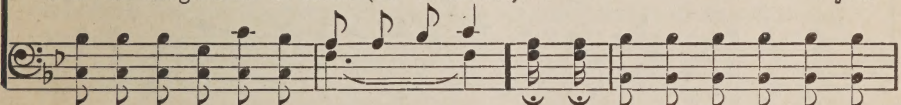


CHORUS

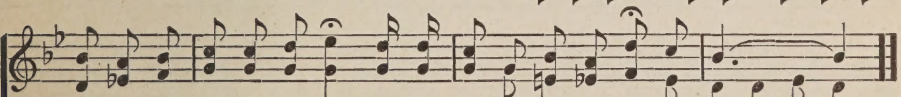
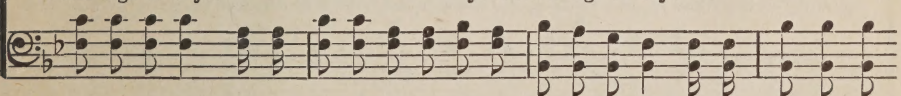


have they been sent all in vain?(all in vain?) Have you counted your blessings to-
do you trust God and His care?(and His care?)
won - der-ful gifts He be-stows.(He be-stows.)

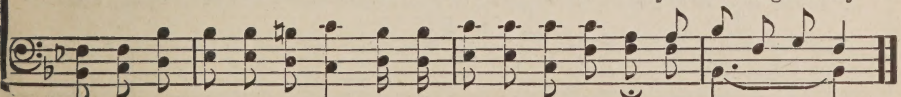
your



day? . . . Have you counted your blessings to-day? . . . Have you thanked the dear
bless-ings to-day? your bless-ings to-day?



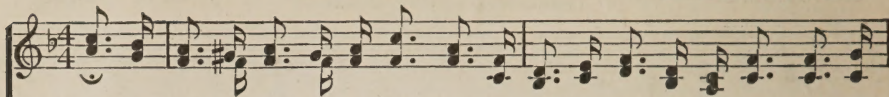
Sav - ior for gifts from a-bove? Have you counted your blessings to-day? . . .
your bless-ings to-day?



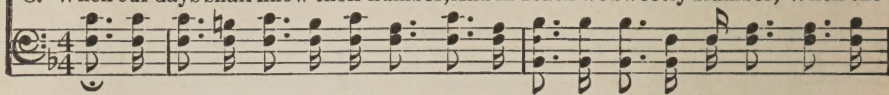
26 When They Ring the Golden Bells.

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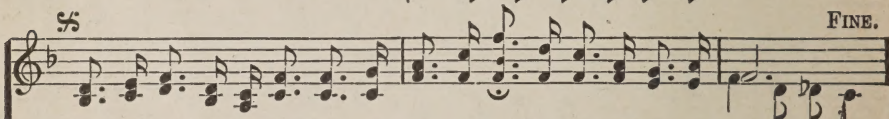
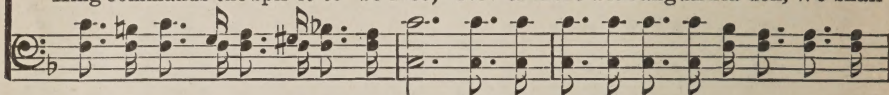
Dion De Marbelle.



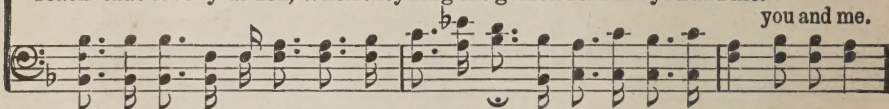
1. There's a land be-yond the riv-er, That we call the sweet for-ev-er, And we
2. We shall know no sin or sor-row, In that ha-ven of to-mor-row, When our
3. When our days shall know their number, And in death we sweetly slumber, When the



on-ly reach that shore by faith's decree; One by one we'll gain the portals, There to
barque shall sail beyond the sil-ver sea; We shall on-ly know the blessing Of our
King commands the spir-it to be free; Nev-er-more with anguish la-den, We shall

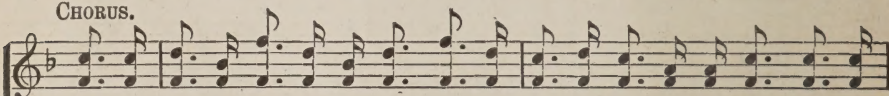


dwel with the immortals, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
Fa-ther's sweet caressing, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
reach that love-ly ai-den, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.

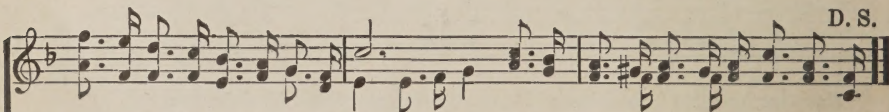
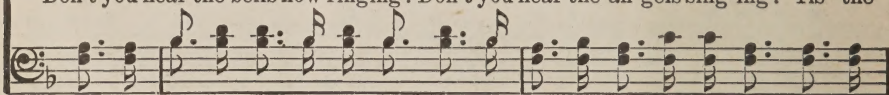


D.S.—yond the shining river, When they ring the golden bells for you and me. (you and me.)

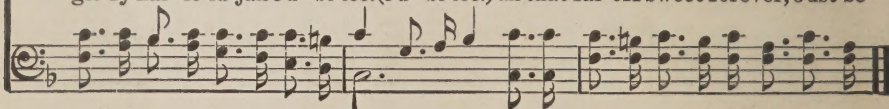
CHORUS.



Don't you hear the bells now ringing? Don't you hear the an-gels sing-ing? 'Tis the



glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah Ju-bi-lee. (Ju-bi-lee.) In that far-off sweet forever, Just be-

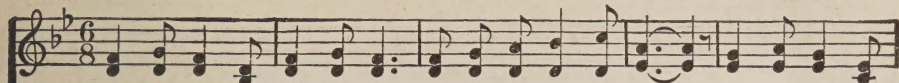


Love Lifted Me.

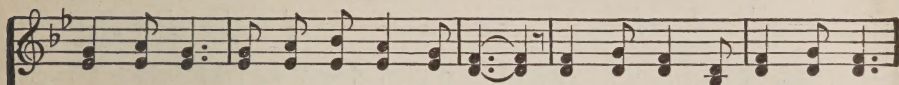
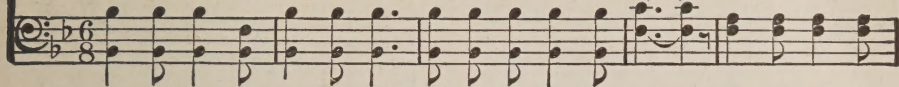
James Rowe.

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ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

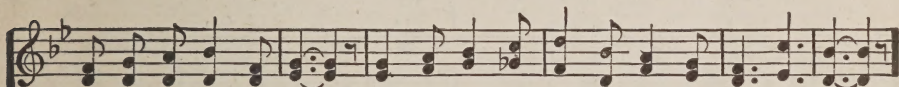
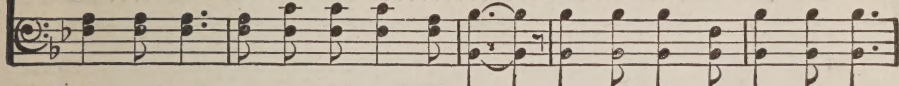
Howard E. Smith.



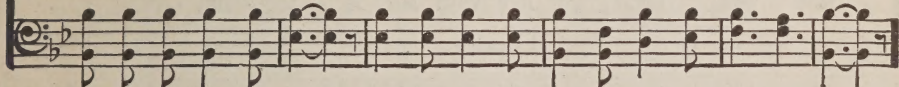
1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep-ly
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed
3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je - sus com-plete-ly saves; He will lift you



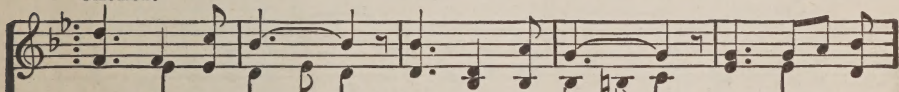
stained with-in, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
pres - ence live, Ev - er His prais-es sing. Love so might-y and so true
by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,



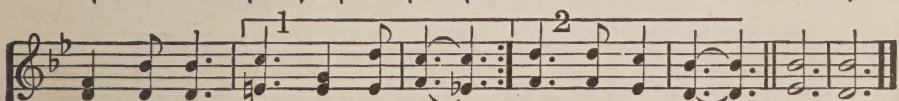
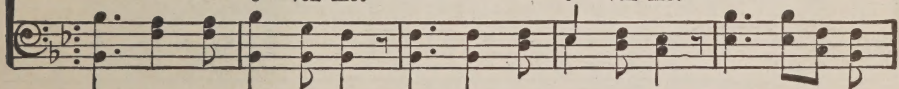
Heard my de-spair-ing cry, From the wa-ters lift - ed me, Now safe am I.
Mér - its my soul's best songs; Faith-ful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be - longs.
Bil - lows His will o - bey; He your Sav-ior wants to be—Be saved to-day.



CHORUS.



Love lift-ed me! . . . Love lift-ed me! . . . When noth-ing
e - ven me! e - ven me!



else could help, Love lift-ed me. Love lift-ed me. A - MEN.



J. P. S.

J. P. Scholfield.

1. I've found a Friend.. who is all to me,.... His
 2. He saves me from.... ev-'ry sin and harm,.. Se-
 3. When poor and need - y and all a - lone,... In

love is ev - er true;..... I love to tell.... how He
 cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean-ing strong.. on His
 love He said to me,..... "Come un - to Me.... and I'll

lift - ed me.... And what His grace can do for you.....
 might - y arm;.. I know He'll guide me all the way.....
 lead you home, To live with Me e - ter - nal - ly.".....

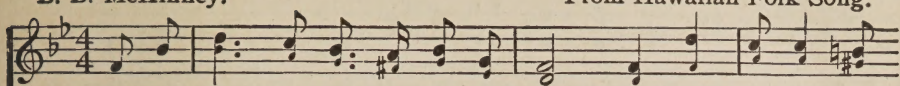
CHORUS.

Saved..... by His pow'r di-vine, Saved..... to new life sub-lime!
 Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,

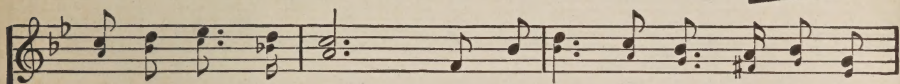
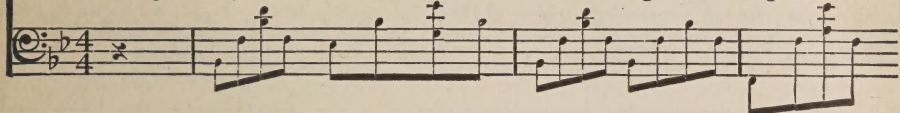
cres. *rit.*
 Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, for I'm Saved, saved, saved!

He Lives On High.

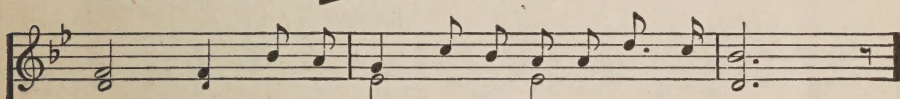
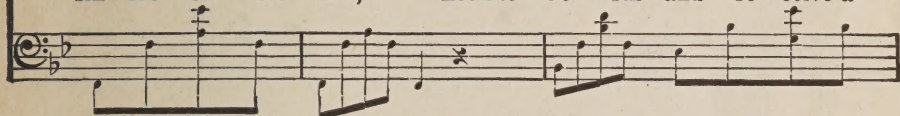
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Words by
B. B. McKinney.Arr. by B. B. McKinney.
From Hawaiian Folk Song.

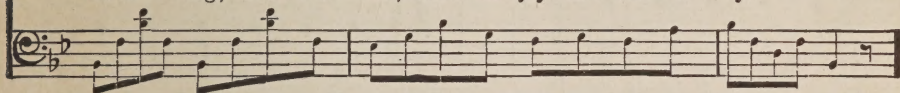
1. Christ the Sav - ior came from heav-en's glo - ry, To re-deem the
2. He a - rose from death and all its sor - row, To dwell in that
3. Wear-y soul, to Je - sus come con-fess - ing, Re-demp-tion from



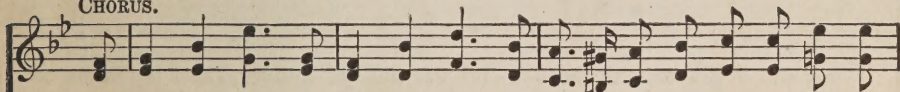
lost from sin and shame; On His brow He wore the thorn-crown
land of joy and love; He is com - ing back some glad to-
sin He of - fers thee; Look to Je - sus and re - ceive a



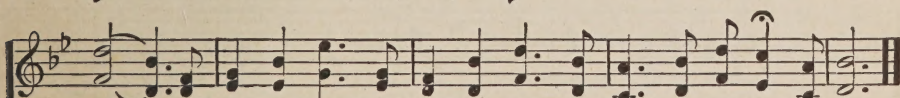
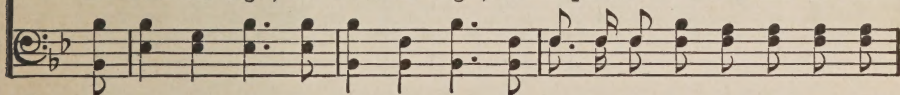
glo - ry, And up - on Cal - va - ry He took my blame.
mor - row, And He'll take all His chil-dren home a - bove.
bless - ing, There is life, there is joy and vic - to - ry!



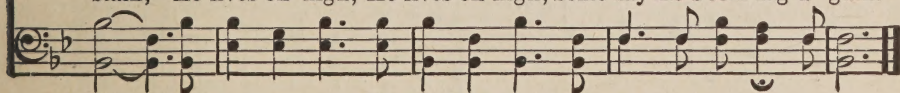
CHORUS.



He lives on high, He lives on high, Tri-um-phant o-ver sin and all its



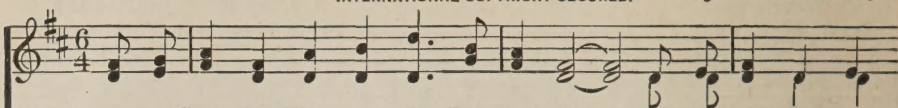
stain; He lives on high, He lives on high, Some day He's com-ing a - gain.



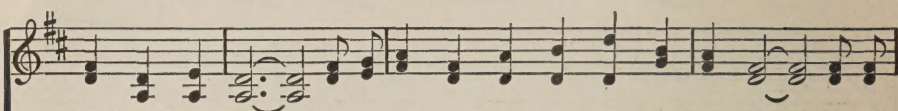
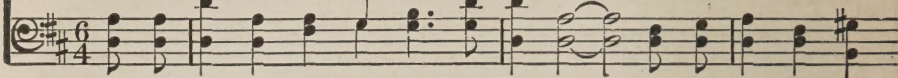
Eleanor Allen Schroll.

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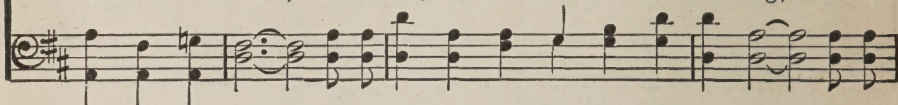
J. H. Fillmore.



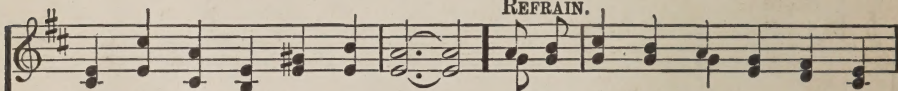
1. There's a gar-den where Je - sus is wait - ing, There's a place that is
2. There's a gar-den where Je - sus is wait - ing, And I go with my
3. There's a gar-den where Je - sus is wait - ing, And He bids you to



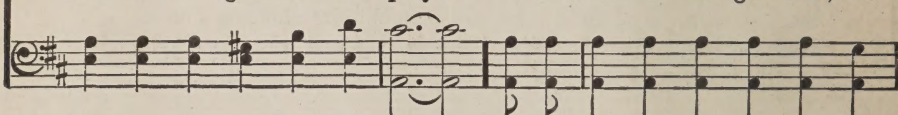
won-drous-ly fair; For it glows with the light of His pres-ence, 'Tis the
bur-den and care Just to learn from His lips words of com-fort, In the
come meet Him there; Just to bow, and re-ceive a new bless-ing, In the



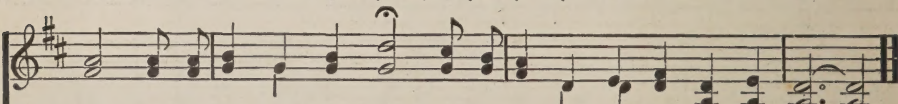
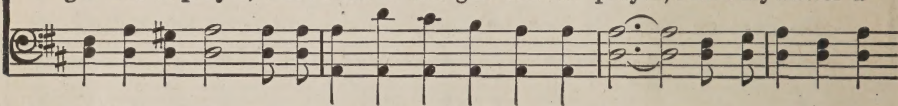
REFRAIN.



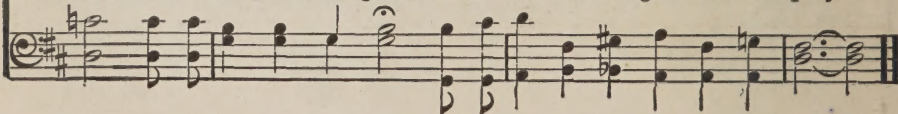
beau-ti-ful gar-den of prayer. O the beau-ti-ful gar-den, the



gar-den of prayer, O the beau-ti-ful gar-den of prayer; There my Savior a-



waits, and He o-pens the gates To the beau-ti-ful gar-den of prayer.



Set the Tide Come In.

Rev. David Ross.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. We thank Thee, Lord, that pow'r is flowing, Joy is com-ing, sor-row go - ing;
 2. Oh, let Thy cross win ev-'ry na - tion, Send the peo-ple Thy sal - va - tion!
 3. Life's precious hours are quickly fly - ing, Men are dy - ing, ev - er dy - ing!
 4. We praise Thee for the ti-dings cheer-ing, Signs of conquest now ap-pear - ing,

Thy ran-somed host is grow - ing, grow-ing, But may the tide come in.
 A - mong them show Thy new cre - a - tion, Oh, may the tide come in.
 Thy pleading Church is cry - ing, cry - ing, Now may the tide come in.
 Thy day of vic - to - ry is near-ing, Thank God! the tide comes in.

CHORUS.

Let the tide come in, Let the tide come in, Let the cleans-ing

bil - lows sweep a - way our sin; Let the tide come in,

Let the tide come in, Oh, let the might-y tide come in.

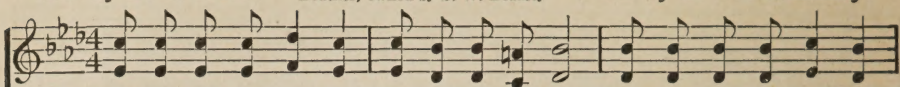
I Shall Not Be Moved.

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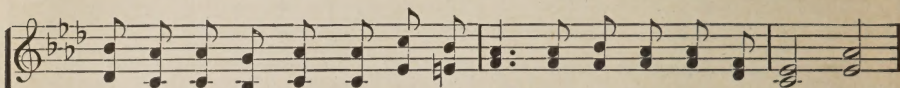
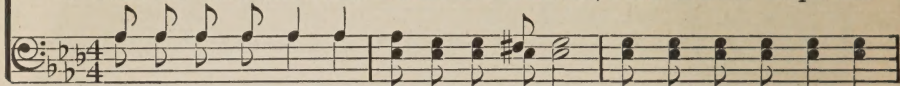
Arr. by B. B. McK.

With courteous regard to song by Edward
Boatner, owned by S. W. Beazley

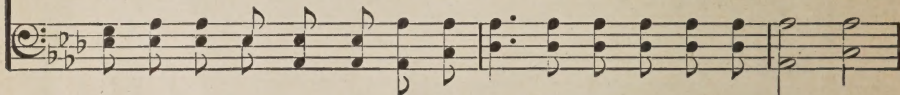
Arr. by B. B. McKinney.



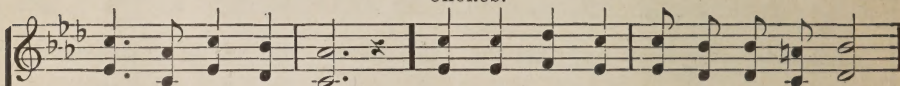
1. Je - sus saves for-ev - er, I shall not be moved; He will leave me nev - er,
2. On His grace re - ly-ing, I shall not be moved; For His love un - dy-ing,
3. With the Church I'm going, I shall not be moved; Christ to lost ones showing,
4. From the Word e-ter - nal I shall not be moved; From its truth su-per-nal



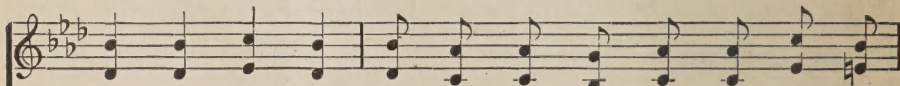
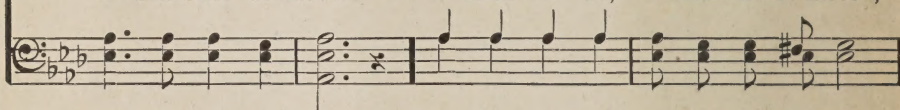
I shall not be moved; Just like a tree that's planted by the wa - ter,
 I shall not be moved; Just like a tree that's planted by the wa - ter,
 I shall not be moved; Just like a tree that's planted by the wa - ter,
 I shall not be moved; Just like a tree that's planted by the wa - ter,



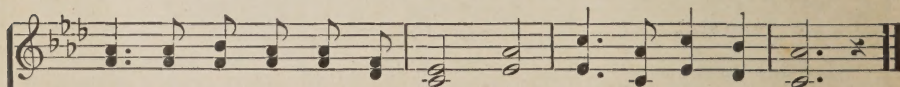
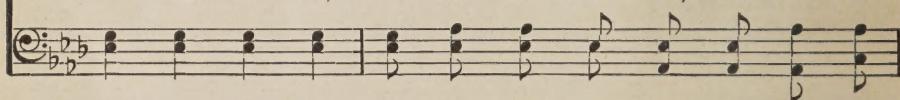
CHORUS.



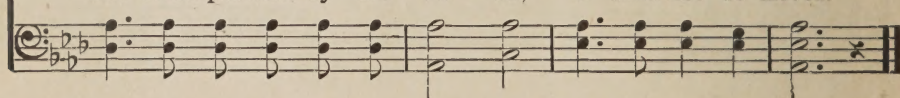
I shall not be moved. I shall not be, I shall not be moved;



I shall not be, I shall not be moved; Just like a



tree that's planted by the wa - ter, I shall not be moved.

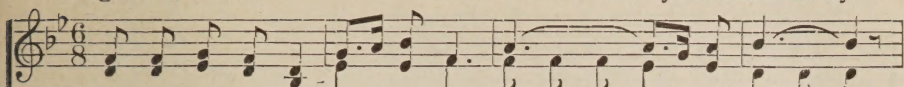


What Will It Matter?

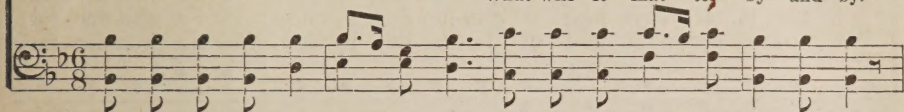
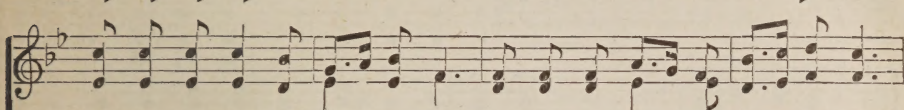
ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1929, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Margaret Preston.

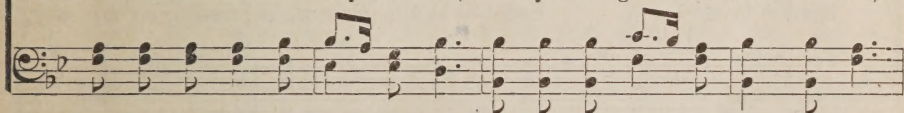
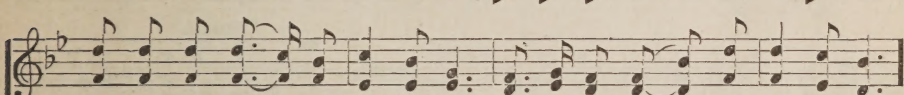
Knowles Shaw. Arr. by B. B. McKinney.



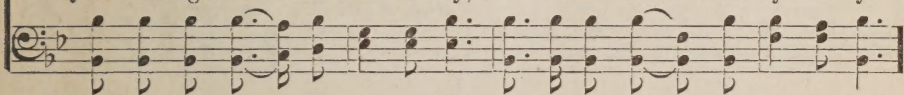
1-4. What will it mat-ter, by and by, By and by
What will it mat-ter by and by.

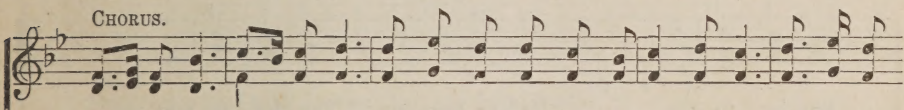
1. Whether my path be - low was bright, Whether it wound thro' dark or light,
2. Whether unhelped I toiled a - lone, Dashing my foot a - gainst a stone;
3. Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain, Close by the pal - id an - gel pain,
4. If I'm but sure the way I've trod, Gloomy or gladdened leads to God;

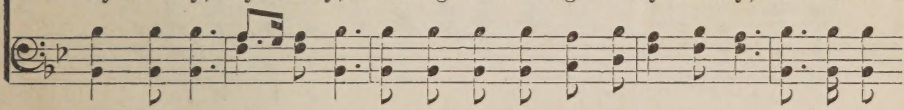
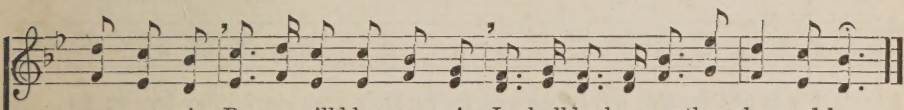
Un - der a gray or a gold-en sky, When I look back on it by and by.
Miss - ing the charge of the an - gel nigh, Bidding me think of the by and by.
Soothing my - self thro' sob and sigh, All will be else - wise by and by.
Ques-tion-ing not of the how or why, If I but reach Him by and by.



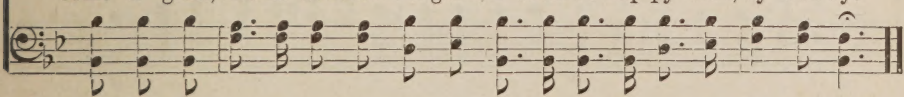
CHORUS.



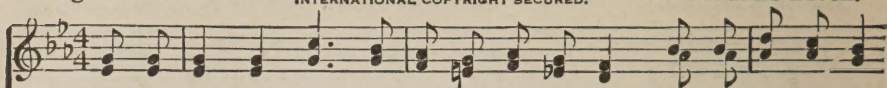
By and by, by and by, Watching and waiting till by and by; Summer will

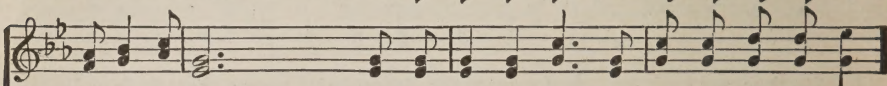
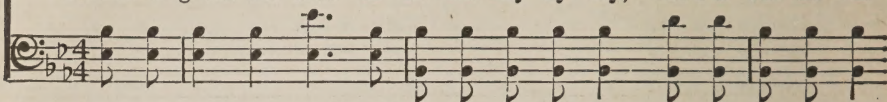
come a - gain, Ros-es will bloom a - gain, I shall be hap-py then, by and by.



Virgil P. Brock.

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1. I was lost in sin, but Je - sus res-cued me, He's a won-der-ful
2. He's a Friend so true, so pa-tient and so kind, He's a won-der-ful
3. He is al - ways near to com-fort and to cheer, He's a won-der-ful
4. Dear-er grows the love of Je - sus day by day, He's a won-der-ful



Sav-ior to me;

Sav-ior to me;

Sav-ior to me; (So wonderful)

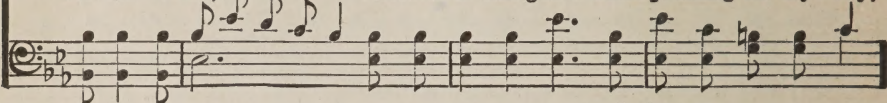
Sav-ior to me;

I was bound by fear, but Je - sus set me free,

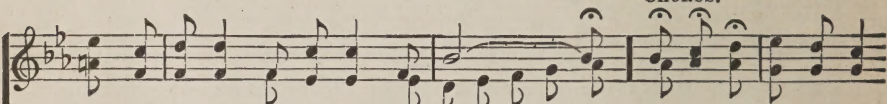
Ev-'ry-thing I need in Him I al-ways find,

He for-gives my sins, He dries my ev-'ry tear,

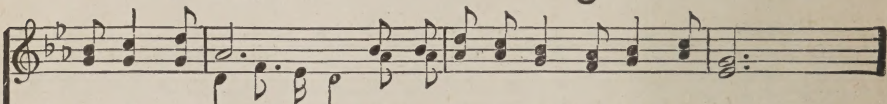
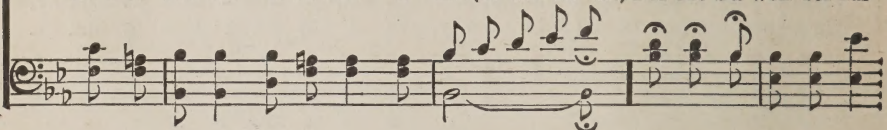
Sweet-er is His grace while pressing on my way,



CHORUS.



He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me. (So won-der-ful) For He's a won-der-ful

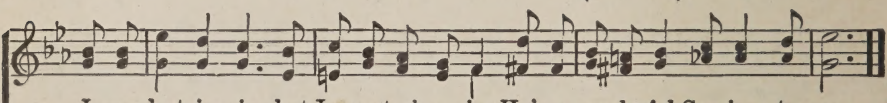
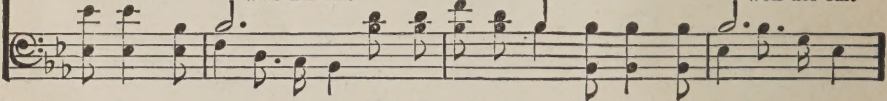


Sav-ior to me,

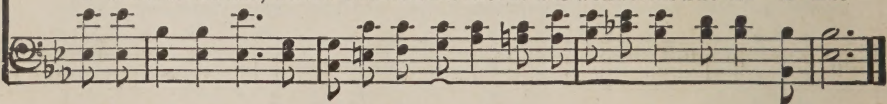
won-der-ful

He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me;

won-der-ful



I was lost in sin, but Je-sus took me in: He's a wonderful Sav-ior to me.



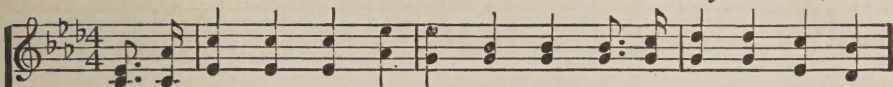
35 The Song, Song Road With Jesus.

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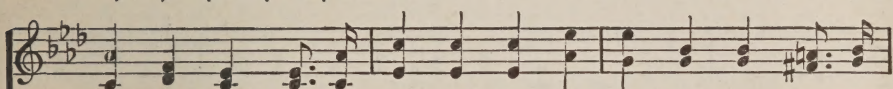
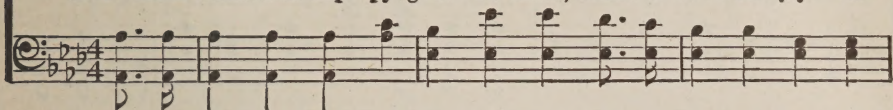
Rev. Alfred Barratt.

COPYRIGHT, 1923, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

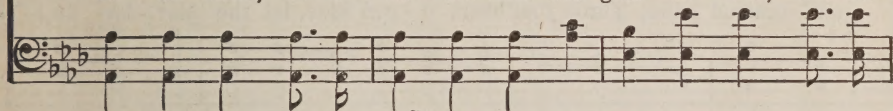
Harry Dixon Loes.



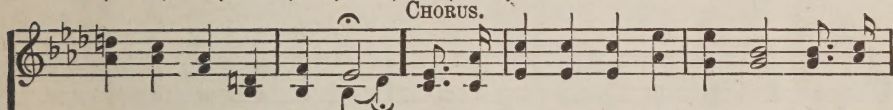
1. In the path of sin I could not stay, Now my heart is hap - py
2. On my path there shines a ra - dant Light, And the bells of joy ring
3. When my heart is faint, He makes me strong, And He bears my bur - den
4. I shall reach that hap - py gold - en shore, There to dwell in joy for -



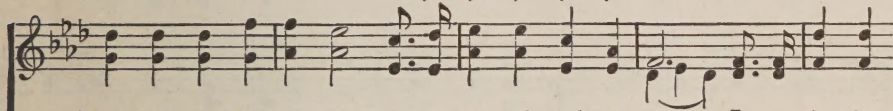
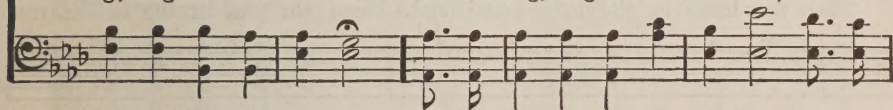
ev - 'ry day; I am walk - ing in the nar - row way, On the
day and night; I am walk - ing in the sun - shine bright, On the
all day long; I am sing - ing now a glad new song, On the
ev - er - more; If I fol - low Him who goes be - fore, On the



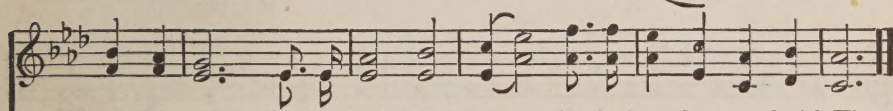
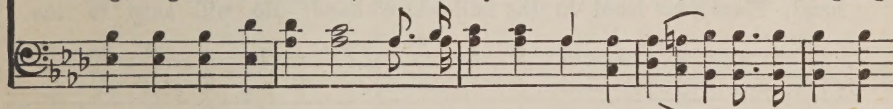
CHORUS.



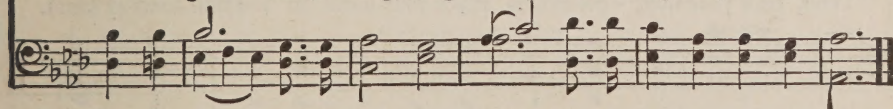
long, long road with Je - sus. On the long, long road with Je - sus, On the



long, long road with Je - sus; Thro' the days of weal or woe, I am sing - ing



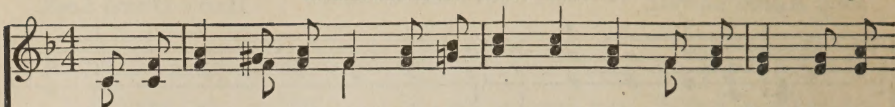
as I go On the long, long road, On the long, long road with Him.



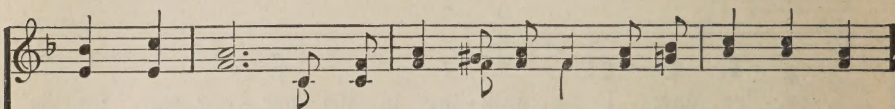
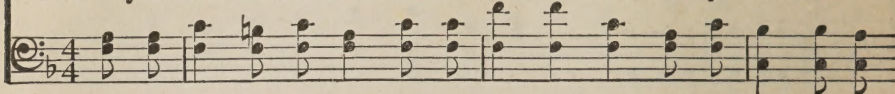
B. B. McK.

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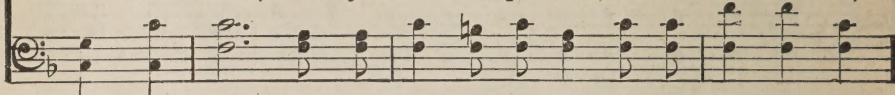
B. B. McKinney.



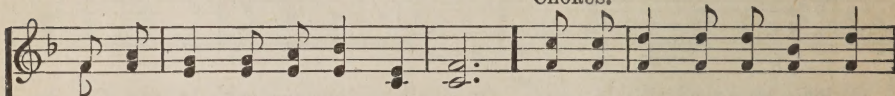
1. Have you failed in your plan of your storm-tossed life? Place your hand in the
2. Are you walk-ing a - lone thro' the shad - ows dim? Place your hand in the
3. Would you fol - low the will of the ris - en Lord? Place your hand in the
4. Is your soul bur-den-ed down with its load of sin? Place your hand in the



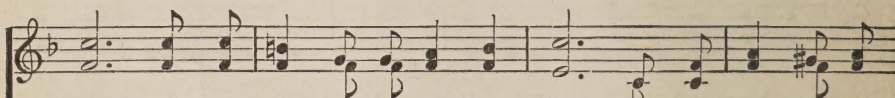
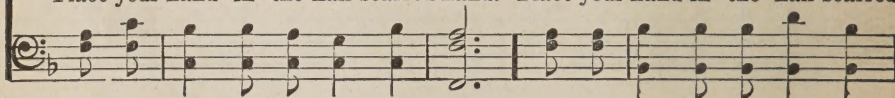
nail-scarred hand; Are you wea - ry and worn from its toil and strife?
 nail-scarred hand; Christ will com - fort your heart, put your trust in Him,
 nail-scarred hand; Would you live in the light of His bless - ed word?
 nail-scarred hand; Throw your heart o - pen wide, let the Sav - ior in,



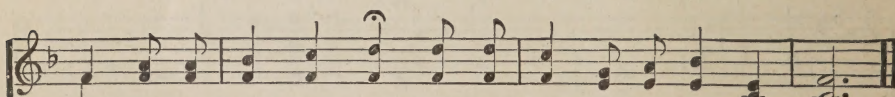
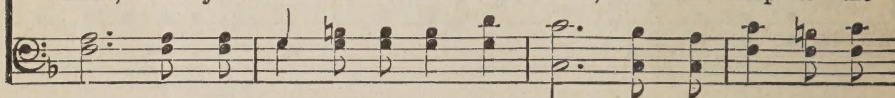
CHORUS.



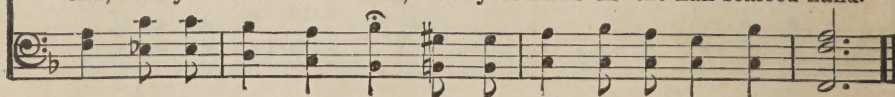
Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand. Place your hand in the nail-scarred



hand, Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand; He will keep to the



end, He's your dear - est Friend, Place your hand in the nail-scarred hand.

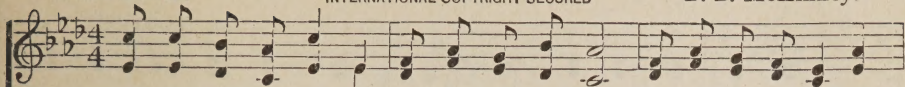


In My Father's House.

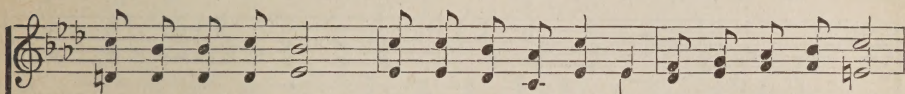
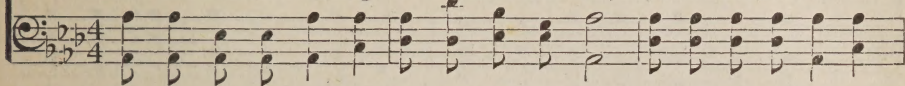
Gene Routh.

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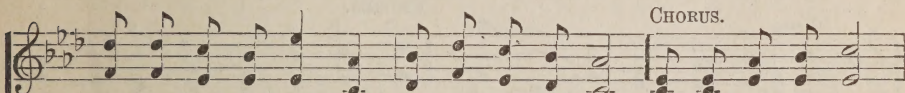
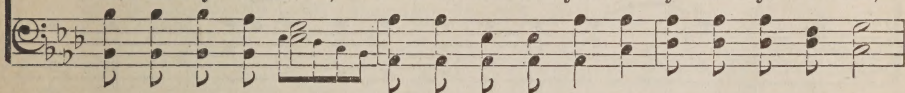
B. B. McKinney.



1. In the bless-ed Bi - ble, John fourteen and two, Is a precious promise
2. When your heart is troub-led and your way is dim, Seek this precious promise,
3. There's a gleaming mansion free for ev-'ry one Who will trust in Je-sus,
4. Back to earth He's coming to re-ceive His own, There we'll dwell forever

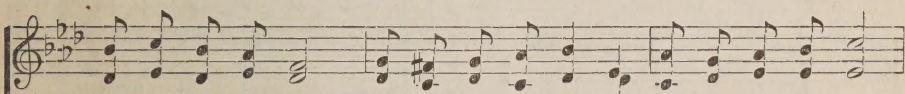
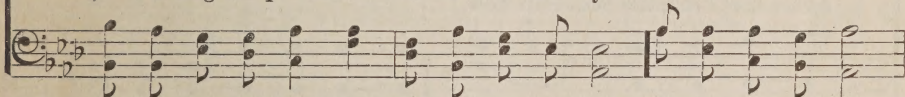


and I know its true; Gold-en words of Je - sus from the Book di - vine,
talk it o'er with Him, He will nev-er leave you, He's your dearest Friend,
God's own ris - en Son; Come to Him for par-don, He will save from sin,
'round the roy - al throne; In those mansions yonder by the crys-tal sea,

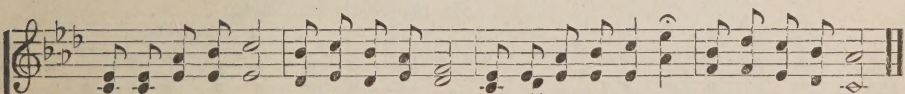
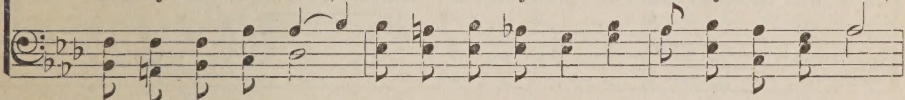


CHORUS.

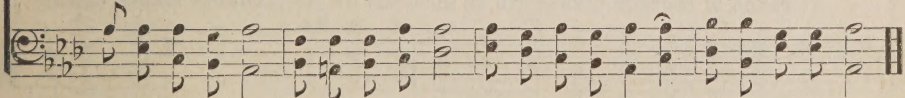
Bringing joy and glad-ness to this heart of mine.
He will com-fort give you to your journey's end. In my Father's house,
In the mansion yon-der you will en-ter in.
We will sing His prais-es thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

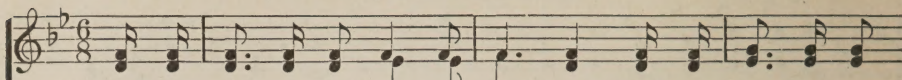


In my Father's house, There are ma - ny mansions in my Father's house;

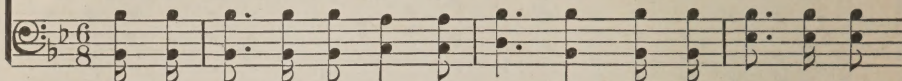


Jesus told me so, That is why I know There are many mansions in my Father's house.

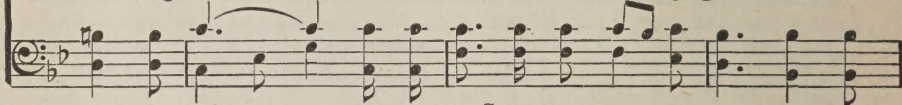




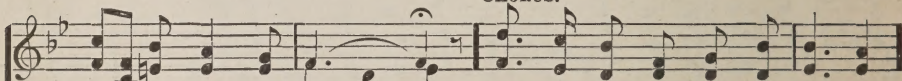
1. There is nev - er a day so drear - y, There is nev - er a
 2. There is nev - er a cross so heav - y, There is nev - er a
 3. There is nev - er a care or bur - den, There is nev - er a
 4. There is nev - er a guilt - y sin - ner, There is nev - er a



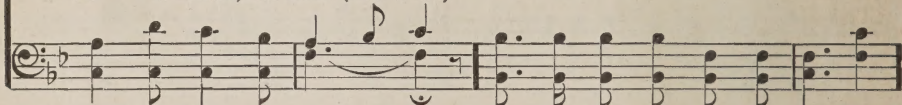
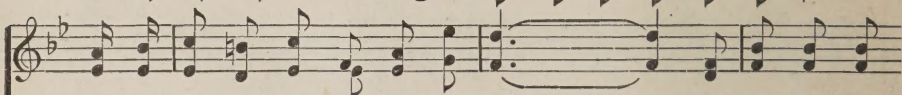
night so long, (so long,) But the soul that is trust-ing Je - sus Will
 weight of woe, (of woe,) But that Je - sus will help to car - ry Be-
 grief or loss, (or loss,) But that Je - sus in love will light - en When
 wand'ring one, (not one,) But that God can in mer-cy par - don Thro'



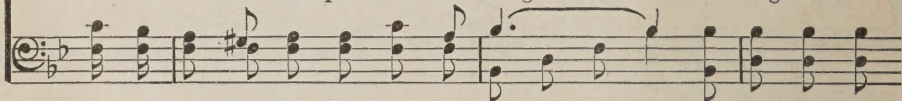
CHORUS.



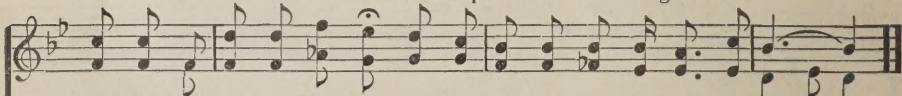
some-where find a song. (a song.)
 cause He lov - eth so. (loves so.) Won - der - ful, won - der - ful Je - sus,
 car - ried to the cross. (the cross.)
 Je - sus Christ, His Son. (His Son.)

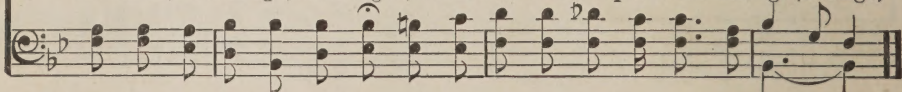
In the heart He im-plant-eth a song: A song of de-



He plant-eth a song:



liv'rance, of courage, of strength, In the heart He im-plant-eth a song. (a song.)

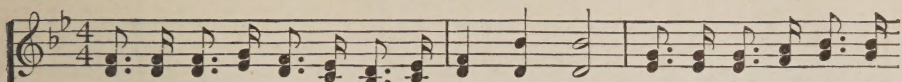


Standing On the Promises.

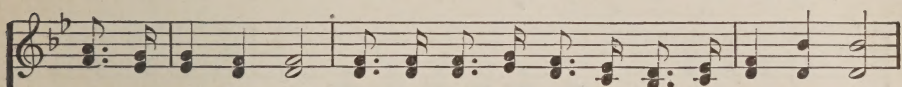
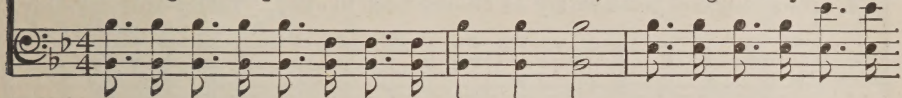
R. K. C.

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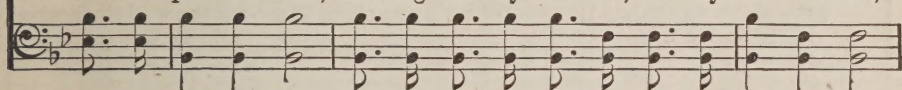
R. Kelso Carter.



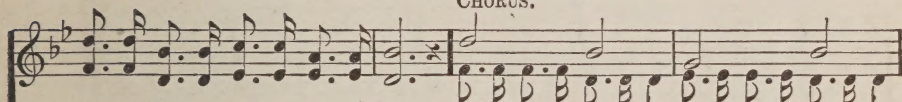
1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal a-ges
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can-not fail, When the howling storms of
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-ter-nal-
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I can-not fall, Lis-t'ning ev-'ry mo-ment



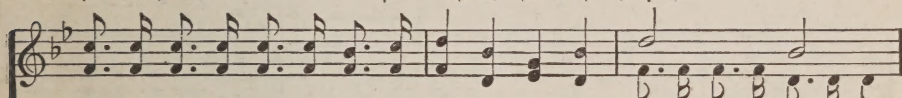
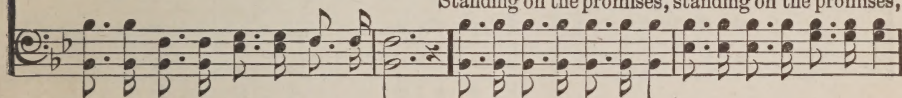
let His prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
doubt and fear as-sail, By the liv-ing word of God I shall pre-vail,
ly by love's strong cord, O-ver-com-ing dai-ly with the Spir-it's sword,
to the Spir-it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,



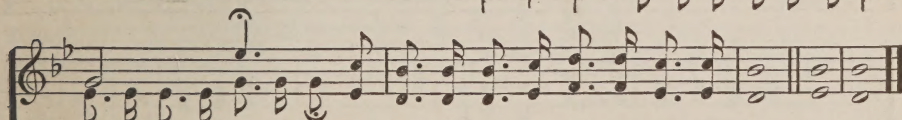
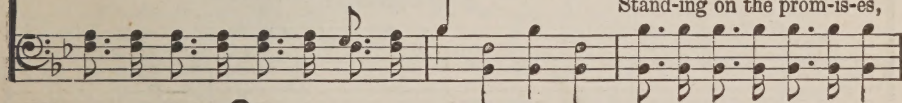
CHORUS.



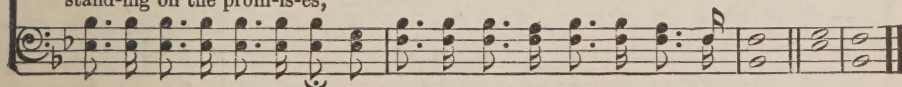
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - - ing, stand - - ing,
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,



Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav-ior; Stand - - ing,
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es,



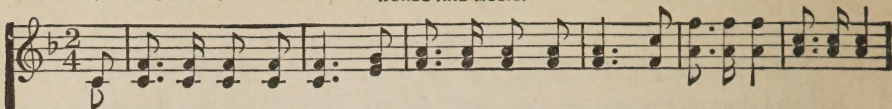
stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God. A-MEN.
stand-ing on the prom-is-es,



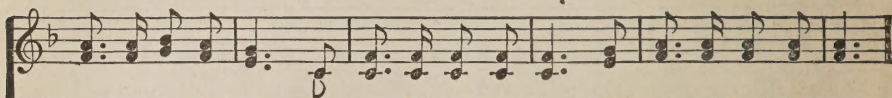
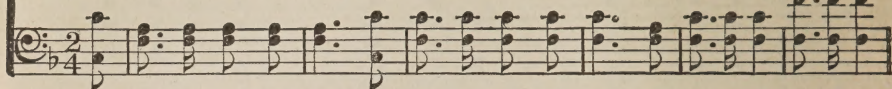
Dr. E. T. Cassel.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

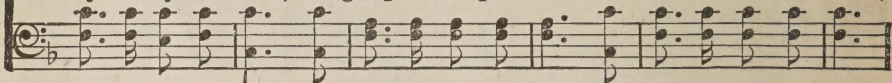
Flora H. Cassel.



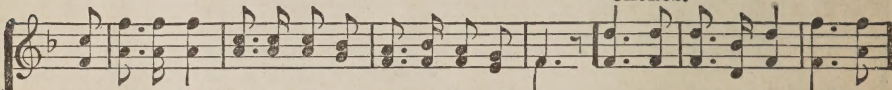
1. From o-ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je-sus' feet to - day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,



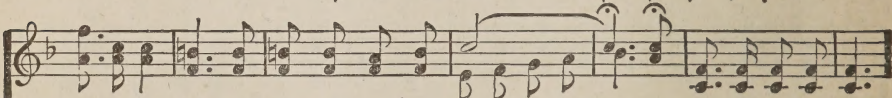
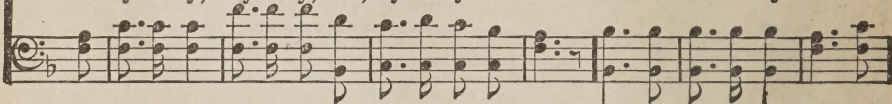
loy - al-ty to Christ; Its mu-sic rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,
 loy - al-ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watch-word true,
 loy - al-ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll send the bu-gle note,
 loy - al-ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll pro-claim Thro'-out the world's domain,



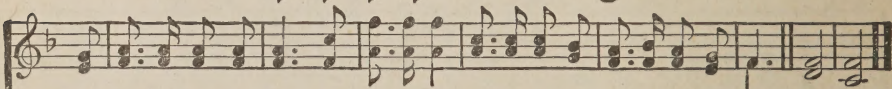
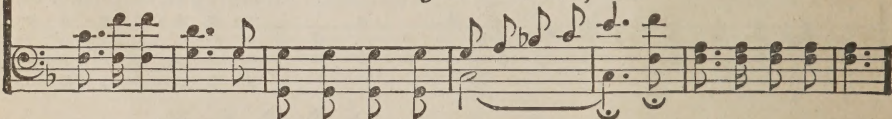
CHORUS.



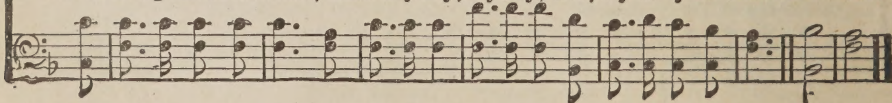
Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to



vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" . . . We'll move at His com-mand,
 great Commander; "On!"

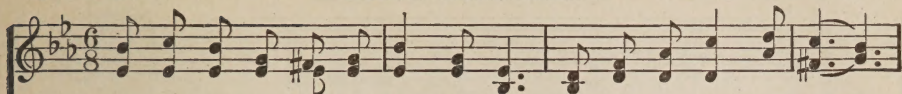


We'll soon possess the land, Thro' loyalty, loyalty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. A-MEN.

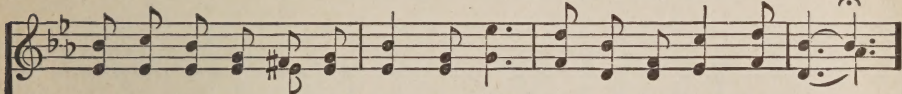
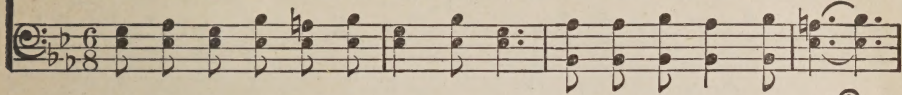


I Choose Jesus.

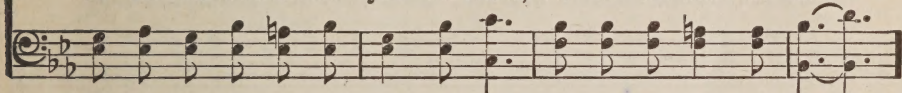
James Rowe.

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ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

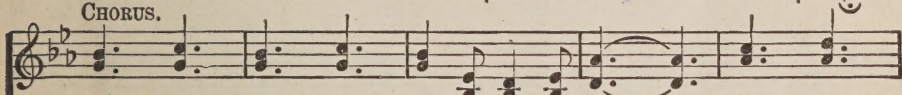
1. When I need some-one in time of grief, Some-one my cheer to be,
2. When I need some-one to guide my soul O - ver the storm-y sea,
3. When I need help to de-feat the foe, Some-one my shield to be,
4. When all my tri - als on earth are o'er, And the dark stream I see,



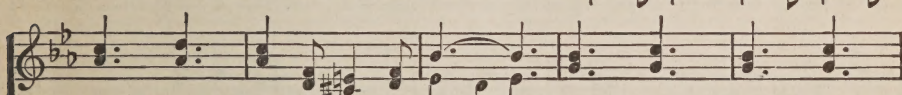
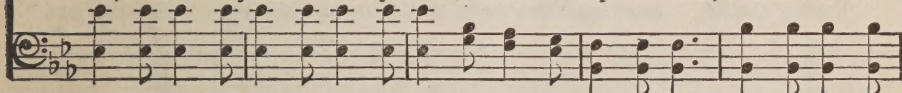
Je - sus I choose, for He gives re - lief, He is the best for me.
 Al - ways to Je - sus I give con - trol, He is the best for me.
 Al - ways to Je - sus in faith I go, He is the best for me.
 Je - sus shall bear me to yon - der shore, He is the best for me.



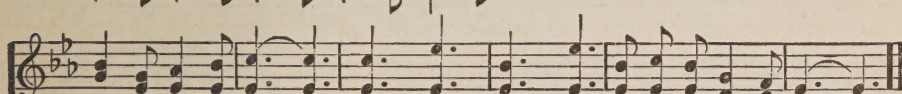
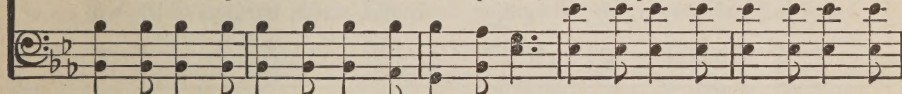
CHORUS.



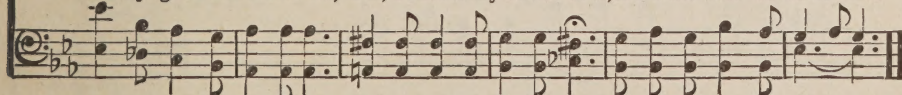
I choose Je - sus when I need a friend;... What I
 Yes, I choose my Sav - ior al - ways when I need a help - ful friend; What I need I



need I know that He will send;... I have proved Him,
 know that sure - ly He to me will free - ly send; I have proved Him o'er and o'er, and



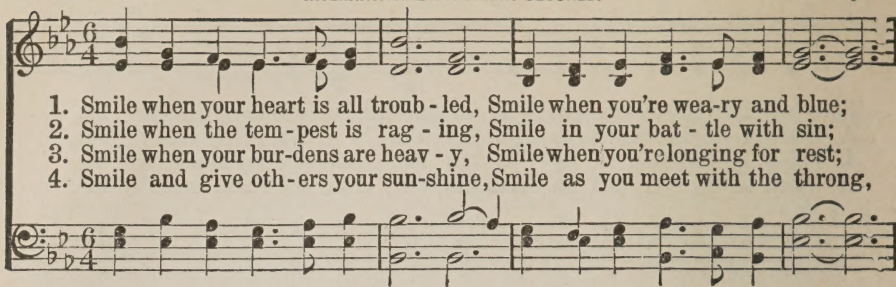
good and true is He;... I choose Je - sus, He is the best for me....
 al - ways good and true is He; Yes, I choose my Savior dear, He is the best of all for me.



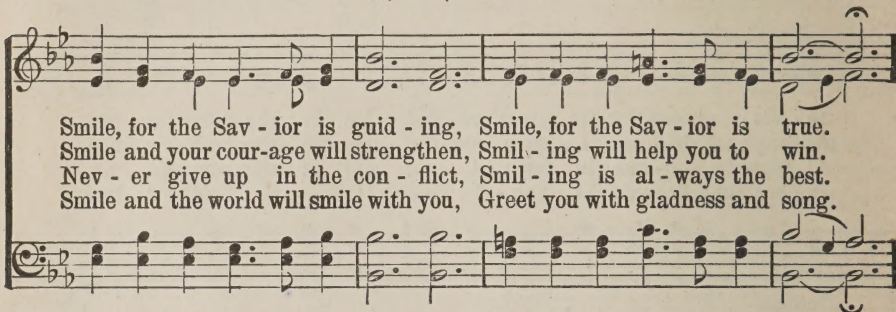
B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

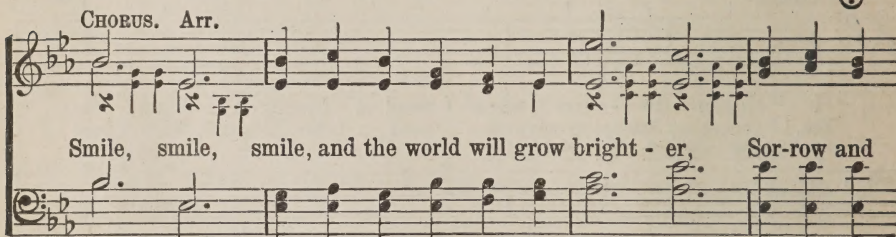


1. Smile when your heart is all trou - ble, Smile when you're wea - ry and blue;
2. Smile when the tem - pest is rag - ing, Smile in your bat - tle with sin;
3. Smile when your bur - dens are heav - y, Smile when you're longing for rest;
4. Smile and give oth - ers your sun - shine, Smile as you meet with the throng,

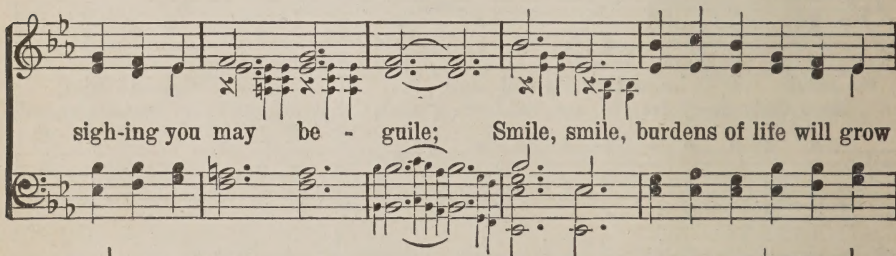


Smile, for the Sav - ior is guid - ing, Smile, for the Sav - ior is true.
Smile and your cour - age will strengthen, Smil - ing will help you to win.
Nev - er give up in the con - flict, Smil - ing is al - ways the best.
Smile and the world will smile with you, Greet you with gladness and song.

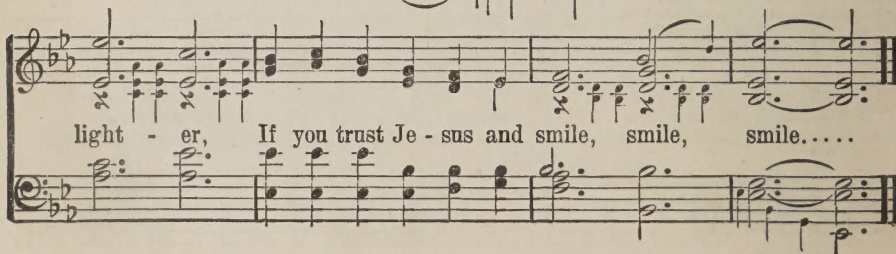
CHORUS. Arr.



Smile, smile, smile, and the world will grow bright - er, Sor - row and



sigh - ing you may be - guile; Smile, smile, burdens of life will grow



light - er, If you trust Je - sus and smile, smile, smile....

Satisfied With Jesus.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

Slowly.

1. I am sat - is - fied with Je - sus, He has done so much for me,
 2. He is with me in my tri - als, Best of friends of all is He;
 3. I can hear the voice of Je - sus Call - ing out so plead - ing - ly,
 4. When my work on earth is end - ed, And I cross the mys - tic sea,

He has suf - ered to re - deem me, He has died to set me free.
 I can al - ways count on Je - sus, Can He al - ways count on me?
 "Go and win the lost and stray - ing," Is He sat - is - fied with me?
 Oh, that I could hear Him say - ing, "I am sat - is - fied with thee."

CHORUS.

I am sat - is - fied, I am sat - is - fied, I am sat - is -

fied with Je - sus, But the ques - tion comes to me, As I

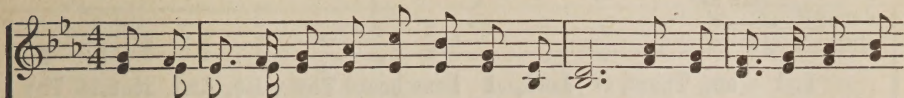
think of Cal - va - ry, Is my Mas - ter sat - is - fied with me?

Just a Little Better Every Day.

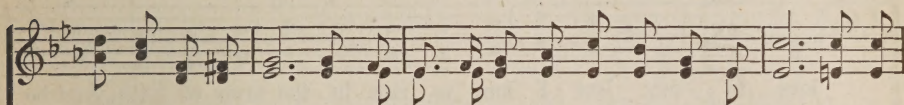
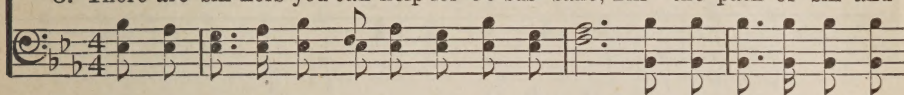
Rev. Alfred Barratt.

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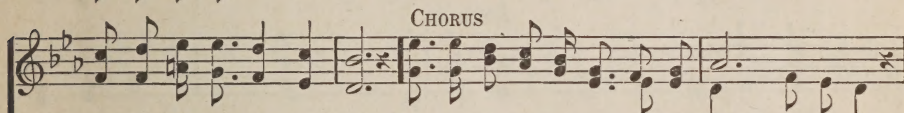
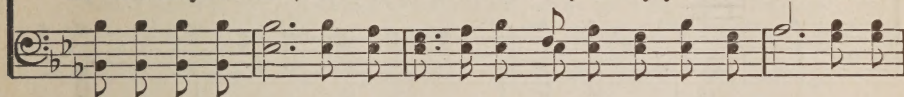
Harry Dixon Loes.



1. There are man-y hearts of sor-row here be - low, They are burdened with their
2. There are man-y on the pathway lone and drear, Walk-ing dai - ly in the
3. There are sin-ners you can help for Je-sus' sake, Till the path of sin and

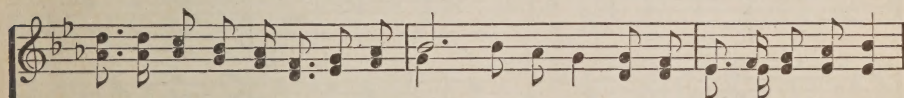
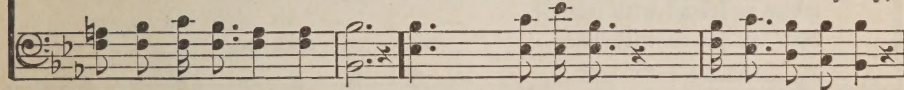


wea - ri-ness and woe; You can make their pathway brighter as you go—Just a
path of doubt and fear; You can make their lonely hearts resound with cheer—Just a
sor - row they for-sake; There are oth - ers on the jour-ney you can make Just a

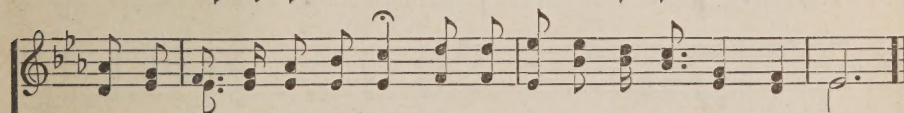
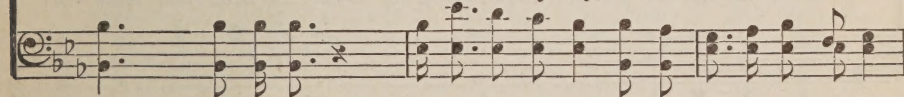


CHORUS

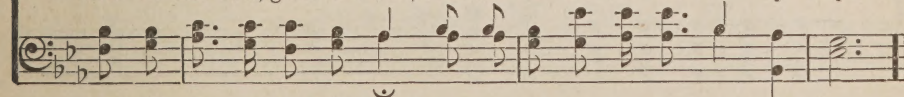
lit - tle bet - ter ev - 'ry day. Just a lit - tle bet - ter ev - 'ry day,
Just a lit - tle bet - ter ev - 'ry day,



Just a lit - tle bet - ter ev - 'ry day; Make the world where'er you go,
Just a lit - tle bet - ter ev - 'ry day;



With its sor-row, grief and woe, Just a lit - tle bet - ter ev - 'ry day.

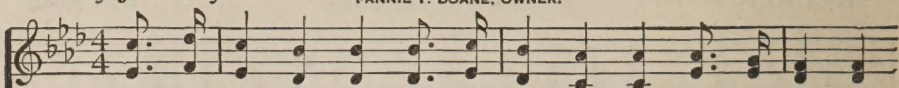


I Am Thine, O Lord.

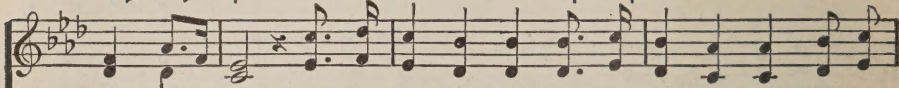
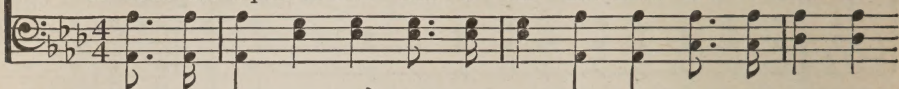
Fanny J. Crosby.

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FANNIE T. DOANE, OWNER.

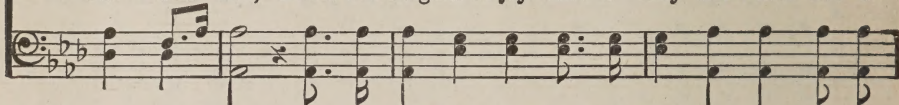
W. H. Doane.



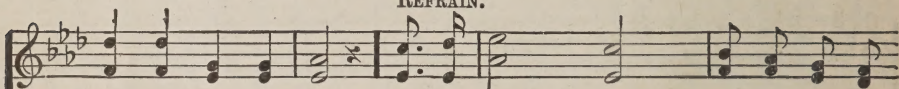
1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the



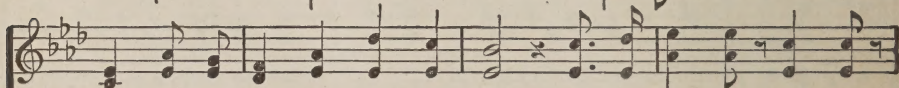
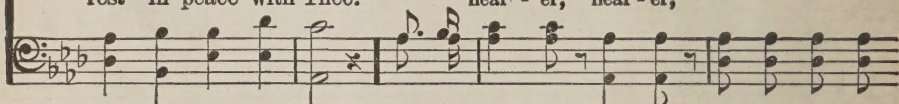
love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
 grace di-vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my
 throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com-
 nar-row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I



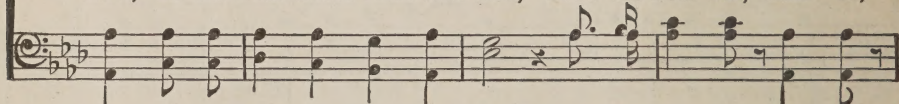
REFRAIN.



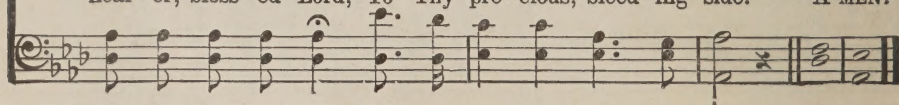
clo-ser drawn to Thee.
 will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - - er, near-er, bless-ed
 mune as friend with friend!
 rest in peace with Thee. near - er, near - er,



Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near - er, near - er,



near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side. A-MEN.

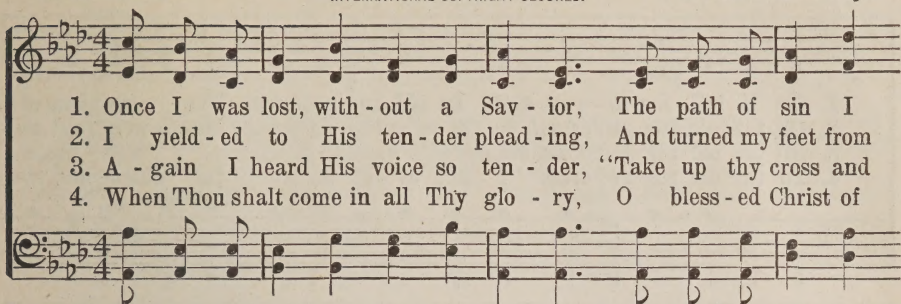


I'm On the High Road.

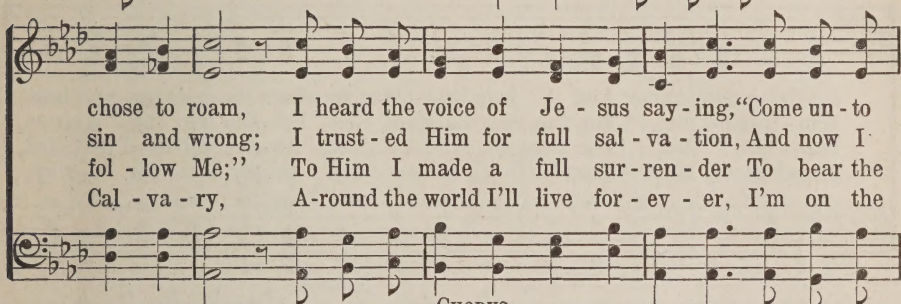
B. B. McK.

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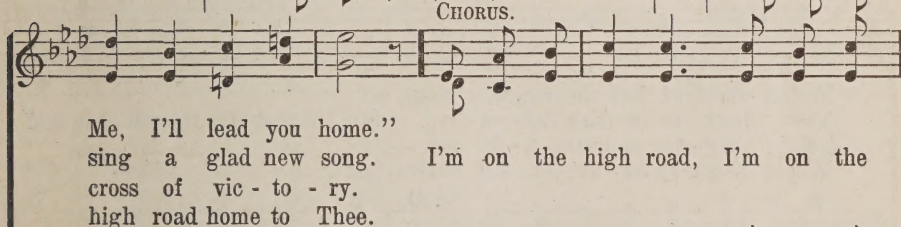
B. B. McKinney.



1. Once I was lost, with - out a Sav - ior, The path of sin I
 2. I yield - ed to His ten - der plead - ing, And turned my feet from
 3. A - gain I heard His voice so ten - der, "Take up thy cross and
 4. When Thou shalt come in all Thy glo - ry, O bless - ed Christ of

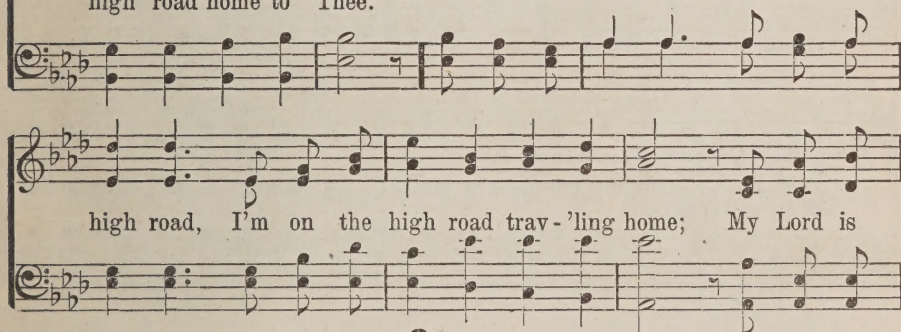


chose to roam, I heard the voice of Je - sus say - ing, "Come un - to
 sin and wrong; I trust - ed Him for full sal - va - tion, And now I
 fol - low Me;" To Him I made a full sur - ren - der To bear the
 Cal - va - ry, A - round the world I'll live for - ev - er, I'm on the

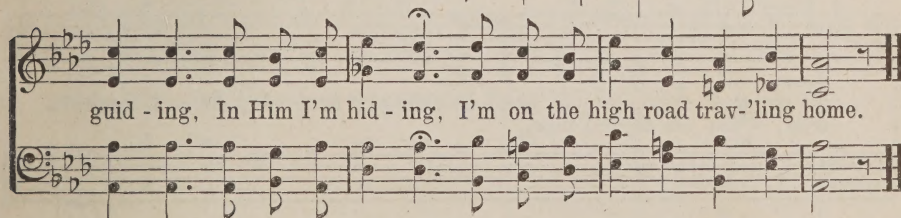


CHORUS.

Me, I'll lead you home."
 sing a glad new song. I'm on the high road, I'm on the
 cross of vic - to - ry.
 high road home to Thee.



high road, I'm on the high road trav - 'ling home; My Lord is

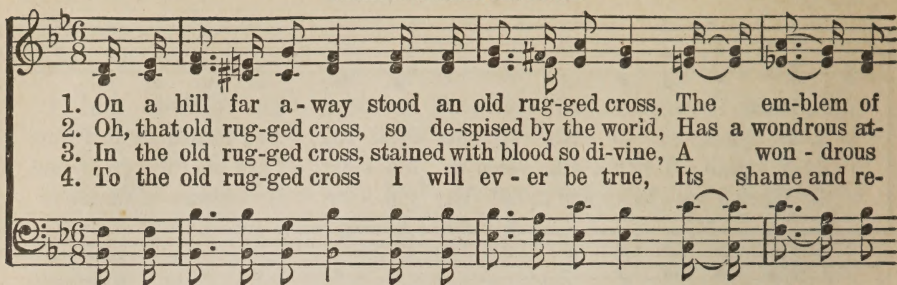


guid - ing, In Him I'm hid - ing, I'm on the high road trav - 'ling home.

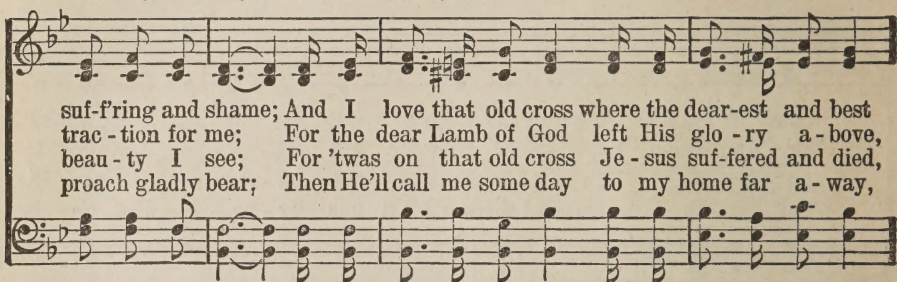
G. B.

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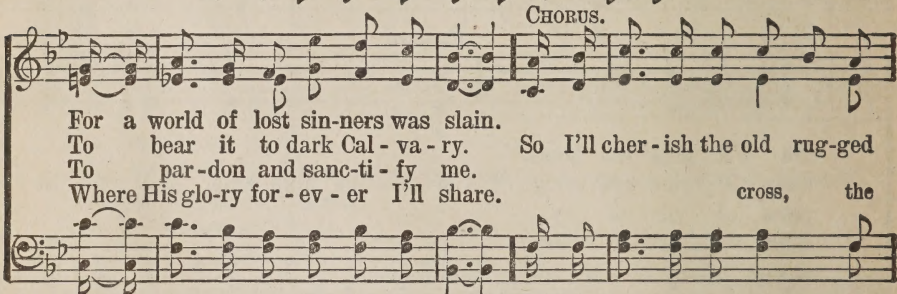
Rev. Geo. Bennard.



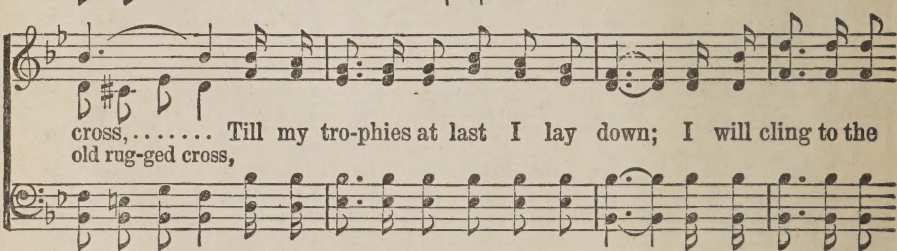
1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
 2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-
 3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won - drous
 4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its shame and re-



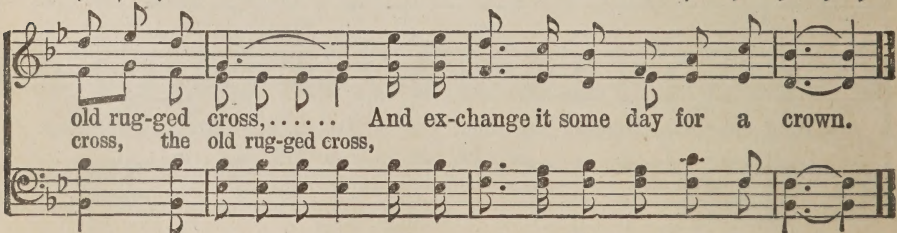
suf-fring and shame; And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
 trac-tion for me; For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,
 beau-ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,
 proach gladly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,



CHORUS.
 For a world of lost sin-ners was slain.
 To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged
 To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.
 Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share. cross, the



cross,..... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
 old rug-ged cross,



old rug-ged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.
 cross, the old rug-ged cross,

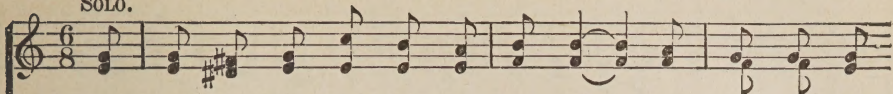
49 Jesus is Real and Precious to Me.

H. G. T.

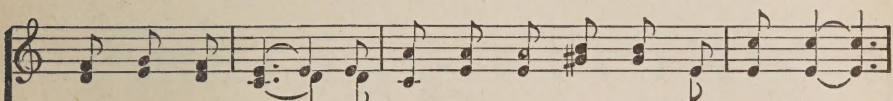
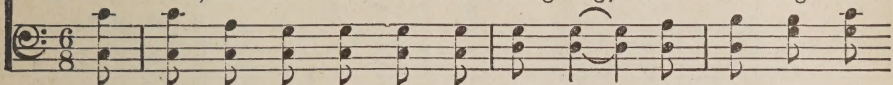
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Herbert G. Tovey.

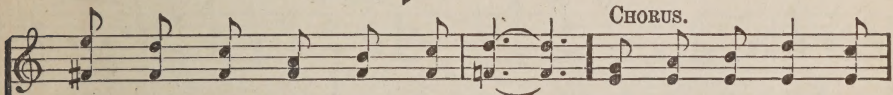
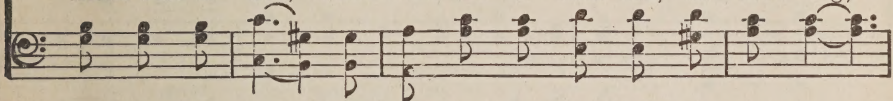
SOLO.



1. Tho' all things this world holds as pre - cious Are ta - ken from
2. Should some earth - ly care come op - press - ing, Some cloud thro' which
3. A - lone, and a - way from my loved ones, No words from their
4. O soul, in this world ev - er chang - ing, Now seek - ing some



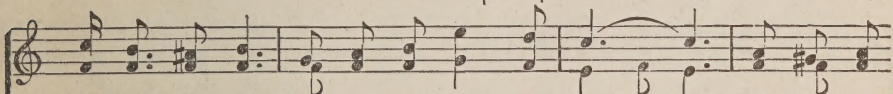
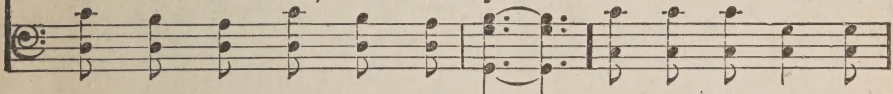
me here be - low, There's one pre - cious truth that I treas - ure,
I can - not see, I've one con - stant Friend, it is Je - sus,
lips can I hear; And yet there is One far more pre - cious,
friend that is true, There's One who is stead - fast, un - fail - ing,



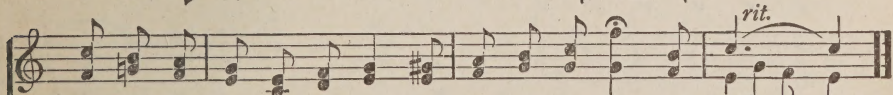
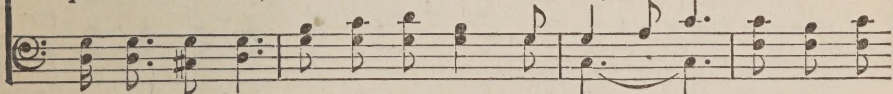
CHORUS.

Je - sus is real, this I know.
He is as real as can be.
Je - sus is real, and is near.
Je - sus is real; He seeks you.

Je - sus is real and

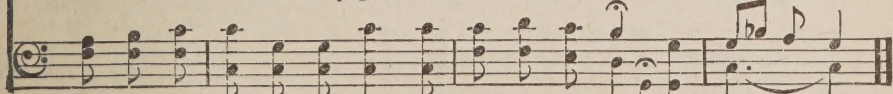


pre - cious to me, Je - sus is real to me; (to me;) All that the



rit.

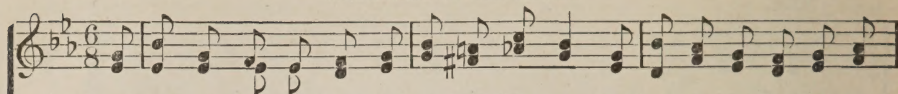
world holds as treas - ure may go, But Je - sus is real to me. (to me.)



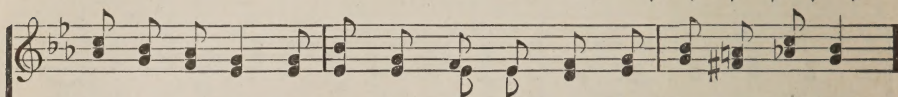
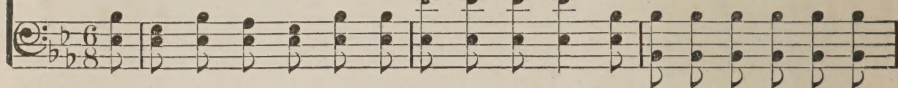
W. C. Poole.

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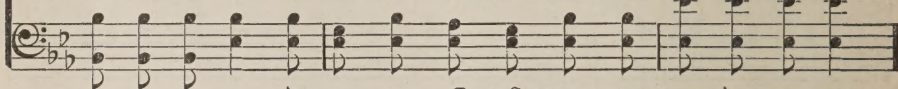
D. M. Shanks.



1. O think of the work that is wait-ing for you, O think of the things that no
2. Some-where is a load that is heav-y to bear; Some-where is a life that is
3. There's some-one who's waiting the story to hear, Of won-der-ful love that will
4. O has-ten, for soon will be set-ting of sun; O hasten, for soon will your



oth - er can do, Then go in the name of the Mas-ter so true,
 anx-ious with care; Go quick-ly with Je-sus their bur-den to share,
 ban-ish all fear; To hearts that are wea-ry bring com-fort and cheer;
 life work be done; Go quick-ly if you would have vic-to-ry won,



And do them for Je-sus to-day.

Go do it for Je-sus to-day.

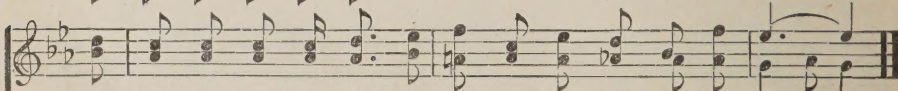
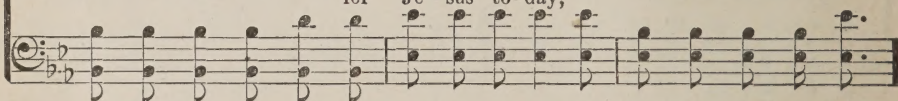
Go tell it for Je-sus to-day.

Do something for Je-sus to-day.

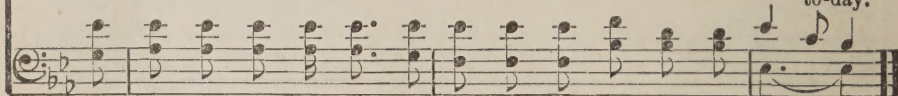
Do it for Je-sus to-day,.....
 for Je-sus to-day,



Do it for Je-sus to-day; Some bur-den make lighter,
 for Je-sus to-day;



Some path-way make brighter, O do it for Je-sus to-day. . . .
 to-day.



Somebody Needs You Today

James Rowe.

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H. N. Lincoln,

1. Lin - ger no more in the mar - ket place, I - dle-ness nev - er will
 2. Ma - ny are wait-ing the news to hear, Burdened and lone-some are
 3. Far in the low-lands of sin and shame, Lost in de-struc-tion's dark
 4. Wait-ing for com-fort and hope and cheer, Wan-der - ers drift-ing a -

pay; An-swer the King of Re-deem - ing grace, Some-bod - y
 they; Oft - en cast down with a load of care; Some-bod - y
 way; For their re-demp-tion the Sav - ior came; Some-bod - y
 way; Show them the way to the Sav - ior dear; Some-bod - y

REFRAIN.

needs you to - day. Some-bod - y needs you to - day, (to - day,)

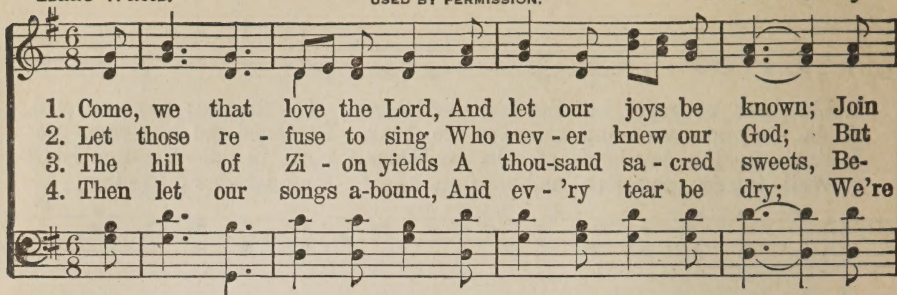
Has - ten the call to o - bey; (o - bey;) Je - sus is plead-ing

And in - ter - ced - ing; Some-bod - y needs you to - day. (to - day.)

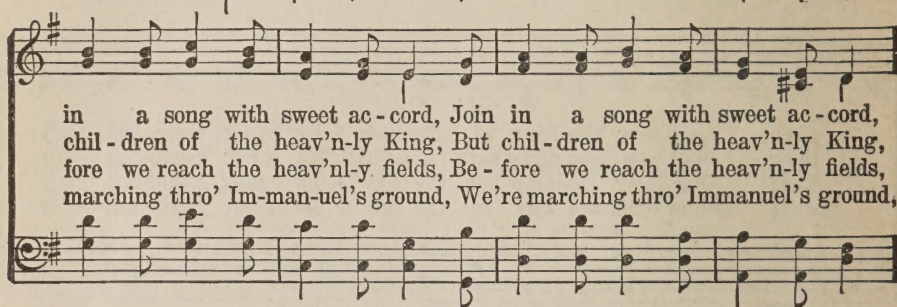
Isaac Watts.

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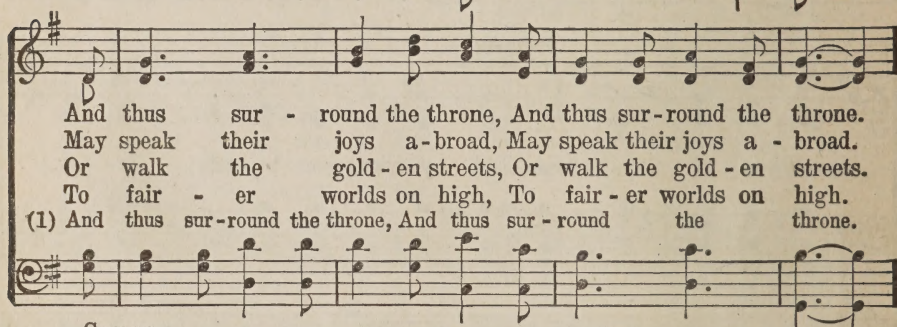
Robert Lowry.



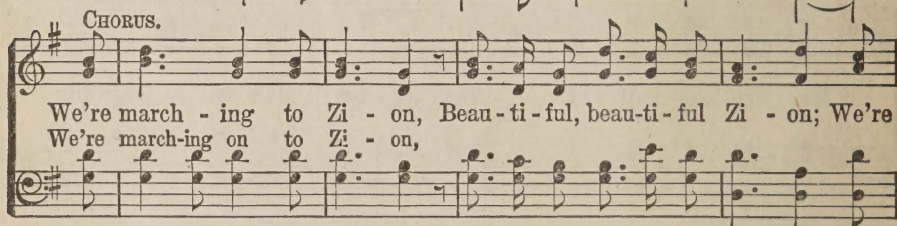
1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets, Be-
 4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're



in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
 chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King,
 fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields,
 marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,



And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
 May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
 To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
 (1) And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.



CHORUS.
 We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
 We're march - ing on to Zi - on,



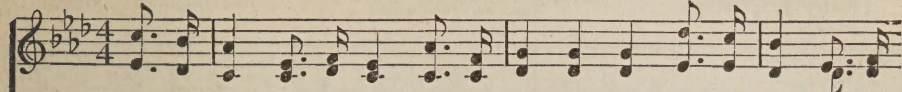
march - ing up - ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God. A - MEN.
 Zi - on, Zi - on,

He Whispers His Love to Me.

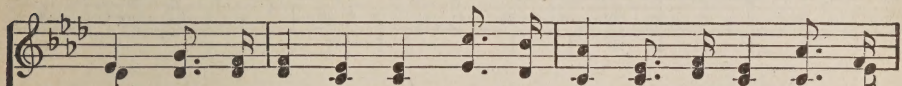
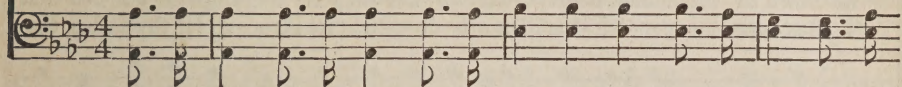
V. McC.

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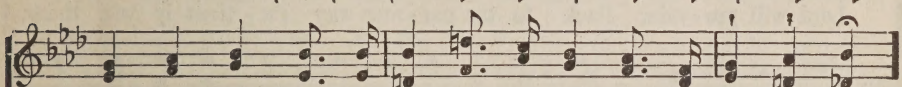
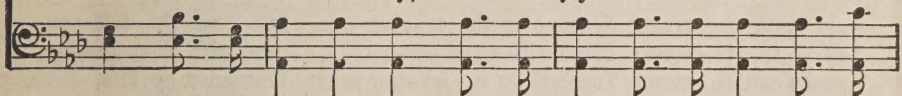
Vivian McCown.



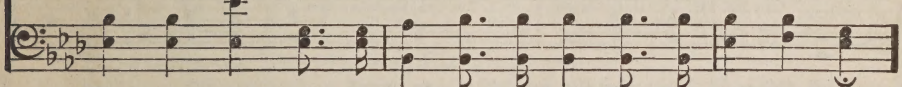
1. 'Tis so sweet just to know that a-long the way Je-sus walks by my
2. When He scat-ters the gifts from His bound-less store, And His show-ers of
3. When my heart is so tempt-ed and sore-ly tried, It is then that I
4. Oh, His voice is so won-drous-ly sweet to me! There's no mu-sic on



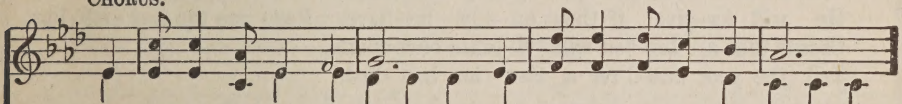
side all the live-long day, And He knows when the shad-ows be-
 bless-ing a-round me pour, Lest I hum-ble and grate-ful for-
 know He is by my side, And I know He will give me the
 earth has such mel-o-dy; There's no joy that can come to the



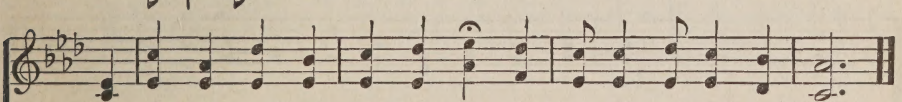
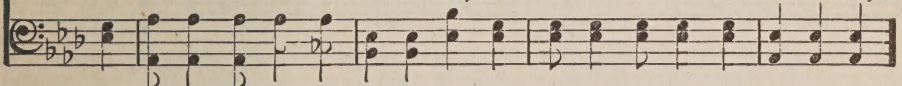
gin to low'r, And He whis-pers His love to me o'er and o'er.
 get to be, Je-sus whis-pers His won-der-ful love to me.
 vic-to-ry As He whis-pers His won-der-ful love to me.
 hu-man heart Like the joy that His love ev-er doth im-part.



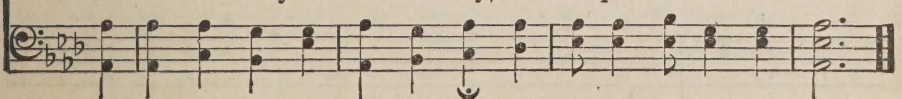
CHORUS.



He whis-pers His love to me, He whis-pers His love to me;
 His love to me, His love to me;



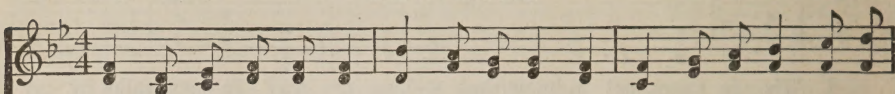
Lest I should stray from Him a-way, He whis-pers His love to me.



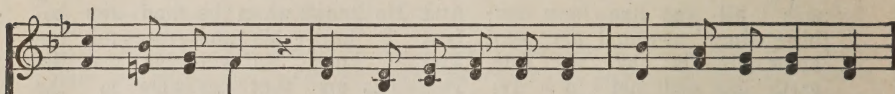
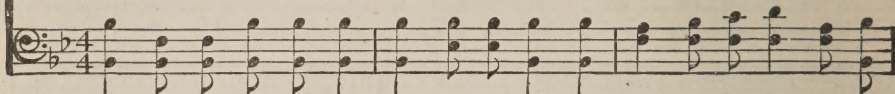
Fanny J. Crosby.

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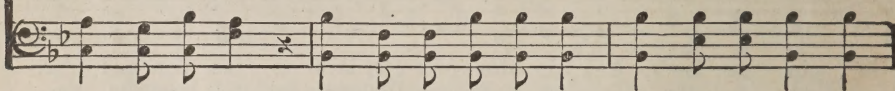
William H. Doane.



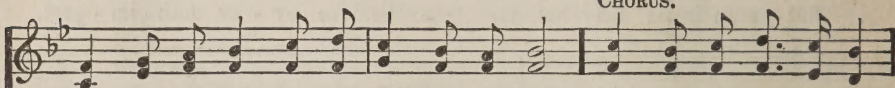
1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur-ied that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la-bor the



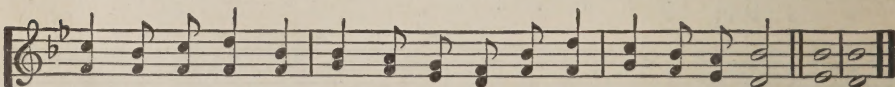
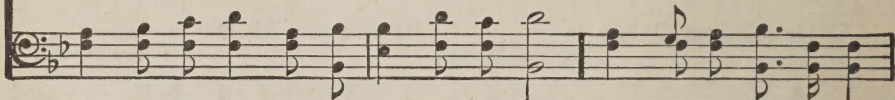
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er-ring one, Lift up the fall-en,
child to re-ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly,
grace can re-store; Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro-vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them;



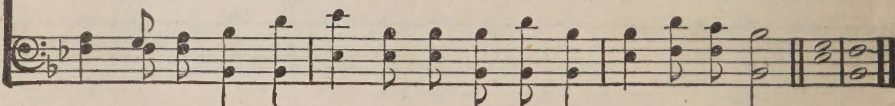
CHORUS.



Tell them of Je - sus the might-y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve. Res - cue the per-ish-ing,
Chords that are bro-ken will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'r'er a Sav - ior has died.



Care for the dy-ing; Je - sus is mer-ci-ful, Je - sus will save. A-MEN.



Onward, Christian Soldiers.

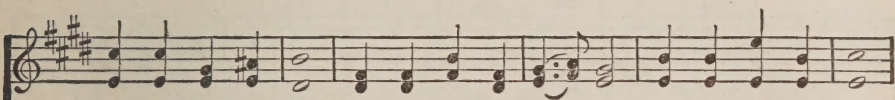
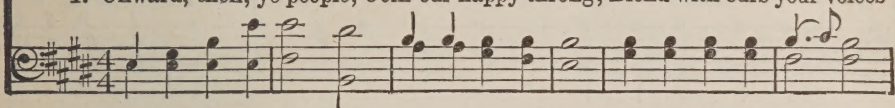
Sabine Baring-Gould.

St. Gertrude. 6s. 5s. D.

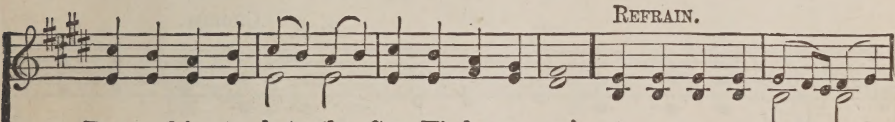
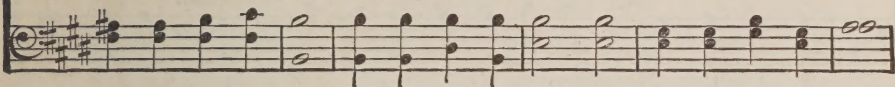
Arthur Sullivan.



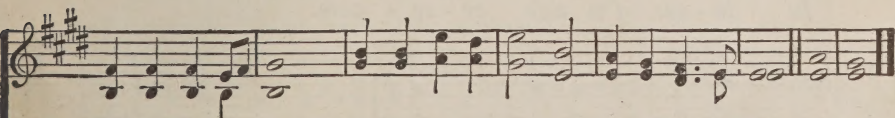
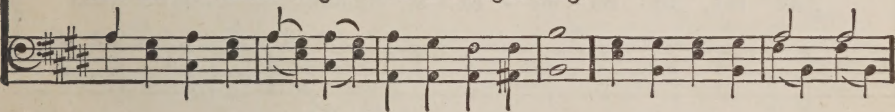
1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri-umph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices



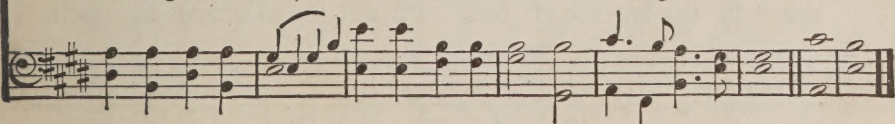
Go - ing on be-fore! Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-against the foe;
 On to vic-to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv-er At the shout of praise;
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
 In the tri-umph song; Glo-ry, laud, and hon - or, Un-to Christ the King;



For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His banner go!
 Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise! Onward, Christian soldiers,
 One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i - ty.
 This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.



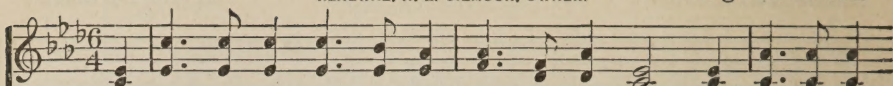
March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore! A-MEN.



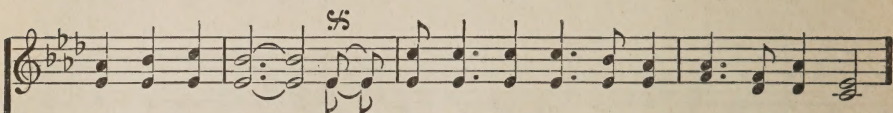
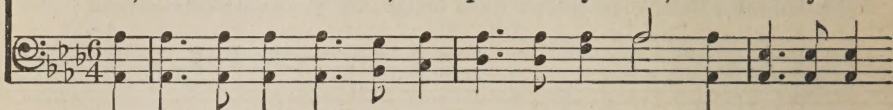
H. L. Gilmour.

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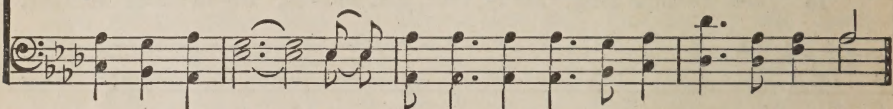
George D. Moore.



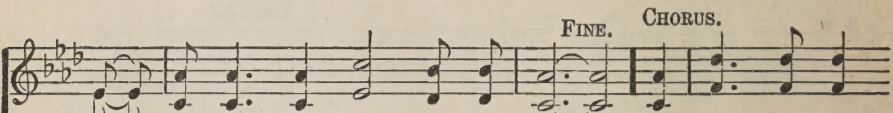
1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So bur-dened with
2. I yield-ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And, faith tak-ing
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old
4. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient-ly waits, To save by His



sin and dis - tress, Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice,"
hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I an - chored my soul:
sto - ry so blest, Of Je - sus, who'll save who-so-ev - er will have
pow-er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the ha - ven of rest,

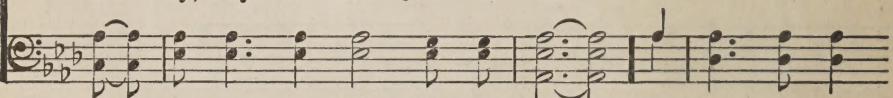


D. S.—The tem - pest may sweep o'er the wild storm-y deep,

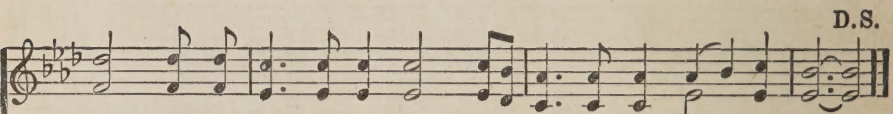


FINE. CHORUS.

And I en - tered the ha - ven of rest.
The ha - ven of rest is my Lord. I've an - chored my
A home in the ha - ven of rest.
And say, "My Be - lov - ed is mine."

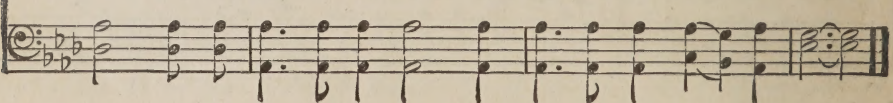


In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.



D. S.

soul in the ha - ven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;



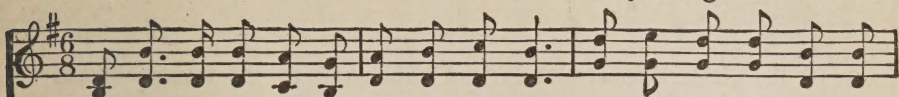
Throw Out the Life-Line.

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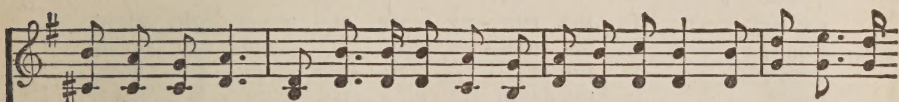
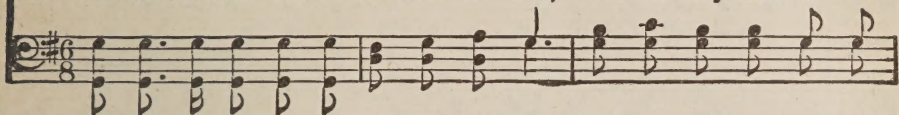
Edward S. Ufford.

E. S. Ufford.

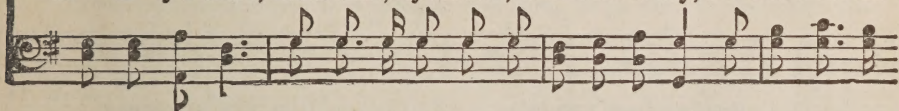
Arr. by George C. Stebbins.



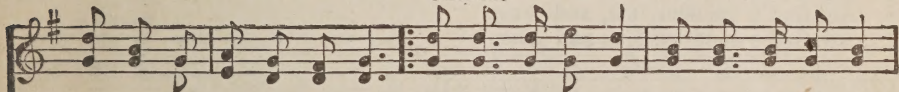
1. Throw out the Life-Line a-cross the dark wave, There is a broth-er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tar-ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in an-guish where
4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-



some one should save; Somebody's broth-er! oh, who then, will dare To throw out the
lin-ger so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh; has-ten to-day—And out with the
you've nev-er been: Winds of temp-tation and bil-lows of woe Will soon hurl them
ter-ni-ty's shore, Haste then, my brother, no time for de-lay, But throw out the



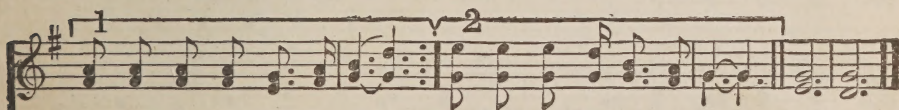
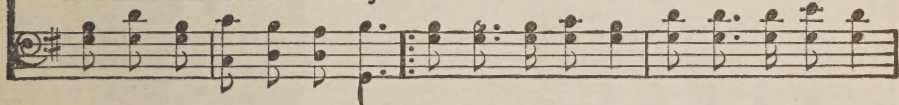
CHORUS.



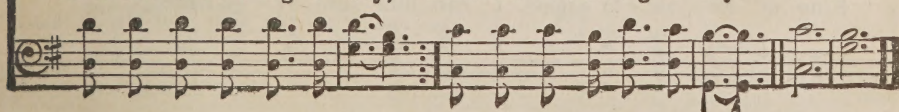
Life-Line, his per-il to share?

Life-Boat! a-way, then, a-way! Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line!
out where the dark wa-ters flow.

Life-Line and save them to-day.



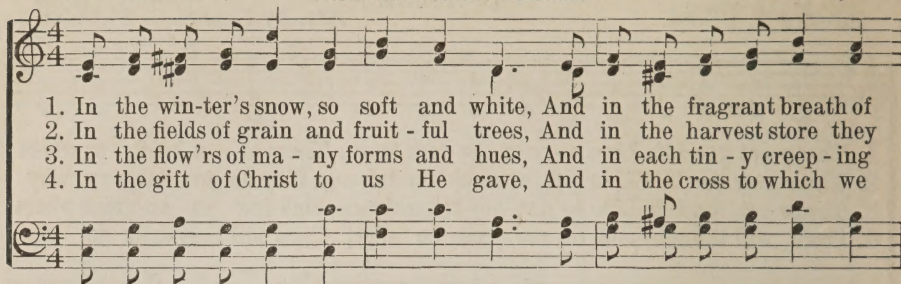
Some one is drift-ing a-way; Some one is sink-ing to-day. A-MEN.



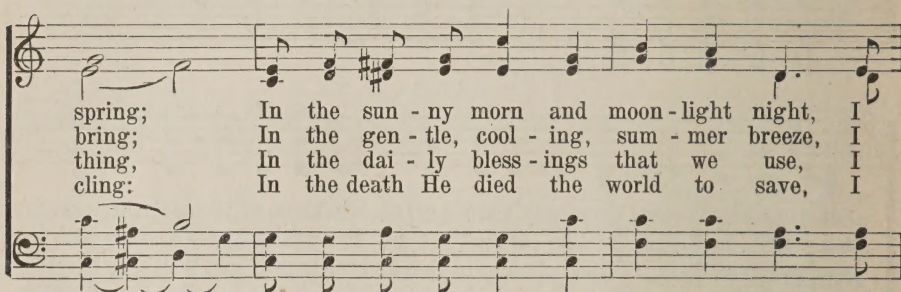
A. H. A.

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A. H. Ackley.

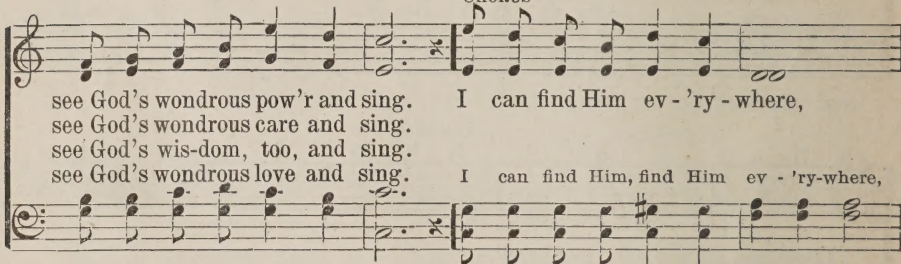


1. In the win-ter's snow, so soft and white, And in the fragrant breath of
 2. In the fields of grain and fruit - ful trees, And in the harvest store they
 3. In the flow'rs of ma - ny forms and hues, And in each tin - y creep - ing
 4. In the gift of Christ to us He gave, And in the cross to which we

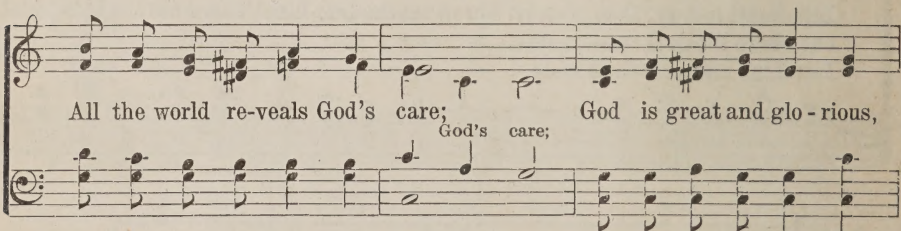


spring; In the sun - ny morn and moon - light night, I
 bring; In the gen - tle, cool - ing, sum - mer breeze, I
 thing, In the dai - ly bless - ings that we use, I
 cling: In the death He died the world to save, I

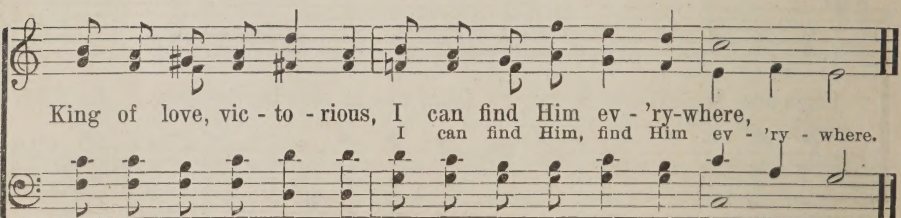
CHORUS



see God's wondrous pow'r and sing. I can find Him ev - 'ry - where,
 see God's wondrous care and sing.
 see God's wis - dom, too, and sing.
 see God's wondrous love and sing. I can find Him, find Him ev - 'ry - where,



All the world re - veals God's care; God's care; God is great and glo - rious,

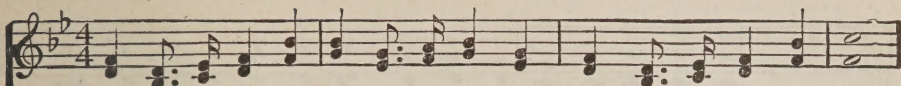


King of love, vic - to - rious, I can find Him ev - 'ry - where,
 I can find Him, find Him ev - 'ry - where.

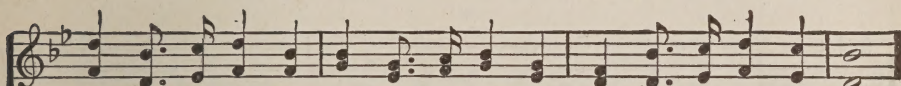
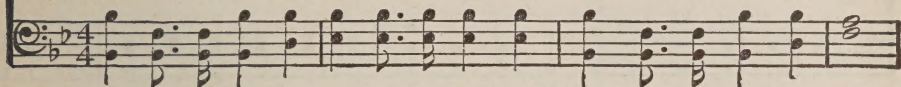
Palmer Hartsough.

Copyright, 1924, by Fillmore Bros. Co.
Renewal.

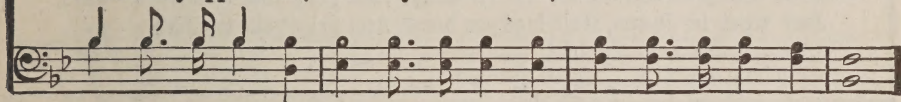
J. H. Fillmore.



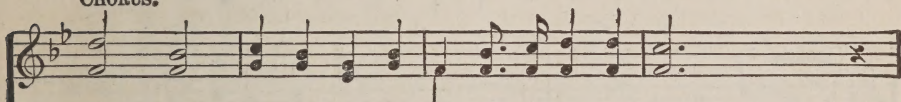
1. I am resolved no lon-ger to lin-ger, Charmed by the world's de-light;
2. I am resolved to go to the Sav-ior, Leav-ing my sin and strife;
3. I am resolved to fol-low the Sav-ior, Faith-ful and true each day;
4. I am resolved to en-ter the Kingdom, Leav-ing the paths of sin;



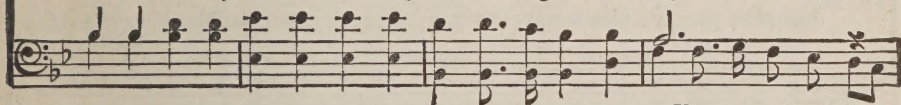
Things that are higher, things that are no - bler, These have al-lured my sight.
 He is the true One, He is the just One, He hath the words of life.
 Heed what He say-eth, do what He will-eth, He is the liv-ing way.
 Friends may oppose me, foes may be-set me, Still will I en-ter in.



CHORUS.



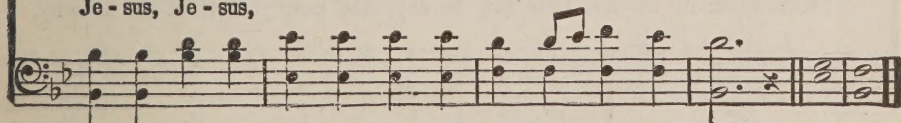
I will has-ten to Him, Has-ten so glad and free;
 I will has-ten, has-ten to Him, Has-ten so glad and free;



Has-ten glad and free;



Je - sus, Great-est, High-est, I will come to Thee. A-MEN.
 Je - sus, Je - sus,

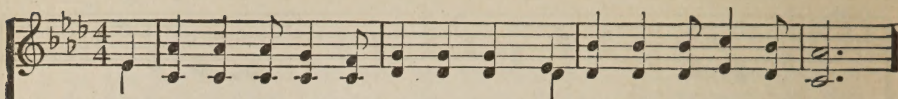


Pray Your Troubles Away.

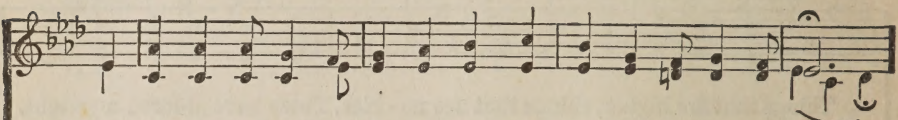
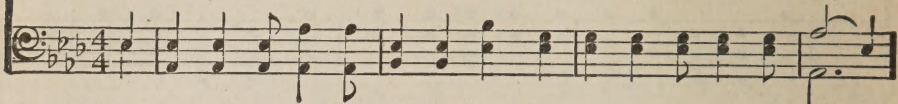
B. B. McK.

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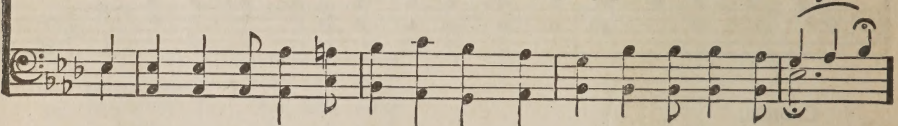
B. B. McKinney.



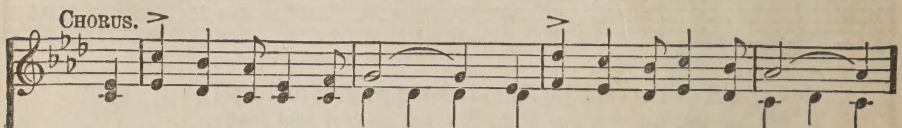
1. When you are wea-ry and sore op-pressed, When sor-row darkens the day,
2. When strong temptations in you com-bine To lead your footsteps a-stray,
3. Be not dis-cour-aged, but press a-long, And live for Je-sus to-day;
4. Oh, soul in bond-age, why lon-ger roam In sin's un-end-ing dis-may?



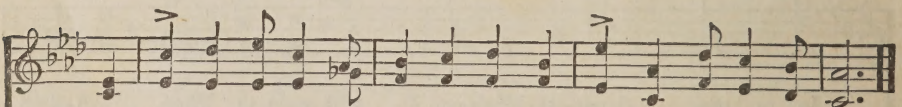
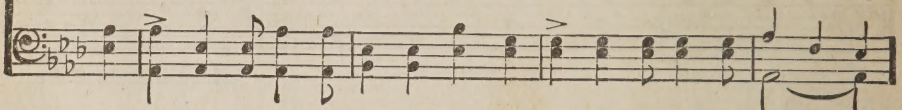
Have faith in Je-sus, He know-eth best, And pray your troubles a-way.
 Just go to Je-sus your Friend divine, And pray your troubles a-way.
 He'll turn your sighing in-to a song, And pray your troubles a-way.
 Just trust in Je-sus, He'll lead you home, And pray your troubles a-way.



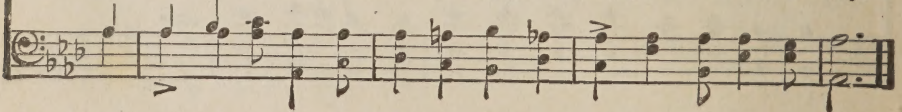
CHORUS.



Just pray your troubles a-way; (a-way;) Just pray your troubles a-way; (a-way;)



Have faith in Je-sus from day to day, And pray your trou-bles a-way.



Let Others See Jesus in You.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. While pass-ing thro' this world of sin, And oth-ers your life shall view,
 2. Your life's a book be-fore their eyes, They're reading it thro' and thro';
 3. What joy 'twill be at set of sun, In man-sions be-yond the blue,
 4. Then live for Christ both day and night, Be faith-ful, be brave and true,

Be clean and pure with-out, with - in, Let oth - ers see Je - sus in you.
Say, does it point them to the skies, Do oth - ers see Je - sus in you?
To find some souls that you have won; Let oth - ers see Je - sus in you.
And lead the lost to life and light; Let oth - ers see Je - sus in you.

CHORUS.

Chorus.

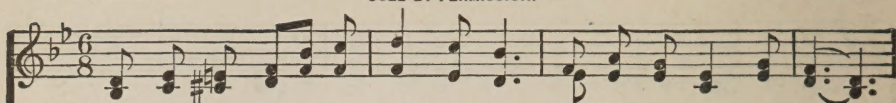
Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you,.... Let oth-ers see Je-sus in you;
in you, in you;

Keep tell-ing the sto-ry, be faith-ful and true, Let oth-ers see Je - sus in you.

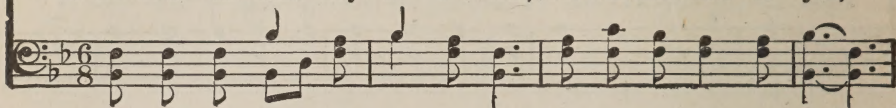
C. D. Martin.

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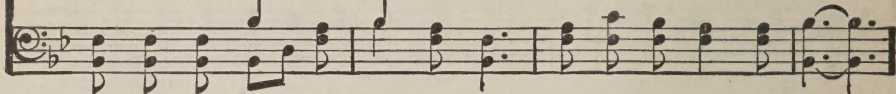
W. S. Martin.



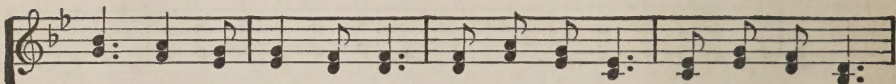
1. Be not dis-mayed, what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil, when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;



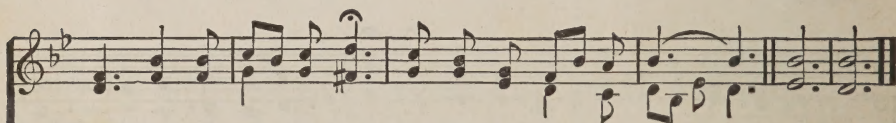
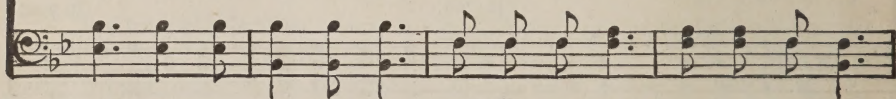
Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
 When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
 Noth-ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
 Lean, wear-y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.



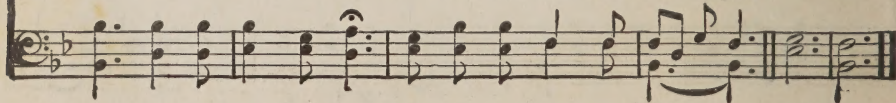
CHORUS.



God will take care of you, Thro' ev-'ry day, O'er all the way;



He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . A - MEN.
 take care of you.

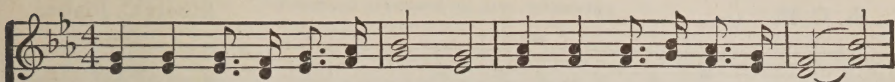


Beautiful River.

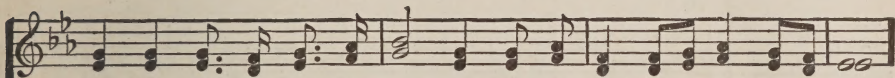
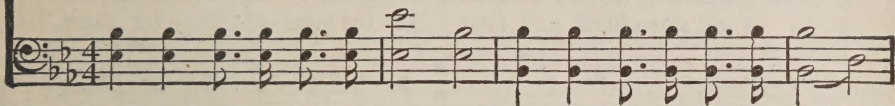
Robert Lowry.

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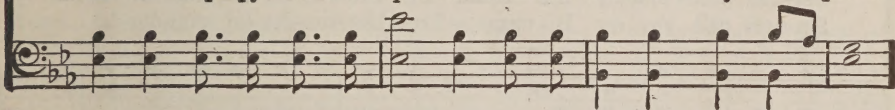
Robert Lowry.



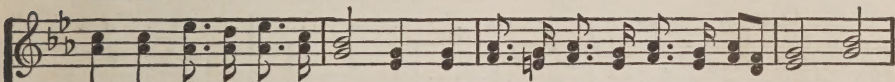
1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev-'ry bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;



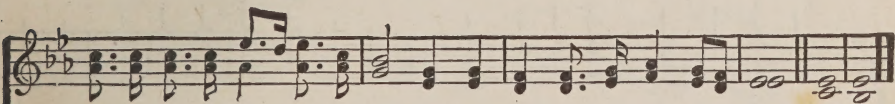
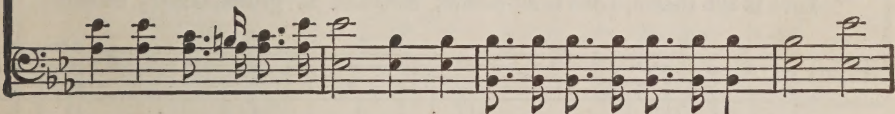
With its crys-tal tide for-ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
 We will walk and wor-ship ev - er, All the hap-py, gold-en day.
 Grace our spir-its will de-liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
 Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel-o - dy of peace.



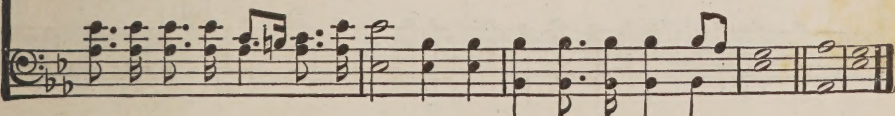
CHORUS.



Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er,—



Gath-er with the saints-at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God. A-MEN.



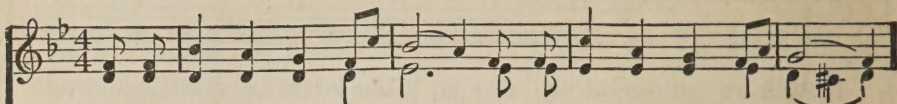
Love Is the Theme.

To my friend, L. E. Jones.

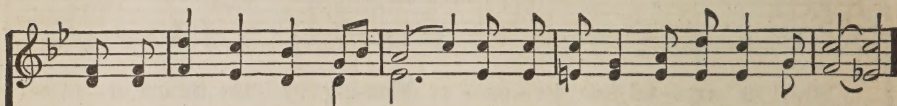
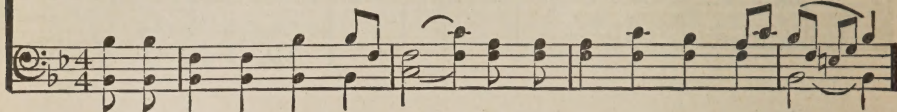
A. C. F.

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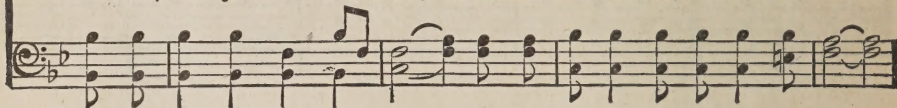
Albert C. Fisher.



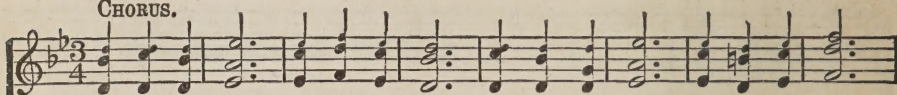
1. Of the themes that men have known, One su-preme-ly stands a - lone;
2. Let the bells of Heav-en ring, Let the saints their trib - ute bring,
3. Since the Lord my soul un - bound, I am tell - ing all a - round
4. As of old when blind and lame To the bless-ed Mas - ter came,



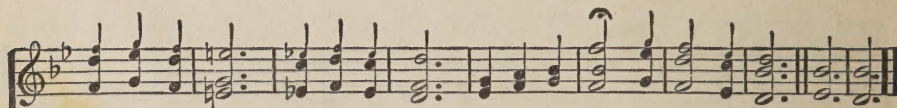
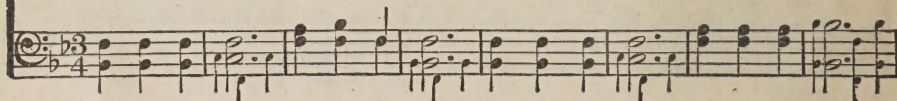
Thro' the a - ges it has shown, — 'Tis His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
 Let the world true prais-es sing For His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
 Par-don, peace and joy are found In His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.
 Sin-ners, call ye on His name, — Trust His won-der-ful, won-der-ful love.



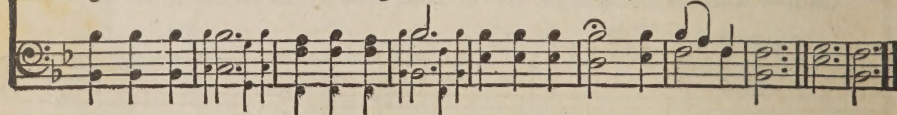
CHORUS.



Love is the theme, Love is su-preme; Sweet-er it grows, Glo-ry be-stows;



Bright as the sun Ev-er it glows! Love is the theme, E-ter-nal theme! A-MEN.

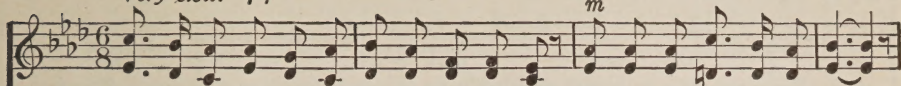


Softly and Tenderly.

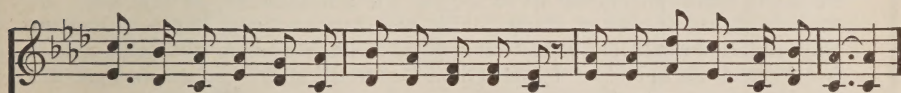
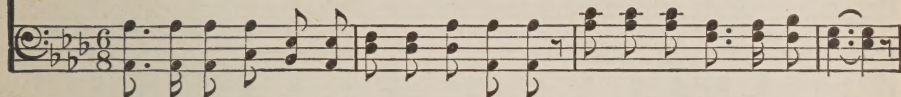
W. L. T.

HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.
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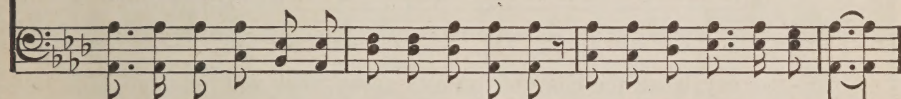
Will L. Thompson.

*Very slow. pp**m*

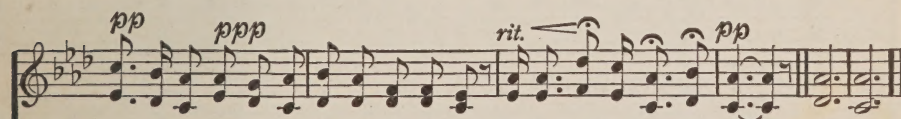
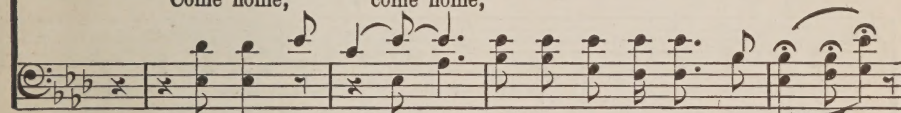
1. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the won - der - ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;



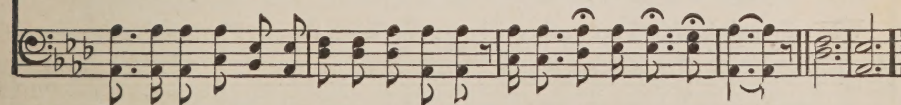
See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
 Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Com - ing for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Par - don for you and for me.

CHORUS. *m**cres.*

Come home, . . . come home, . . . Ye who are wear - y, come home; . .
 Come home, come home,



Earnestly, ten-der - ly, Je - sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home! A - MEN.

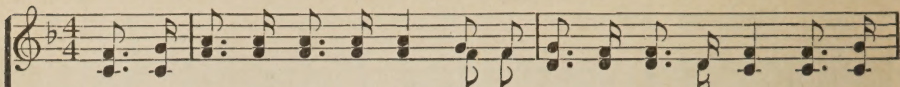


66 We Will Understand It Better By and By

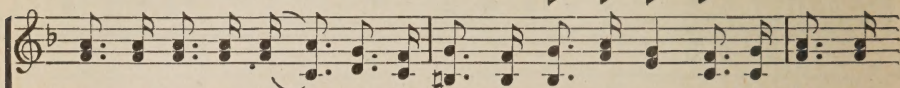
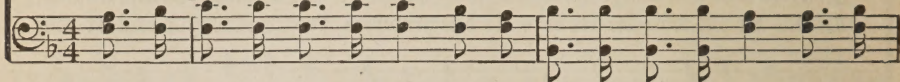
C. A. Tindley.

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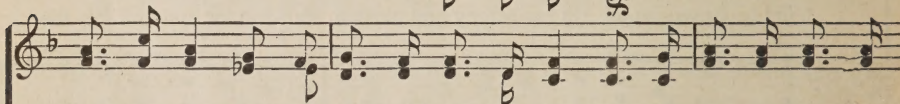
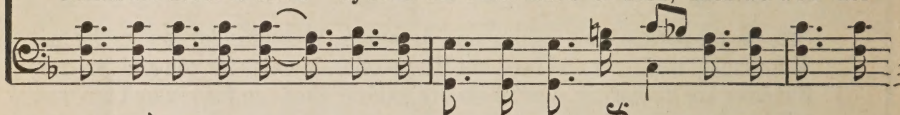
Rev. C. A. Tindley.



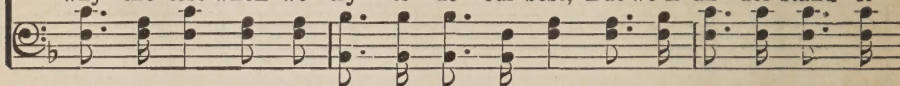
1. We are oft - en tossed and driv'n on the rest-less sea of time, Som-ber
2. We are oft - en des - ti-tute of the things that life demands, Want of
3. Tri-als dark on ev - 'ry hand, and we can - not un-der-stand All the
4. Here temptations, hid-den snares, oft - en take us un - a-ware, And our



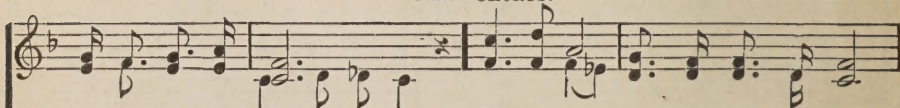
skies and howling tempests oft suc - ceed a brightsunshine; In that land of food and want of shelter, thirst-y hills and bar-ren lands; But we're trusting ways that God would lead us to that bless-ed Prom-ised Land; But He'll guide us hearts are made to bleed by some tho't-less word or deed; And we won - der



per - fect day, when the mists have rolled a-way, We will un - der-stand it in the Lord, and, ac - cord - ing to His Word, We will un - der-stand it with His eye, and we'll fol - low till we die, For we'll un - der-stand it why the test when we try to do our best, But we'll un - der-stand it

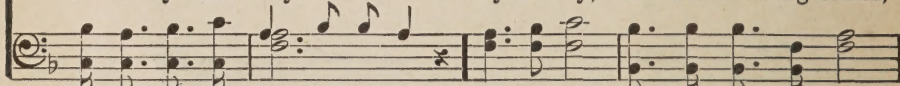


D. S.—We will un - der-stand it
FINE. CHORUS.

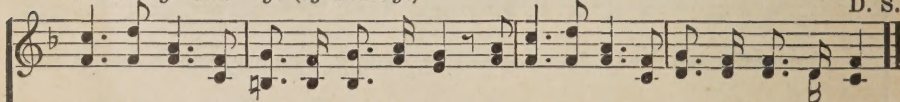


bet-ter by and by.

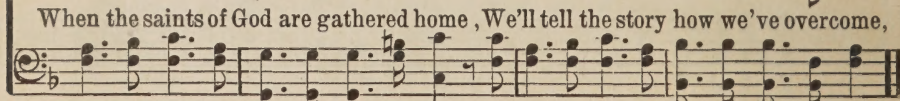
By and by, when the morn-ing comes,



bet-ter by and by. (by and by.)



D. S.

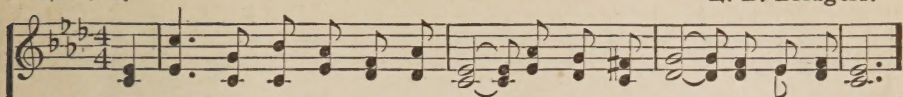


When the saints of God are gathered home, We'll tell the story how we've overcome,

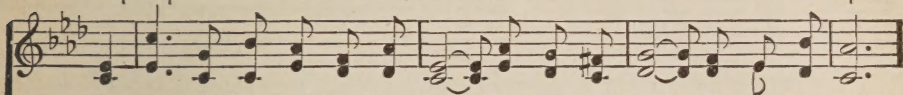
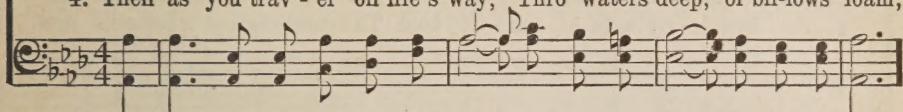
L. B. B.

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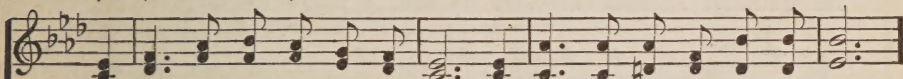
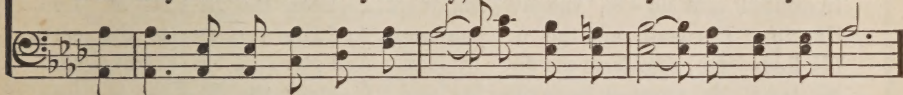
L. B. Bridgers.



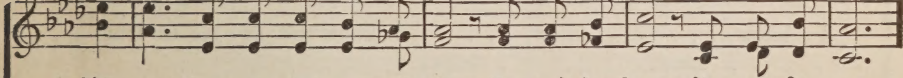
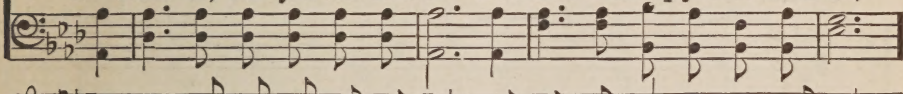
1. Some day I'll cross the mys-tic stream, It won't be long, it may be soon;
2. Some day this mor-tal life shall cease, It won't be long, it may be soon;
3. He's com-ing back with glo-ry rare, It won't be long, it may be soon;
4. Then as you trav-el on life's way, Thro' waters deep, or bil-lows' foam;



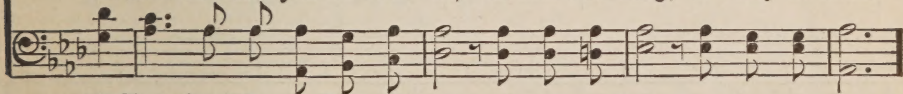
Some day I'll lay my bur-dens down, It won't be long, it may be soon;
 Some day I'll see my Sav-ior's face, It won't be long, it may be soon;
 We'll rise to meet Him in the air, It won't be long, it may be soon;
 You may have Je-sus as your stay, He'll walk with you and lead you home.



Some day I'll reach the gold-en shore, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more,
 Some day I'll leave this vale of tears, For-get the strug-gles of long years,
 If He should call me, this I know: I'm saved and read-y now to go,
 O broth-er, will you let Him in? He'll save and keep you free from sin,

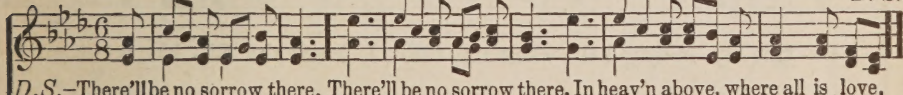


I'll meet the ones who've gone be-fore, It won't be long, it may be soon.
 I'll know no sor-row, pain, nor fears; It won't be long, it may be soon.
 I'm wait-ing with my heart a-glow; It won't be long, it may be soon.
 Till heav-en's door you en-ter in; It won't be long, it may be soon.

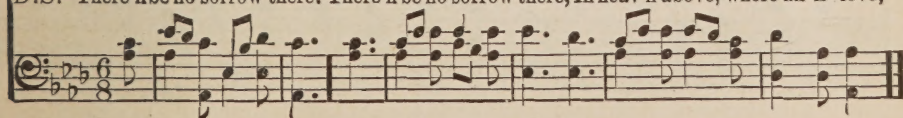


♩ Sing after last verse. FINE.

D. S.



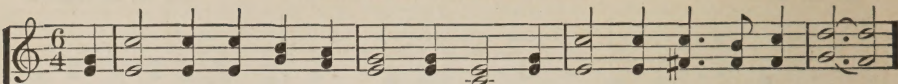
D.S.—There'll be no sorrow there. There'll be no sorrow there, In heav'n above, where all is love,



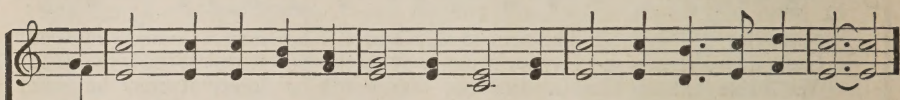
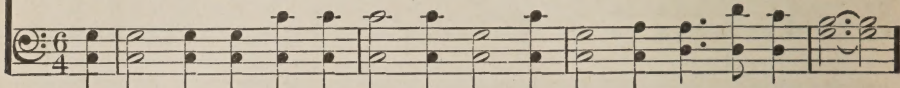
Gene Routh.

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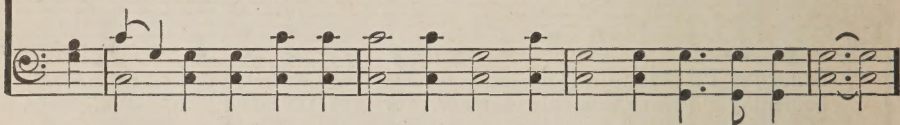
B. B. McKinney.



1. I know the Bi - ble was sent from God, The Old, as well as the New;
2. I know the sto - ry of Christ is true, His vir - gin, glo - ri - ous birth,
3. I know the Bi - ble is whol - ly true, For peace it gave me with - in;
4. Tho' foes de - ny with a spir - it bold The mes - sage old, but still new,



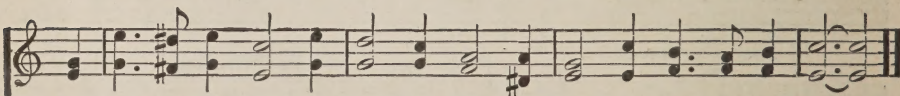
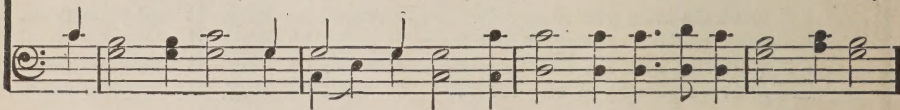
In - spired and ho - ly, the liv - ing Word, I know the Bi - ble is true.
His life, His death, and the o - pen tomb, And His re - turn to the earth.
It finds me, com - forts me day by day, And gives me vic - t'ry o'er sin.
Its truth is sweet - er each time 'tis told, I know the Bi - ble is true.



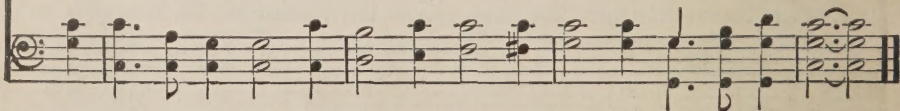
CHORUS.



I know, . . . I know, ... I know the Bi - ble is true; . . .
I know, I know, is true;



Di - vine - ly in - spired the whole way thro', I know the Bi - ble is true.

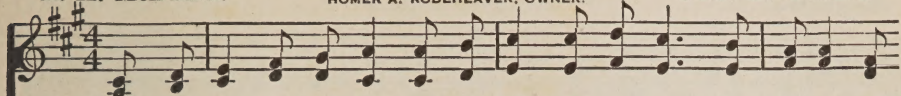


Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

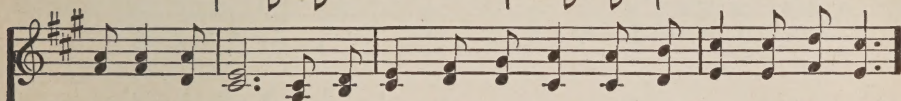
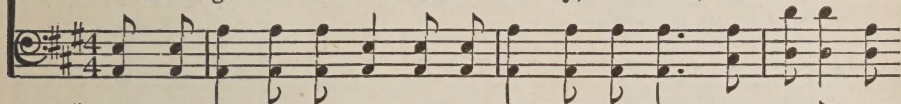
R. H. McDaniel.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

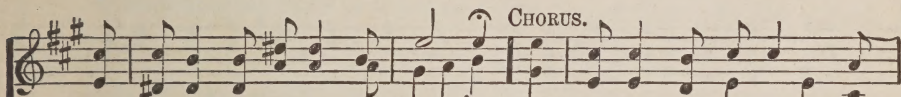
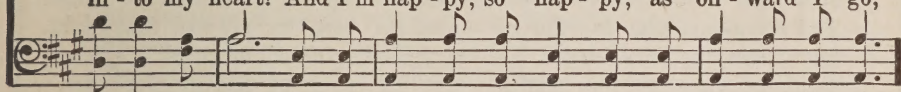
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. What a won - der - ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je - sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go - ing a - stray, Since Je - sus came
3. I'm pos - sessed of a hope that is stead - fast and sure, Since Je - sus came
4. There's a light in the val - ley of death now for me, Since Je - sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit - y, I know, Since Je - sus came

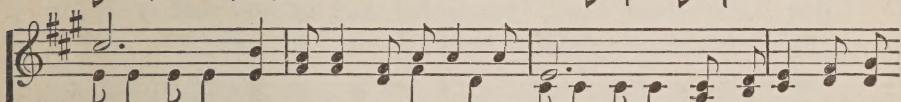
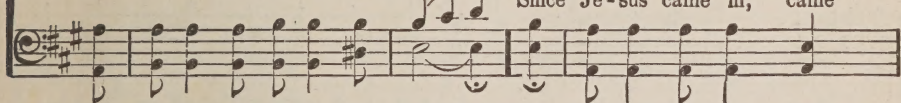


in - to my heart! I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
 in - to my heart! And my sins which were man - y are all washed a - way,
 in - to my heart! And no dark clouds of doubt now my path - way ob - scure,
 in - to my heart! And the gates of the Cit - y be - yond I can see,
 in - to my heart! And I'm hap - py, so hap - py, as on - ward I go,

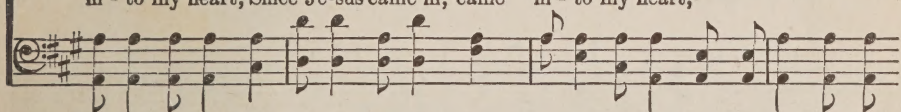


CHORUS.

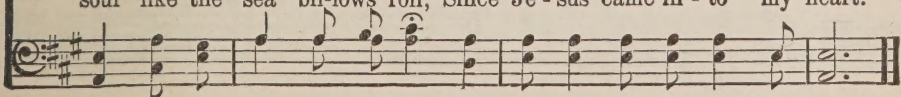
Since Je - sus came in - to my heart! Since Je - sus came in - to my
 Since Je - sus came in, came



heart, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart, Floods of joy o'er my
 in - to my heart, Since Je - sus came in, came in - to my heart,



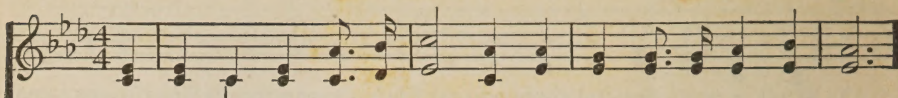
soul like the sea bil - lows roll, Since Je - sus came in - to my heart.



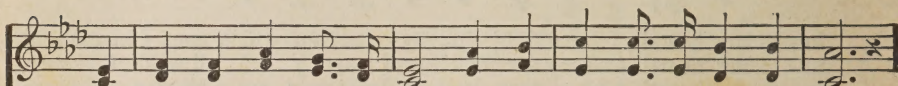
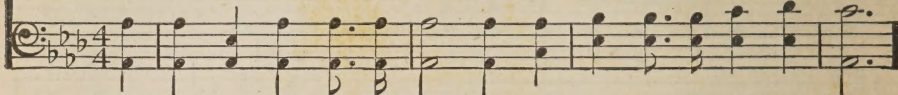
C. H. G.

Copyright, 1905, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
Tabernacle Publishing Co., Owner.

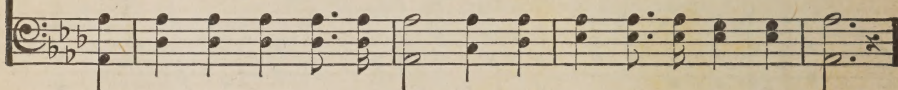
Chas. H. Gabriel.



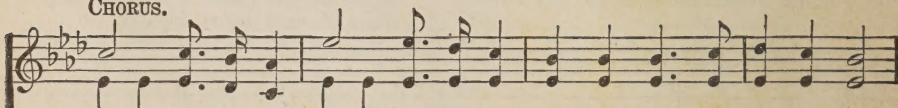
1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je - sus the Naz - a - rene,
2. For me it was in the gar - den He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine;"
3. In pit - y an - gels be - held Him, And came from the world of light
4. He took my sins and my sor - rows, He made them His ver - y own;
5. When with the ransomed in glo - ry His face I at last shall see,



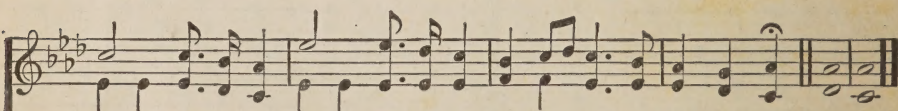
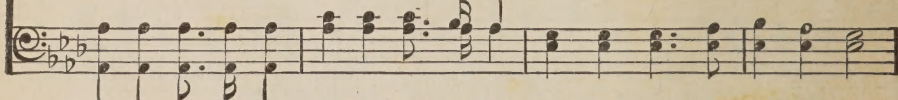
And won - der how He could love me, A sin - ner, condemned, un-clean.
 He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
 To com - fort Him in the sor - rows He bore for my soul that night.
 He bore the bur - den to Cal - v'ry, And suf - fered, and died a - lone.
 'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.



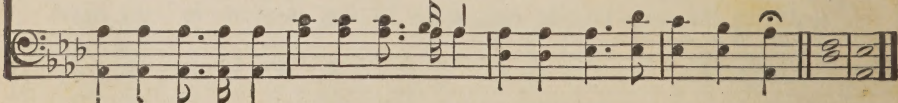
CHORUS.



How mar - vel - ous! how won - der - ful! And my song shall ev - er be:
 Oh, how mar - vel - ous! oh, how won - der - ful!



How mar - vel - ous! how won - der - ful Is my Sav - ior's love for me! A - MEN.
 Oh, how mar - vel - ous! oh, how won - der - ful

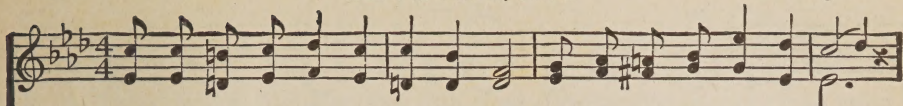


He Keeps Me Singing.

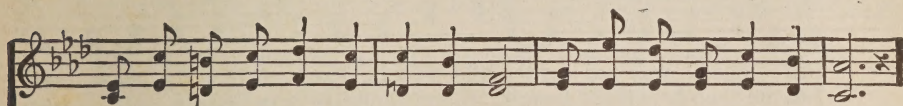
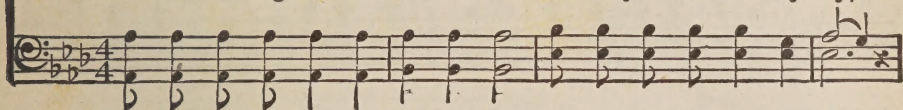
L. B. B.

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L. B. Bridgers.



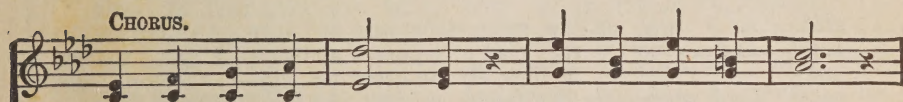
1. There's within my heart a mel - o - dy Je - sus whis-pers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Dis-cord filled my heart with pain,
3. Feast-ing on the rich-es of His grace, Resting 'neath His shelt'ring wing,
4. Tho' sometimes He leads thro' waters deep, Tri - als fall a - cross the way,
5. Soon He's com-ing back to wel-come me Far be - yond the star - ry sky;



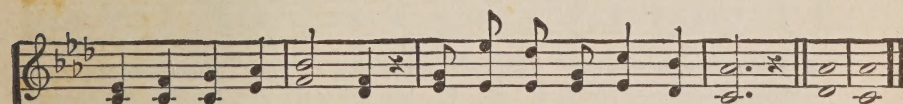
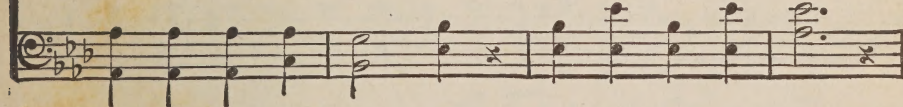
Fear not, I am with thee, peace, be still, In all of life's ebb and flow.
 Je - sus swept across the broken strings, Stirred the slumb'ring chords again.
 Al- ways look-ing on His smil-ing face, That is why I shout and sing.
 Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.
 I shall wing my flight to worlds un-known, I shall reign with Him on high.



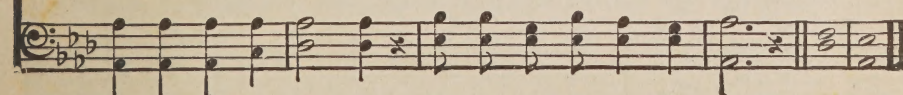
CHORUS.



Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus,— Sweet-est name I know,



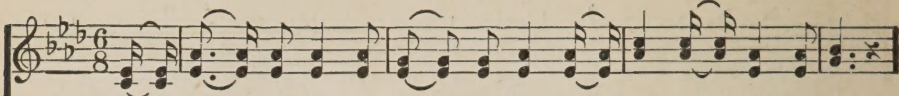
Fills my ev - 'ry long - ing, Keeps me sing-ing as I go. A-MEN.



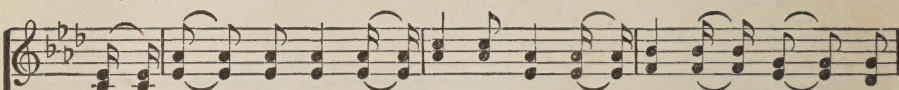
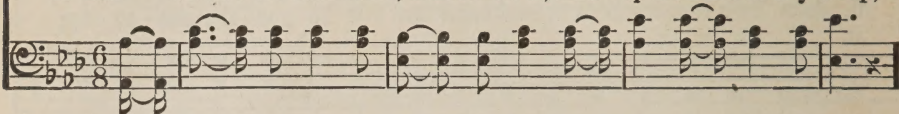
Elizabeth C. Clephane. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY IRA D. SANKEY. RENEWAL

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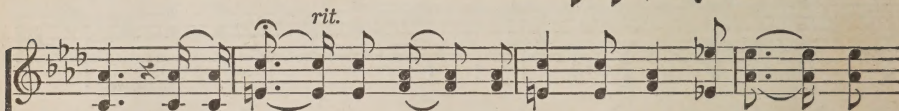
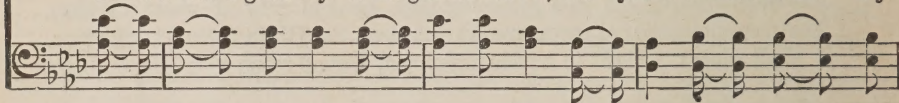
Ira D. Sankey.



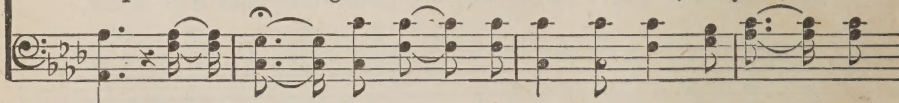
1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the fold,
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine; Are they not enough for Thee?"
3. But none of the ransomed ev - er knew How deep were the waters crossed;
4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain's track?"
5. But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riv'n, And up from the rock-y steep,



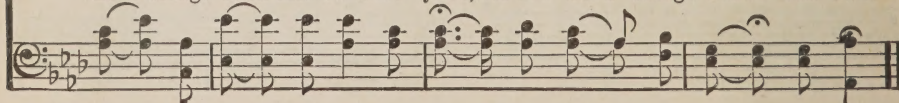
But one was out on the hills a - way, Far - off from the gates of
 But the Shep-herd made answer: "This of Mine Has wan-dered a - way from
 Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro' Ere He found His sheep that was
 "They were shed for one who had gone a-stray Ere the Shepherd could bring him
 There a-rose a glad cry to the gate of heav'n, "Re - joice! I have found My



gold— A - way on the moun-tains wild and bare, A-way from the
 Me, And al - tho' the road be rough and steep, I go to the
 lost. Out in the des-ert He heard its cry— Sick and
 back." "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They're pierced to—
 sheep!" And the an - gels ech-oed a-round the throne, "Re-joice, for the



ten - der Shepherd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep-herd's care.
 des-ert to find My sheep, I go to the des-ert to find My sheep."
 helpless, and ready to die; Sick and helpless, and read-y to die.
 night by man-y a thorn; They're pierced to-night by man-y a thorn."
 Lord brings back His own! Re - joice, for the Lord brings back His own."

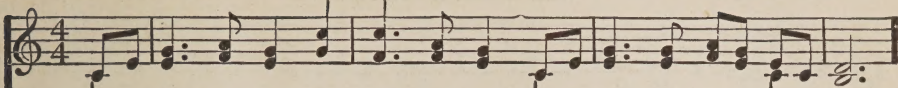


There is a fountain.

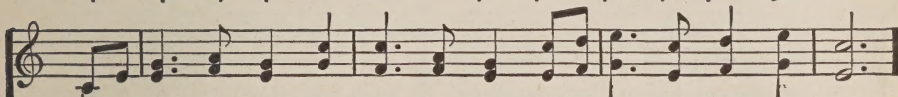
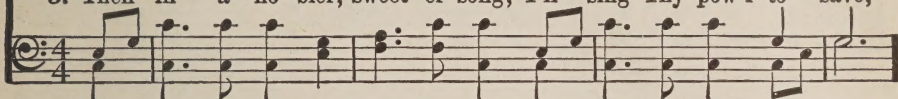
William Cowper.

Cleansing Fountain. C. M.

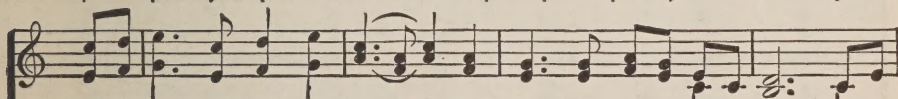
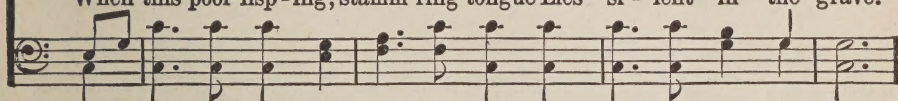
Lowell Mason.



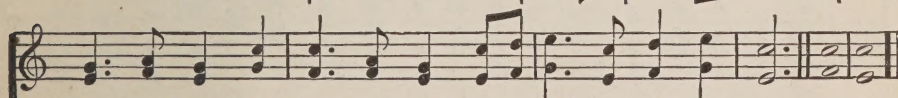
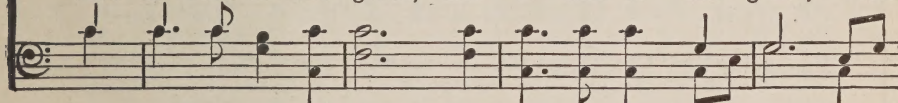
1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Dear dy-ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply,
5. Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,



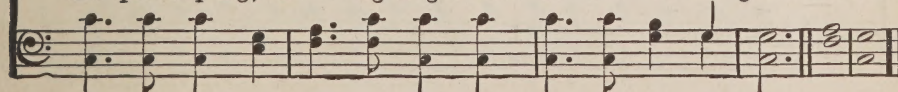
And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains:
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way:
 Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more:
 Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die:
 When this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave:



Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains; And
 Wash all my sins a-way, Wash all my sins a-way; And
 Be saved, to sin no more; Be saved, to sin no more; Till
 And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die; Re-
 Lies si-lent in the grave, Lies si-lent in the grave; When



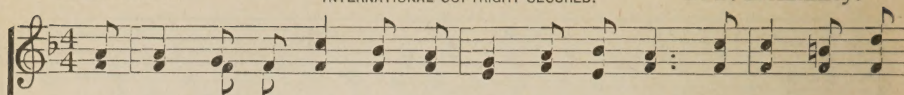
sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
 there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
 all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
 deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si-lent in the grave. A-MEN.



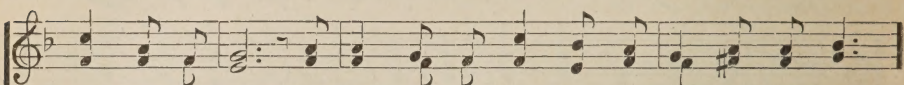
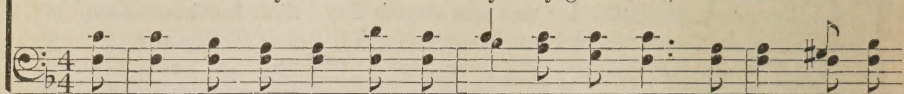
Hal Homer.

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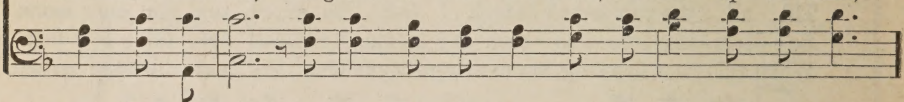
B. B. McKinney.



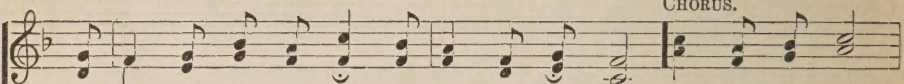
1. I've found the new life in my Sav - ior and Lord, The life that the
2. The old life may call me in tones loud and long, I'll nev - er turn
3. Tho' tri - als may come and the way may grow dim, I know He is



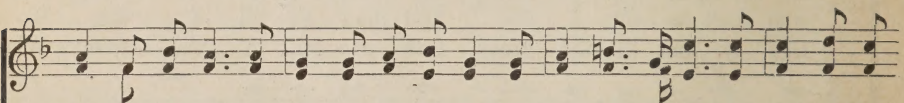
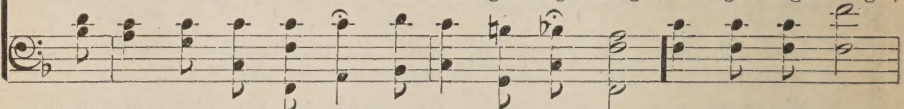
world nev - er knew; Tri - um - phant I walk in the light of His word,
back from the new; For Christ is my strength and my joy and my song,
ten - der and true; His grace is suf - fi - cient, I'll lean up - on Him,



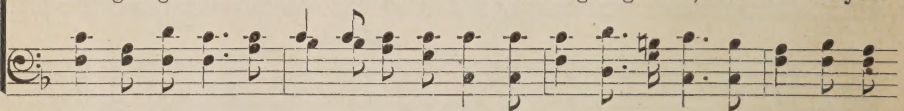
CHORUS.



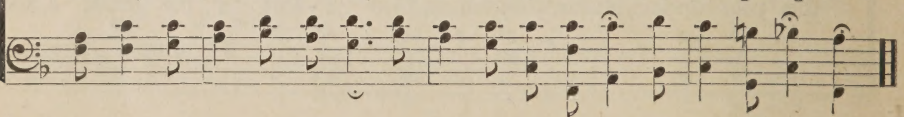
I've start - ed with Je - sus and I'm go - ing through. I'm go - ing through,



I'm going thro' I've started with Je - sus and I'm going thro'; The world may for-



sake me, I know He is true, I've started with Je - sus and I'm go - ing thro'.



J. P. S.

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J. P. Scholfield.

1. Je - sus leads me be - side wa - ters still, Speaking peace and re - stor -
 2. He is near when temp - ta - tion is strong, He sus - tains me in fac -
 3. He will pi - lot me safe - ly a - long, Tho' the light on my path -

ing my soul; When the cares on me press, and the bur - dens dis - tress,
 ing the foe; His sweet voice I can hear, there is no cause to fear,
 way be dim; In His prom - ise I trust, He is lov - ing and just, —

CHORUS.

He is close to my side to con - sole.
 He will keep ev - 'ry promise, I know, He is more than a Sav - ior to
 I am safe for my faith is in Him.

me, In life's wilds He a Shep - herd will be; He's a Pi - lot to

guide me o'er life's rough sea, He is more than a Sav - ior to me.

Believe! Believe!

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. The ques-tion com-eth o'er and o'er From those by sin en-slaved,
2. Be-lieve in His re-deem-ing grace, From sin He will set free;
3. He is the true and liv-ing way, On Him you can de-pend;

"How can I find the o - pen door, What shall I do to be saved?"
Your soul will find a hid-ing place In Him e - ter - nal - ly.
He'll keep and guide you day by day, He is your dear-est Friend.

CHORUS $\vee$ $\vee$
Be-lieve, be-lieve, be - lieve, . . . and Thou shalt be saved, saved, saved; . . .
be-lieve, Thou shalt be saved,

The debt for you He paid, ... The sac - ri - fice He made. . . .
He paid, He made.

O lift Thine eyes and see, ... And from your sins be free;
and see, be free;

Believe! Believe!

Be - lieve! be-lieve! and Jesus receive, And thou shalt be saved! saved! saved!

77

O Wondrous Love.

J. Stewart Smith.

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George C. Stebbins.

1. A cross of shame up - lift - ed high, A Sav-ior hanging there to die;
2. Despised, re-ject - ed, cru - ci - fied! A thorn-crowned brow and pierced side;
3. Was it in vain He died for thee In shame and sor-row on the tree?
4. Oh, Lamb of God, Thy love di - vine Has conquered this poor heart of mine!

CHORUS.
Re - demp-tion free for such as I! Oh, wondrous, wondrous love!
"Forgive them, Father," yet He cried: Oh, wondrous, wondrous love! Oh, wondrous
Canst Thou re-ject His dy - ing plea, And spurn His wondrous love?
Oh, cleanse and make me whol-ly Thine, In wondrous, wondrous love!

love so great, so free! He died for you, He died for me
wondrous love so free! for you, for me

Up-on the cross of Cal - va - ry; Oh, won - drous love of Je-sus!
Up-on the cross of Cal - va - ry; wondrous, wondrous

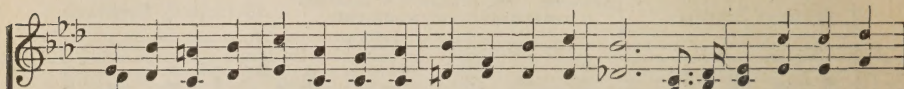
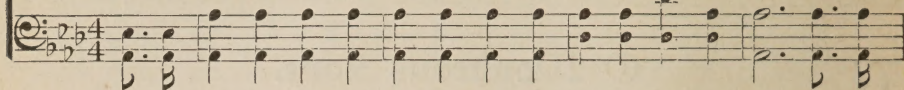
A. H. A.

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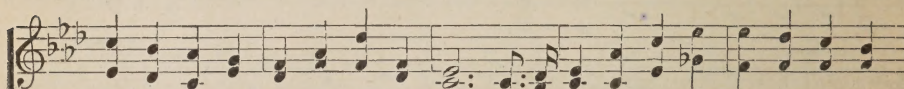
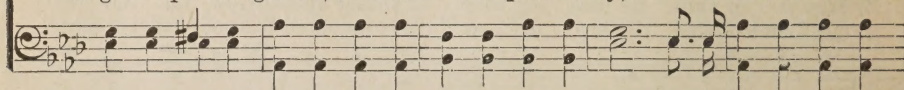
A. H. Ackley.



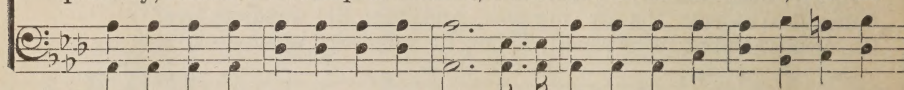
1. If you want to know the Sav-ior, Not an hour need you de - lay, He is
2. If you want to know the Sav-ior, And the love that sat - is - fies, Find the
3. If you want to know the Sav-ior, In that land of cloudless day, With its



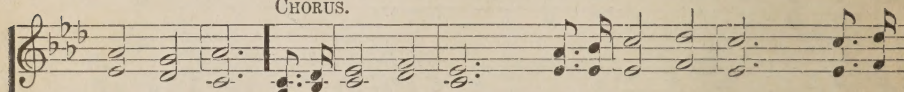
pleading, gently pleading, O accept Him while you may; Even now if you will
joy of boundless measure, That His wondrous grace supplies, 'Tis for you the very
bright su-per-nal glories, That shall never pass a-way; You must meet Him on life's



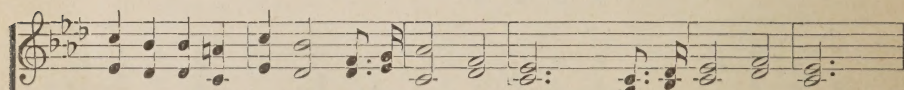
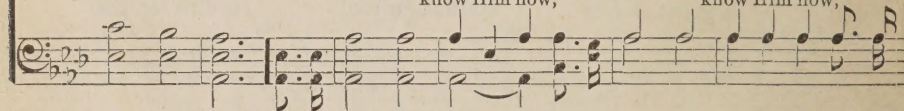
heed Him, At the cross of mer-cy bow, All your sin shall be for-giv - en, You can
moment, When you make this holy vow, "I will take Him as my Savior," You can
pathway; Place the crown upon His brow, Do not wait un-til tomorrow, You can



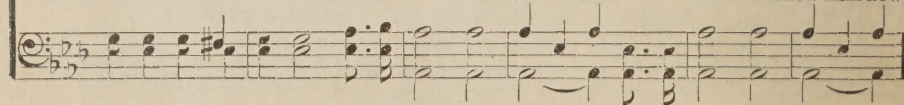
CHORUS.



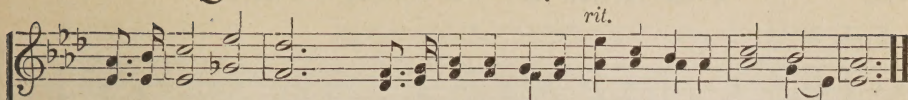
know Him now. You can know Him now, You can know Him now, If you
know Him now, know Him now,



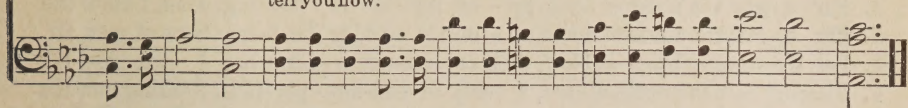
want to know the Savior, You can know Him now; You can know Him now,
know Him now. know Him now,



You Can Know Him Now.



I will tell you how, If you take Him as your Savior, You can know Him now,
tell you how:



79

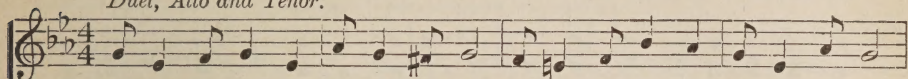
Teach Me To Pray.

A. H. A.

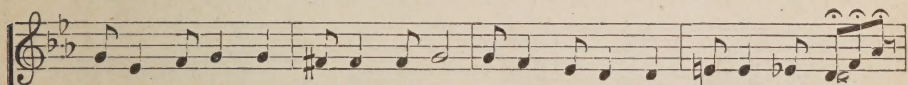
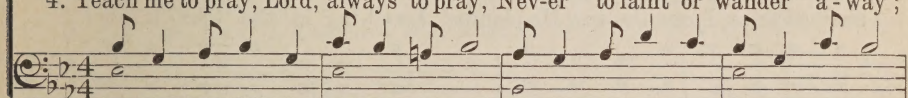
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A. H. Ackley.

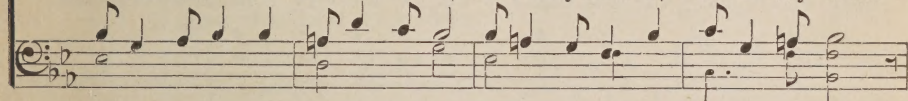
Duet, Alto and Tenor.



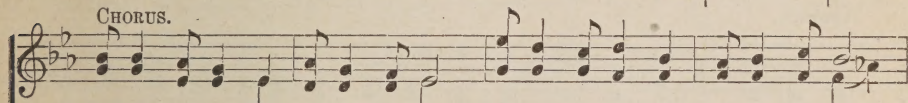
1. Teach me to pray, Lord, humbly to plead, Claiming Thy grace for all of my need;
2. Teach me to pray, Lord, give what is best, Whate'er Thou givest I shall be blest;
3. Teach me to pray, Lord, pray for the lost, Seeking to win them tho' great the cost;
4. Teach me to pray, Lord, always to pray, Nev-er to faint or wander a-way;



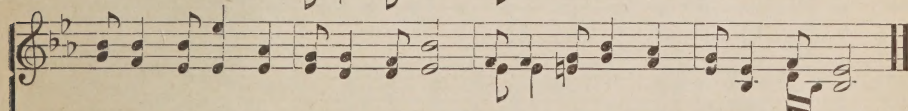
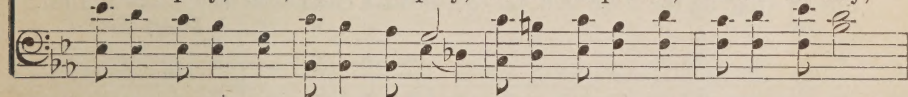
Clinging to Thee in union divine, Yielding my will till Thy will is mine.
Come joy or sor-row, pleasure or pain, All that Thou sendest me shall be gain.
Telling the world that God lov-eth all, Pleading with men to answer His call.
Safe from all e-vil I would abide, Un-der thy shadow, close to Thy side.



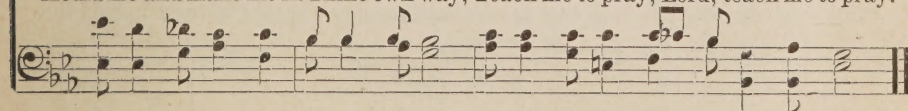
CHORUS.



Teach me to pray, Lord, teach me to pray, Thou art the pot-ter, I am the clay;



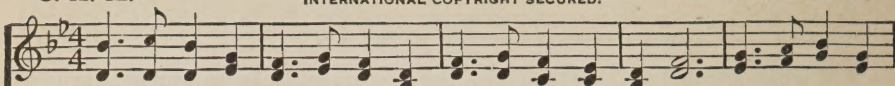
Mould me and make me in Thine own way, Teach me to pray, Lord, teach me to pray.



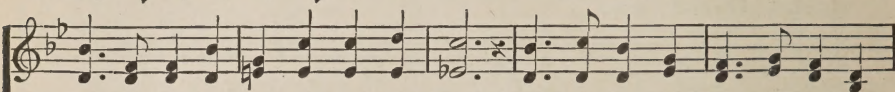
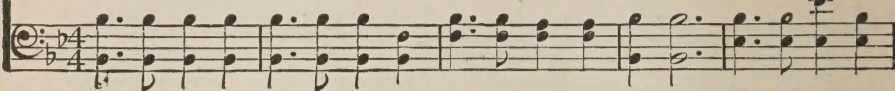
C. A. M.

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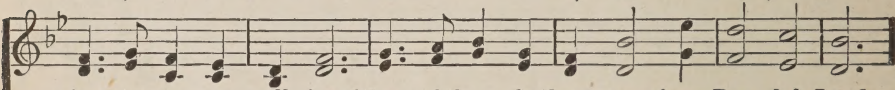
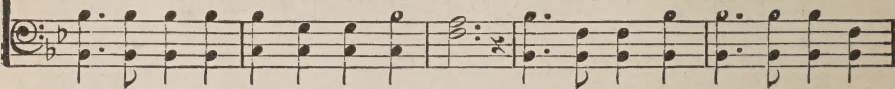
C. Austin Miles.



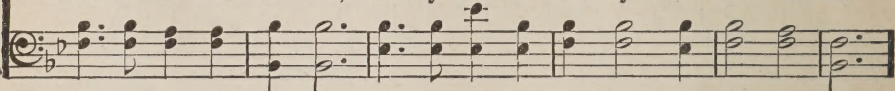
1. Far a-way the noise of strife up - on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know the
2. Far be-low the storm of doubt up - on the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in
3. Let the storm-y breez-es blow, their cry can-not a - larm me, I am safe-ly
4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion, Hearing now His



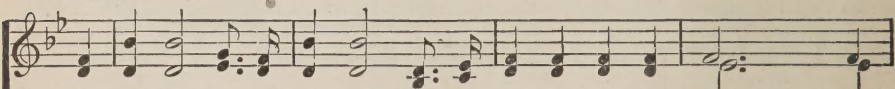
sins of earth be - set on ev - 'ry hand; Doubt and fear and things of earth in
bat - tle long the en - e - my with-stand; Safe am I with-in the cas - tle
sheltered here, pro - tect - ed by God's hand; Here the sun is al - ways shining,
bless - ed voice, I see the way He planned; Dwell - ing in the Spir - it, here I



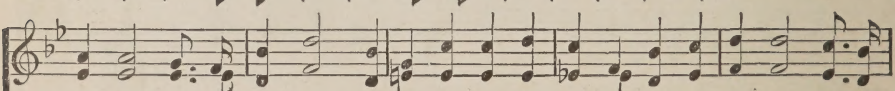
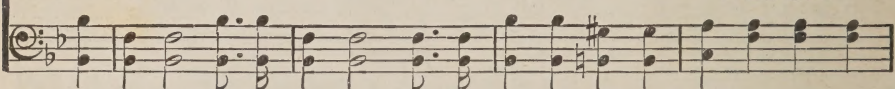
vain to me are call - ing, None of these shall move me from Beau - lah Land.
of God's word re - treat - ing, Nothing there can reach me—'tis Beau - lah Land.
herethere'snaughtcan harm me, I am safe for - ev - er in Beau - lah Land.
learn of full sal - va - tion, Glad - ly will I tar - ry in Beau - lah Land.



CHORUS.



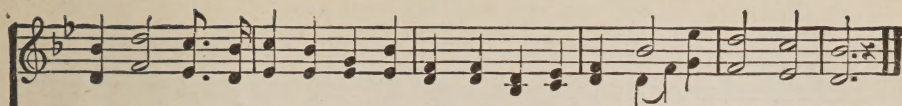
I'm liv - ing on the moun-tain, un - der-neath a cloud-less sky, I'm
Praise God!



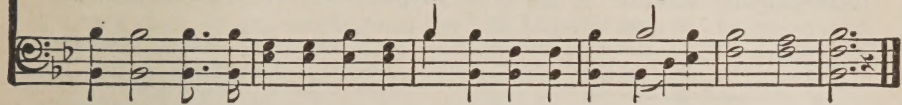
drink - ing at the foun-tain that nev - er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feast - ing on the



Dwelling In Beulah Land.



man-na from a boun-ti-ful sup-ply, For I am dwell-ing in Beu-lah Land.

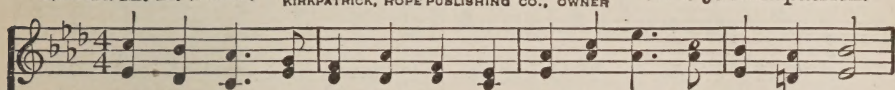


81 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

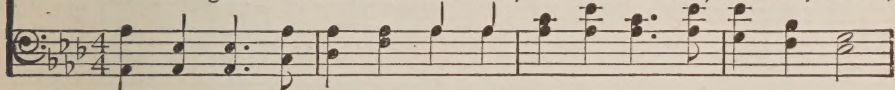
Louisa M. R. Stead.

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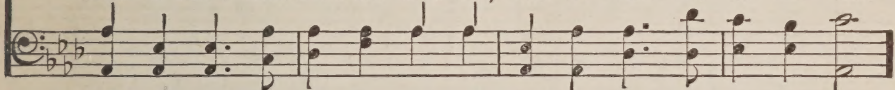
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



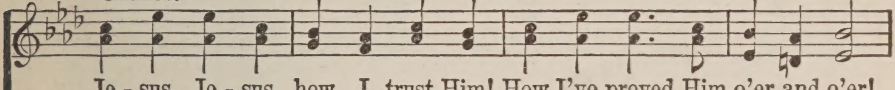
1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to take Him at His Word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just to trust His cleans-ing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je-sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je-sus, Sav-ior, Friend;



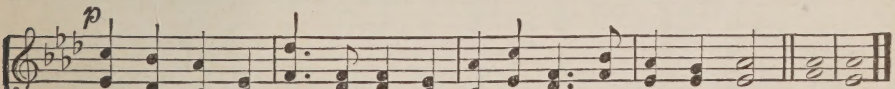
Just to rest up-on His prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim-ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleans-ing flood!
Just from Je-sus sim-ple tak-ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.



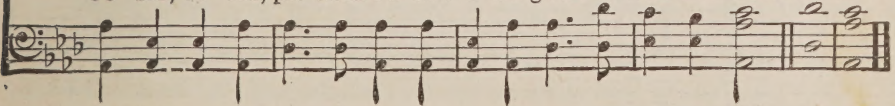
CHORUS.



Je-sus, Je-sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!



Je-sus, Je-sus, pre-cious Je-sus! O for grace to trust Him more! A-MEN.



Living for Jesus.

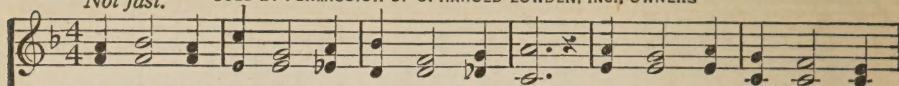
T. O. Chisholm.

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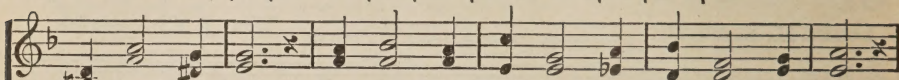
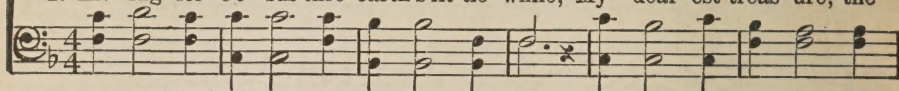
C. Harold Lowden.

Not fast.

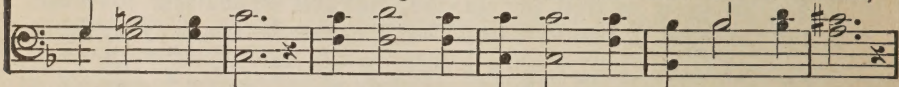
USED BY PERMISSION OF C. HAROLD LOWDEN, INC., OWNERS



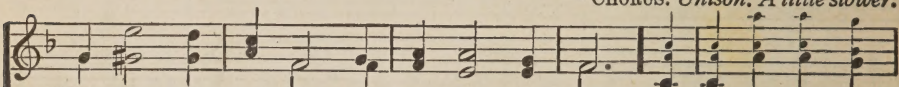
1. Liv-ing for Je-sus a life that is true, Striv-ing to please Him in
2. Liv-ing for Je-sus who died in my place, Bear-ing on Cal-v'ry my
3. Liv-ing for Je-sus wher-ev-er I am, Do-ing each du-ty in
4. Liv-ing for Je-sus thro' earth's lit-tle while, My dear-est treas-ure, the



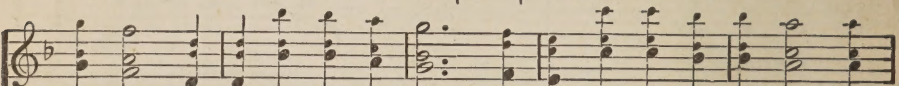
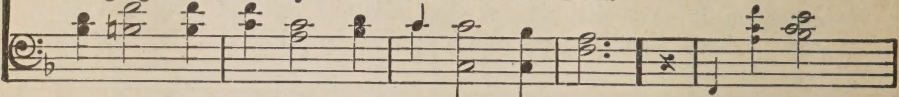
all that I do, Yield-ing al-le-giance, glad-heart-ed and free,
 sin and dis-grace, Such love con-strains me to an-swer His call,
 His ho-ly name, Will-ing to suf-fer af-flic-tion or loss,
 light of His smile, Seek-ing the lost ones He died to re-deem,



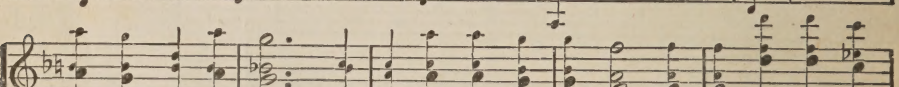
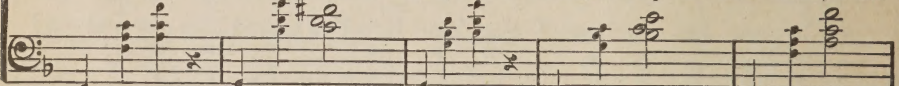
*CHORUS. Unison. A little slower.



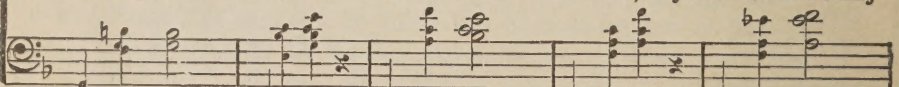
This is the path-way of bless-ing for me.
 Fol-low His lead-ing and give Him my all. O Je-sus, Lord and
 Deeming each tri-al a part of my cross.
 Bringing the wea-ry to find rest in Him.



Sav-ior, I give my-self to Thee; For Thou, in Thy A-tone-ment, Didst

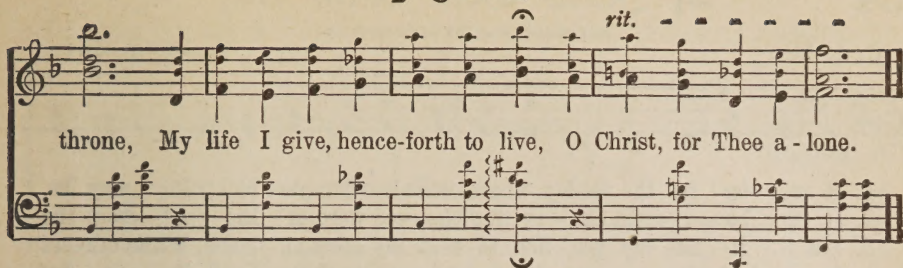


give Thy-self for me; I own no oth-er Mas-ter, My heart shall be Thy



*NOTE.—Melody in lower notes. A two-part effect may be had by having the men sing the melody, the women taking the middle notes

Singing for Jesus.



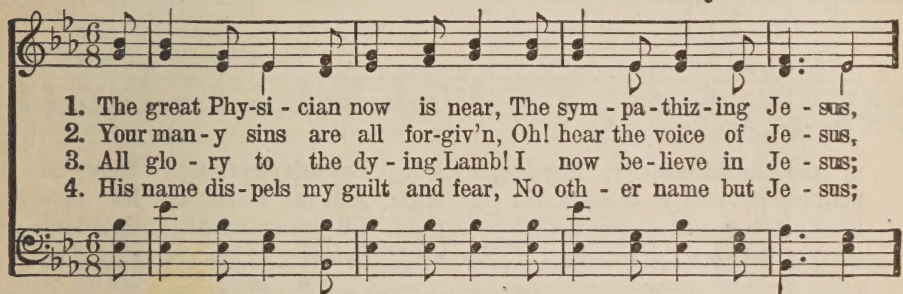
throne, My life I give, hence-forth to live, O Christ, for Thee a-lone.

83

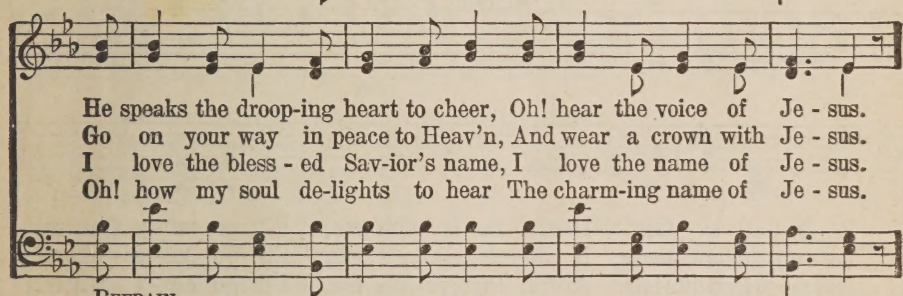
The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter.

J. H. Stockton.

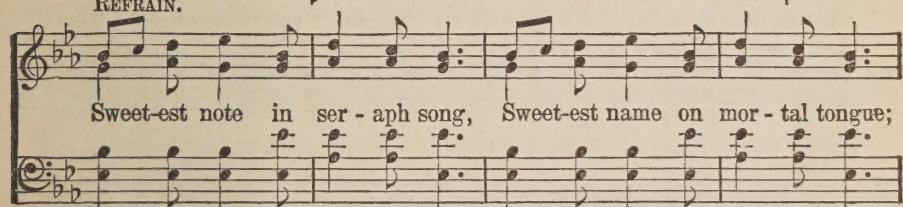


1. The great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym - pa-thiz-ing Je - sus,
2. Your man - y sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus,
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je - sus;
4. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus;

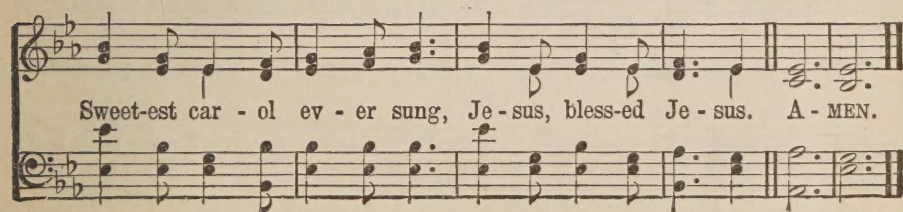


He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus.
 Go on your way in peace to Heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
 I love the bless - ed Sav-ior's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
 Oh! how my soul de-lights to hear The charm-ing name of Je - sus.

REFRAIN.



Sweet-est note in ser - aph song, Sweet-est name on mor - tal tongue;

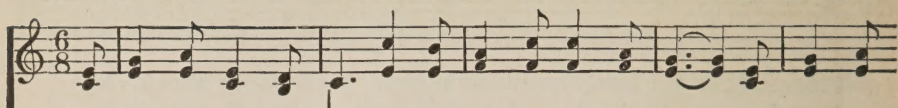


Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus. A - MEN.

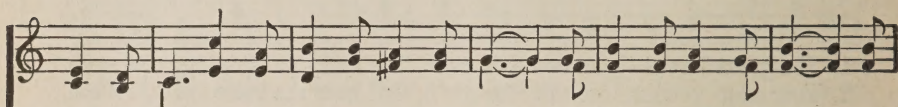
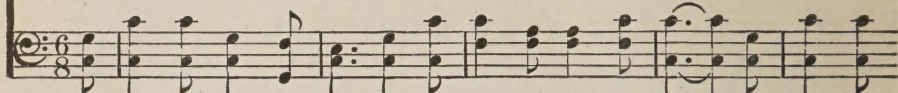
C. A. M.

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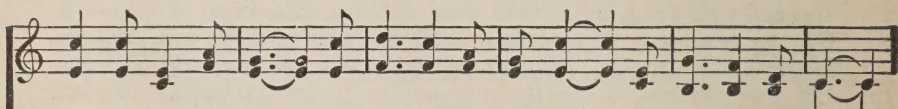
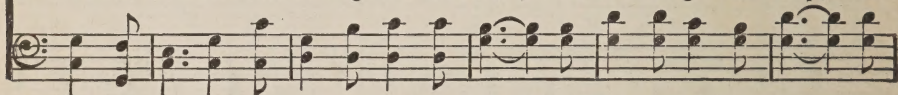
C. Austin Miles.



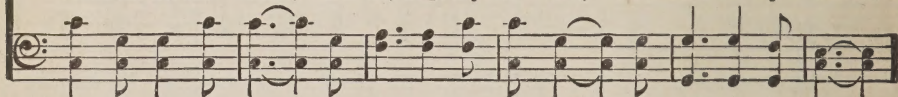
1. It may be in the val-ley, where count-less dan-gers hide; It may be
2. It may be I must car-ry the bless-ed word of life A - cross the
3. But if it be my por-tion to bear my cross at home, While oth-ers
4. It is not mine to ques-tion the judg-ments of the Lord, It is but



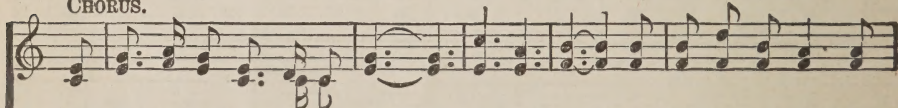
in the sun-shine that I, in peace, a - bide; But this one thing I know—if
burn-ing des-erts to those in sin - ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to
bear their bur-dens a-cross the bil-low's foam, I'll prove my faith in Him—con-
mine to fol - low the lead-ings of His word; But if to go or stay, or



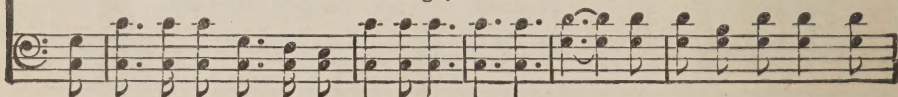
it be dark or fair, If Je-sus is with me, I'll go an - y - where!
bear my col-ors there, If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go an - y - where!
fess my judg-ments fair, And, if He stays with me, I'll go an - y - where!
whether here or there, I'll be, with my Sav-ior, con - tent an - y - where!



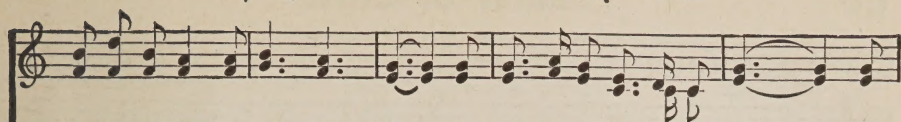
CHORUS.



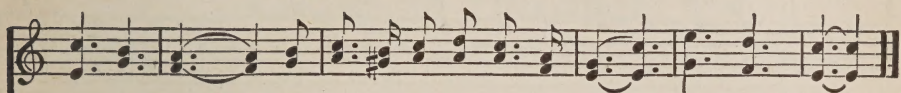
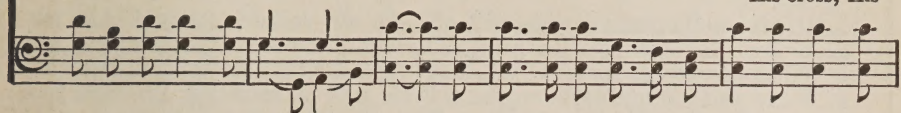
If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go, . . . An - y - where! 'Tis heaven to me, Where
I'll go,



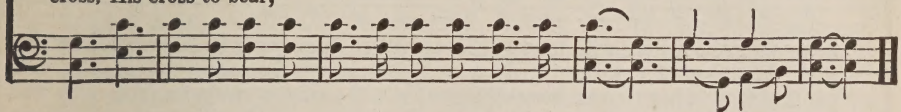
If Jesus Goes With Me.



e'er I may be, If He is there! I count it a priv-i-lege here.... His
His cross, His



cross to bear;.. If Je-sus goes with me, I'll go An - y - where!
cross, His cross to bear;



85

Pass Me Not.

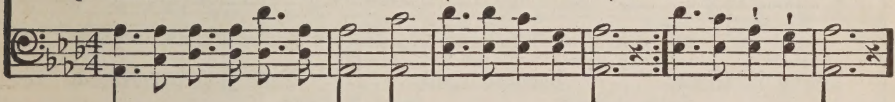
COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNY T. DOANE.

Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.



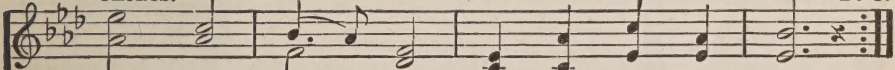
1. { Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-ior, Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling, (*Omit*.....) Do not pass me by.
2. { Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition, (*Omit*.....) Help my un-be-lief.
3. { Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spir-it, (*Omit*.....) Save me by Thy grace.
4. { Thou the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee? (*Omit*.....) Whom in Heav'n but Thee?



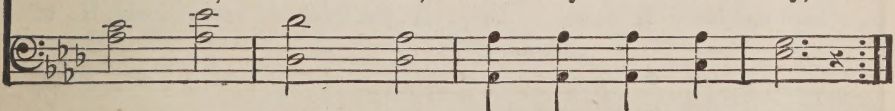
D.S.—While on others Thou art call-ing, (*Omit*.....) Do not pass me by.

CHORUS.

D. C.

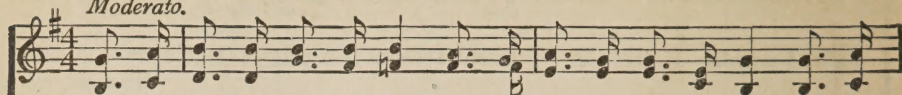


Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;

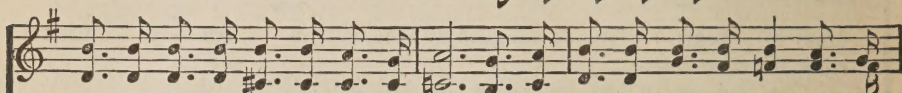
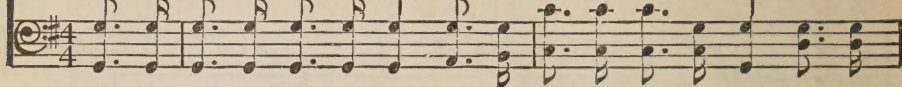


Words and Music by C. Albert Tindley.

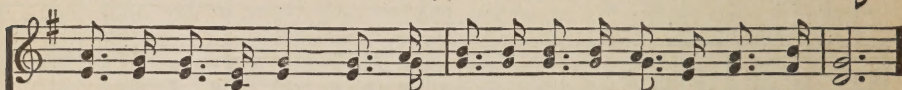
Arr. by Chas. A. Tindley, Jr.

Moderato.

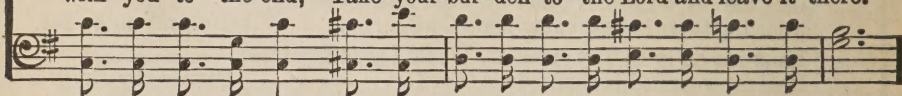
1. If the world from you withhold, of its sil-ver and its gold, And you
2. If your bod-y suf-fers pain, and your health you can't re-gain, And your
3. When your en-e-mies as-sail, and your heart be-gins to fail, Don't for-
4. When your youthful days are gone, and old age is steal-ing on, And your



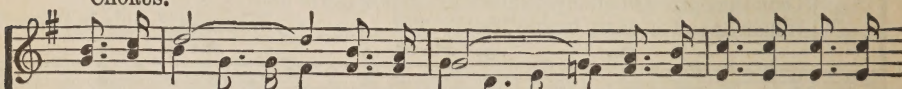
have to get a-long with mea-ger fare, Just re-mem-ber, in His word, how He
soul is al-most sink-ing in de-spair, Je-sus knows the pain you feel, He can
get that God in heav-en an-swers prayer; He will make a way for you and will
bod-y bends be-neath the weight of care, He will nev-er leave you then, He'll go



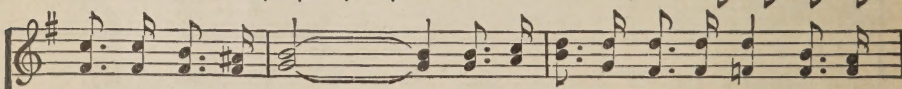
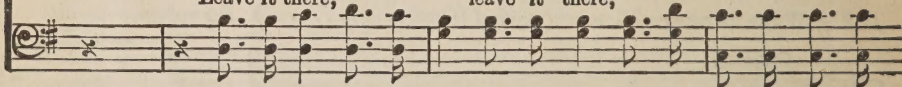
feeds the lit-tle bird; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.
save and He can heal; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.
lead you safe-ly thro'; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.
with you to the end; Take your bur-den to the Lord and leave it there.



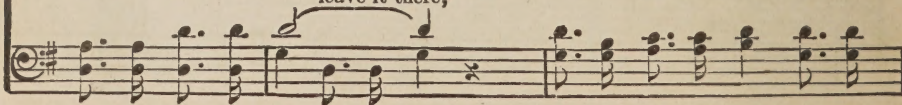
CHORUS.



Leave it there,..... leave it there,..... Take your bur-den to the
Leave it there, leave it there,



Lord and leave it there;..... If you trust and nev-er doubt, He will
leave it there;



Leave It There.

Sure-ly bring you out; Take your burden to the Lord and leave it there
leave it there.

87

Lord, Send a Revival.

B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

1. Send a re-viv-al, O Christ, my Lord, Let it go o-ver the land and sea,
2. Send a re-viv-al among Thine own, Help us to turn from our sins a-way,
3. Send a re-viv-al to those in sin, Help them, O Je-sus, to turn to Thee,
4. Send a re-viv-al in ev-'ry heart, Draw the world nearer, O Lord, to Thee,

Send it ac-cord-ing to Thy dear Word And let it be-gin in me.
Let us get near-er the Father's throne, Re-vive us a-gain, we pray.
Let them the new life in Thee be-gin, Oh, give them the vic-to-ry.
Let Thy sal-va-tion true joy im-part And let it be-gin in me.

CHORUS.

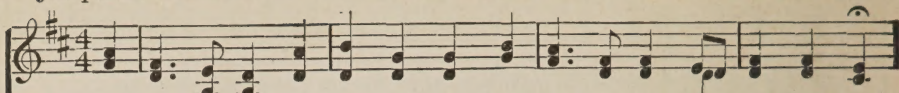
Lord, send a re-viv-al, Lord, send a re-viv-al,

Lord send a re-viv-al And let it be-gin in me.

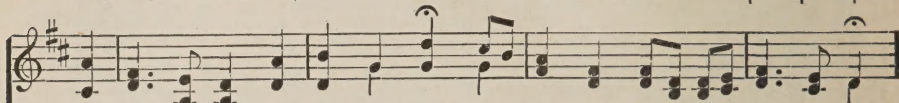
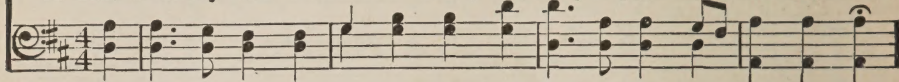
Joseph H. Gilmore.

He Leadeth Me. L. M.

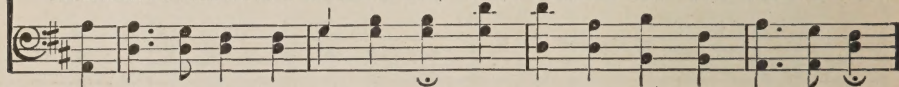
William B. Bradbury.



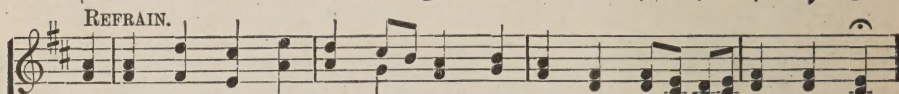
1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,



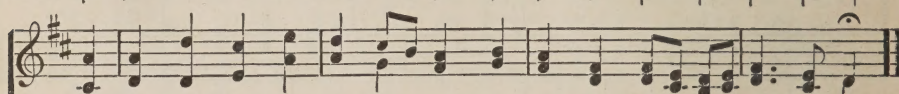
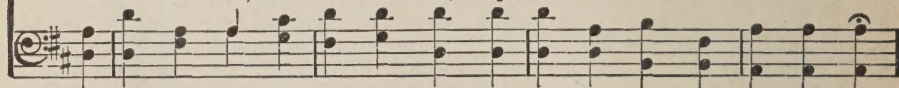
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 By wa-ters still, o'er troub-led sea,—Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!
 Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.



REFRAIN.



He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me:



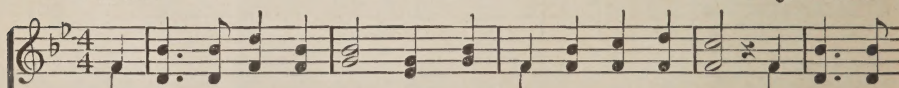
His faith-ful fol-l'wer I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.



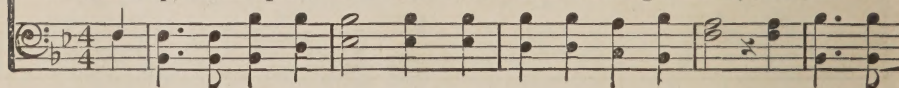
G. Duffield.

Webb.

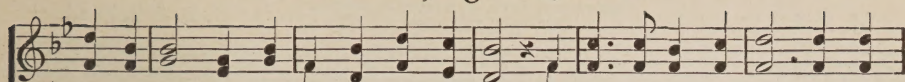
G. J. Webb.



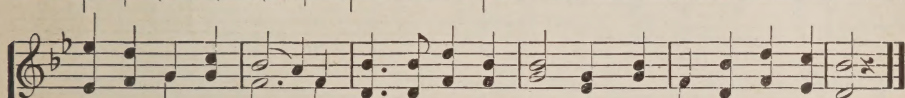
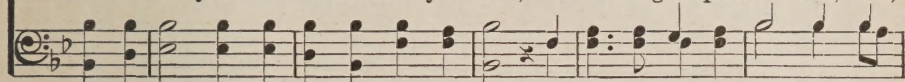
1. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross, Lift high His
2. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus, The trump-et call o-bey; Forth to the
3. Stand up, stand up for Je-sus—Stand in His strength alone; The arm of



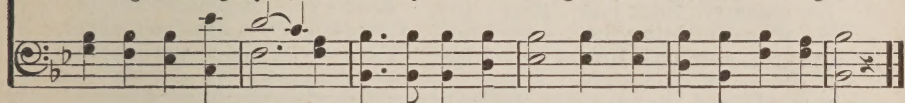
Stand Up for Jesus.



roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss; From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His
mighty con - flict, In this His glorious day. "Ye that are men now serve Him," A -
flesh will fail you—Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And,



ar - my shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord indeed.
gainst unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with danger, And strength to strength oppose.
watch - ing un - to prayer, Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er wanting there.



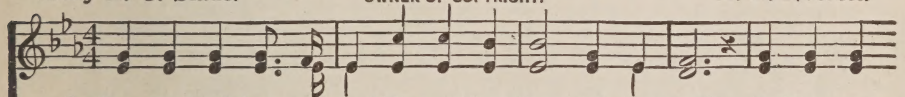
90

Footsteps of Jesus.

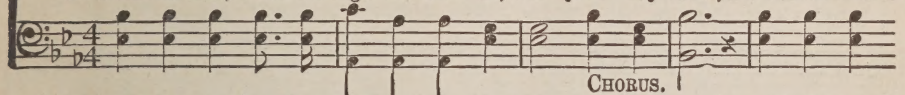
Mary B. C. Slade.

USED BY PERMISSION OF R. M. MCINTOSH,
OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

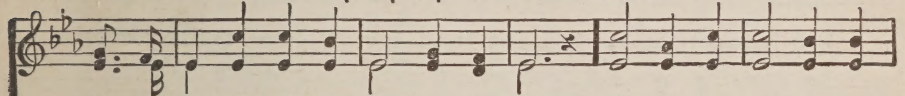
A. B. Everett.



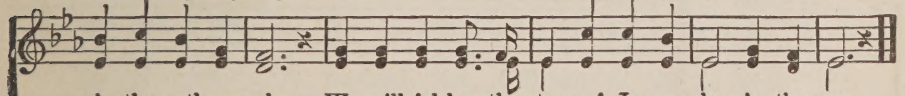
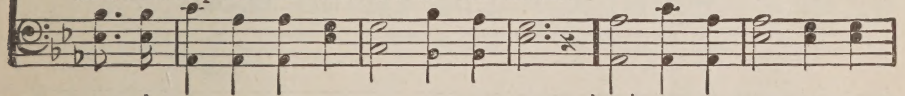
1. Sweetly, Lord, have we heard Thee calling, Come, fol - low me! And we see
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seek - ing His sheep; Or a - long
3. If they lead thro' the tem - ple ho - ly, Preaching the word; Or in homes
4. Then at last, when on high He sees us, Our jour - ney done, We will rest



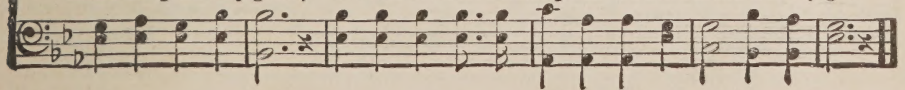
CHORUS.



where Thy footprints falling Lead us to Thee.
by Si - lo - am's fountains, Help - ing the weak: Footprints of Je - sus, that
of the poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord:
where the steps of Je - sus End at His throne.



make the pathway glow; We will fol - low the steps of Je - sus where'er they go.

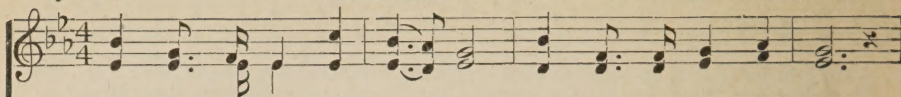


Open The Door.

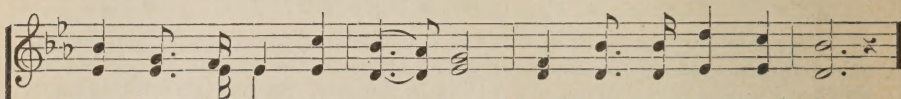
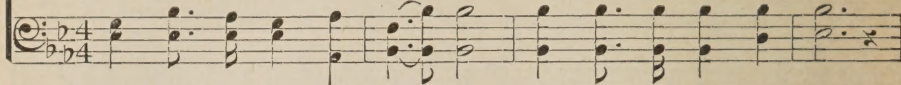
J. P. S.

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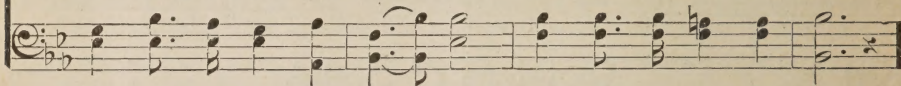
J. P. Scholfield.



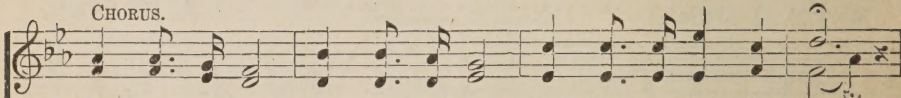
1. O - pen the door for Je - sus, O - pen and let Him in;
 2. He longs to be your Pi - lot, Guid - ing your steps a - right;
 3. O - pen the door to Je - sus, He will re - store your soul;



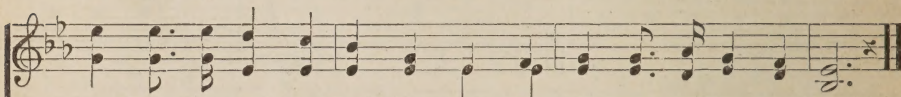
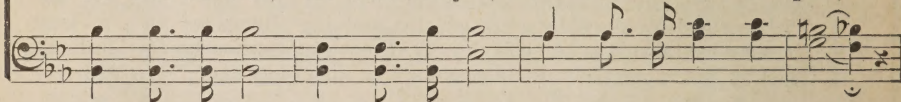
He stand - eth there just wait - ing, Read - y to cleanse from sin.
 He yearns to bring you com - fort, Cheer - ing you day and night.
 Out - side your door He's wait - ing, Read - y to make you whole.



CHORUS.



Pa - tient and true, He waits for you, Do not let Him de - part;



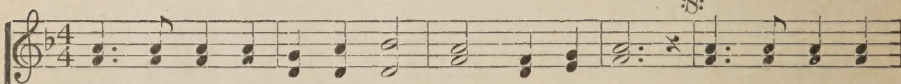
You have not meant to keep Him wait - ing, O - pen to Him your heart.



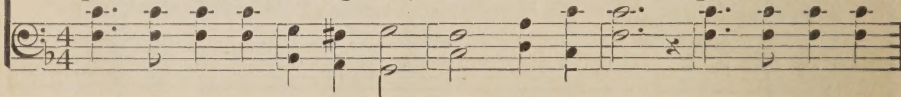
Spirit Of The Living God.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1929, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Arr. E. L. Wolslagel.



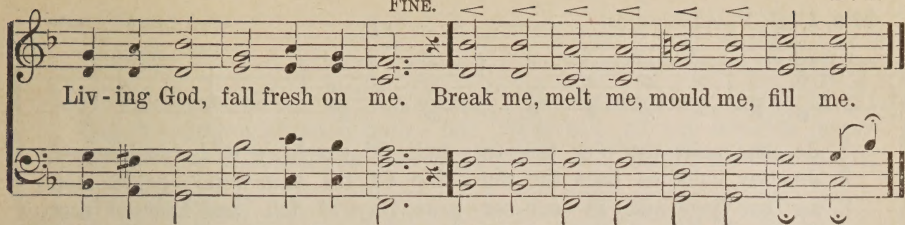
Spir - it of the liv - ing God, fall fresh on me, Spir - it of the



Spirit Of The Living God

FINE.

D. S.



Liv - ing God, fall fresh on me. Break me, melt me, mould me, fill me.

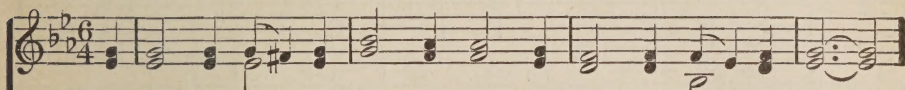
93

Thy Perfect Will Be Done.

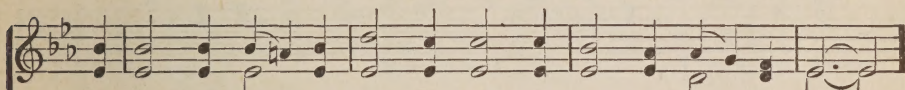
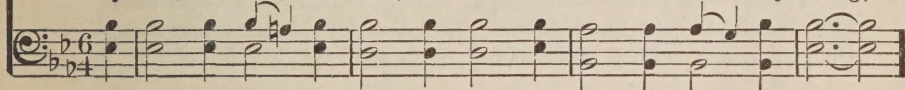
Rev. T. O. Chisholm.

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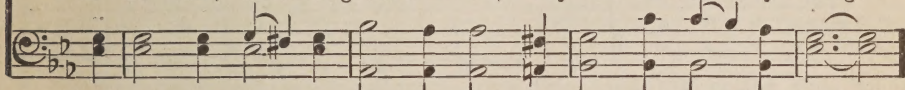
Geo. C. Stebbins



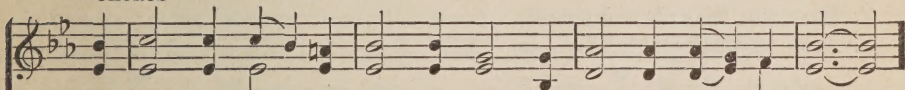
1. Thy will, O God, not mine, be done! I know Thy will is best;
2. Thy will, O God, not mine, be done! Choose Thou for me my way;
3. Thy will, O God, not mine, be done! I can - not see a - far;
4. Thy will, O God, not mine, be done! What-ev - er this may bring;—



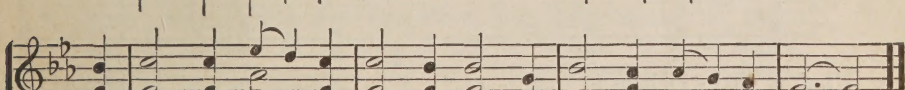
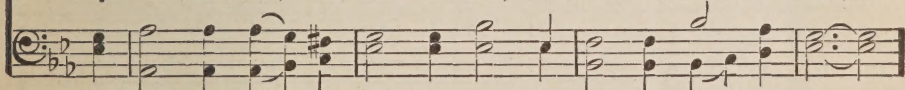
If, some-times, oth - er - wise it seems, I still be - lieve and rest.
If I should try to walk a - lone, My feet would sure - ly stray.
The things that lie be - yond my sight, Thou se - est as they are.
In tri - als, wheth - er great or small, — Thy will in ey - 'ry - thing.



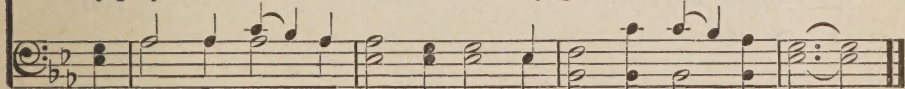
CHORUS



Thy will is best, — 'tis there I rest; In shad - ow or in sun, —



My prayer to Thee shall ev - er be: Thy per - fect will be done.

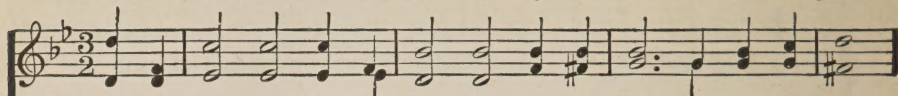


Jesus Calls Us.

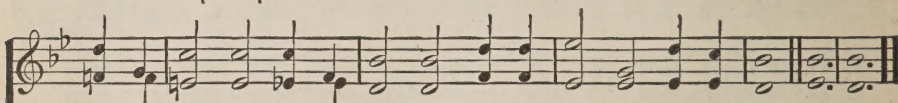
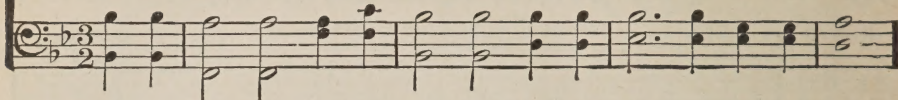
Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander.

Galilee. 8. 7. 8. 7.

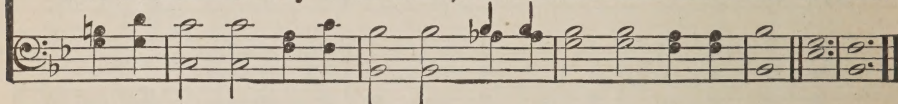
William H. Jude.



1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store,
3. In our joys and in our ser - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Sav - ior, may we hear Thy call,



Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, fol-low Me."
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love Me more."
 Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love Me more than these."
 Give our hearts to Thy o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all. A - MEN.

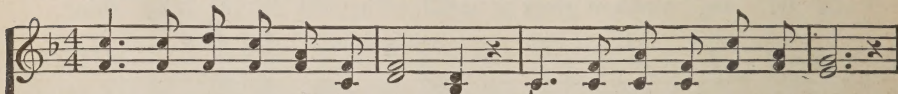


What a friend.

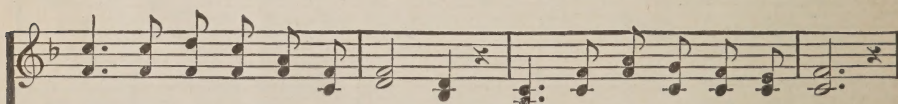
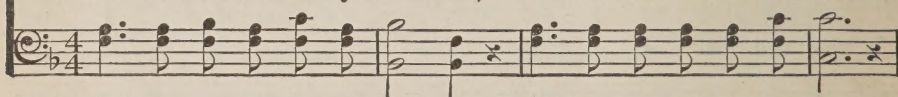
Joseph Scriven.

Converse. 8s. 7s. D.

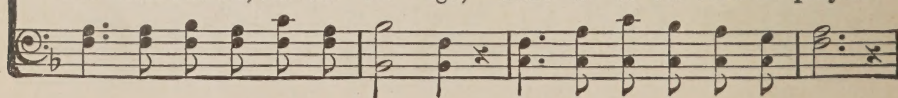
Charles C. Converse.



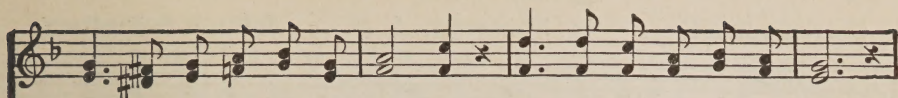
1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub - le an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cum - bered with a load of care?—



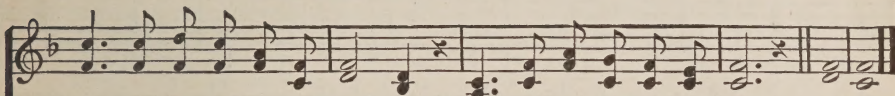
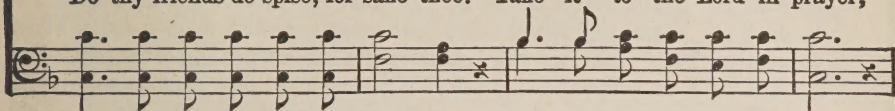
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge,— Take it to the Lord in prayer.



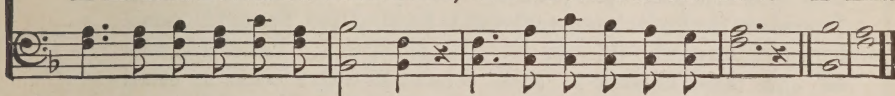
What a friend.



O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;



All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev-'ry-thing to God in prayer!
Je-sus knows our ev-'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol-ace there. A - MEN.



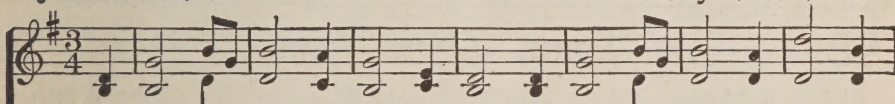
96

Amazing Grace.

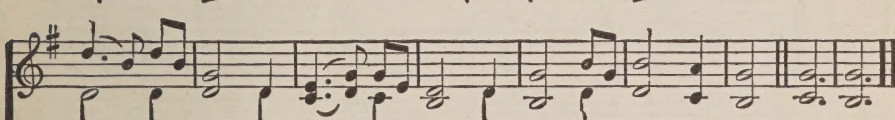
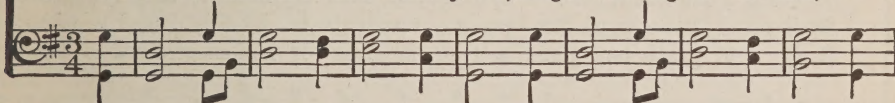
John Newton.

McIntosh. C. M.

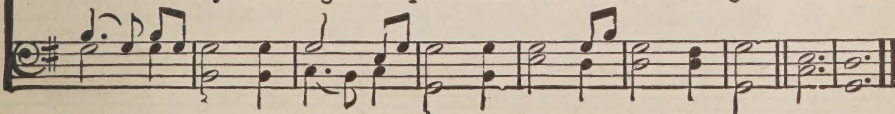
Arr. by E. O. Excell.



1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved; How
3. Thro' man - y dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come; 'Tis
4. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shin-ing as the sun, We've



once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be-lieved!
grace hath bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first be - gun. A - MEN.



Charlotte Elliott.

Woodworth. L. M.

William B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fight-
 4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea,
 5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Be-

that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come! A - MEN.

Robert Robinson.

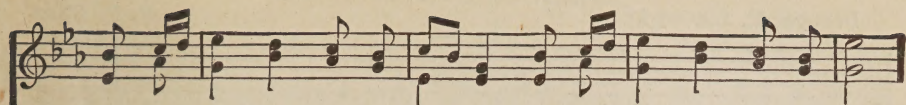
Nettleton. 8s. 7s. D.

John Wyeth.

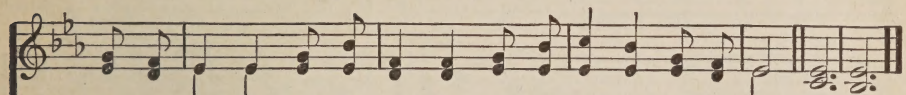
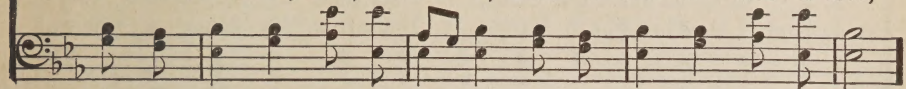
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 2. Here I raise mine Eb - en - e - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
 3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
 And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar - rive at home.
 Let Thy good-ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:

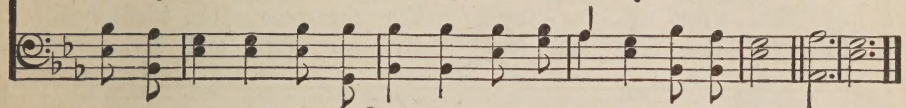
Come, Thou fount.



Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;



Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it—Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
He, to res - cue me from dan-ger, In - ter - posed His precious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove. A - MEN.



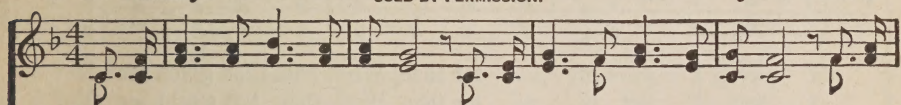
99

Where He Leads Me.

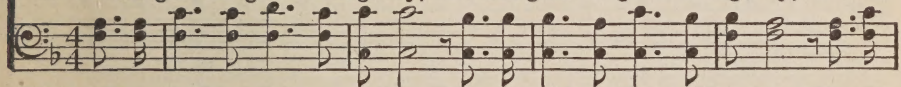
E. W. Blandly.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS.
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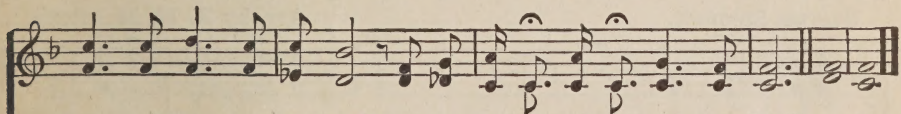
J. S. Norris.



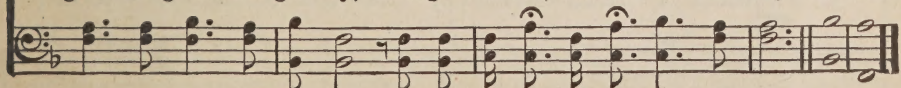
1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will



REF.—Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He



hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low, fol - low Me."
with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way. A - MEN.

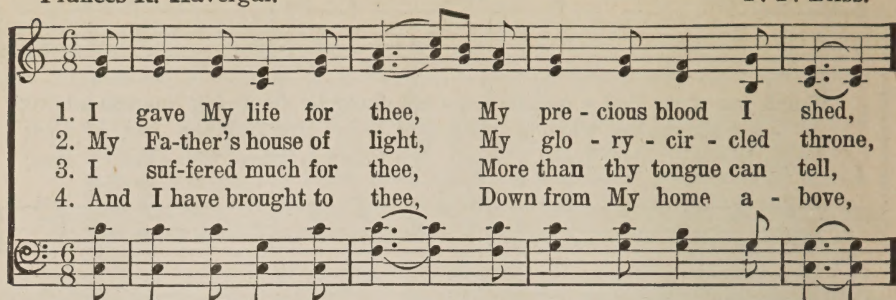


leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him. with Him all the way.

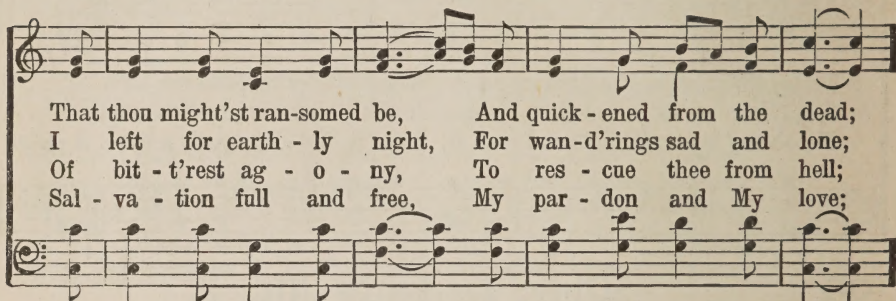
Frances R. Havergal.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.

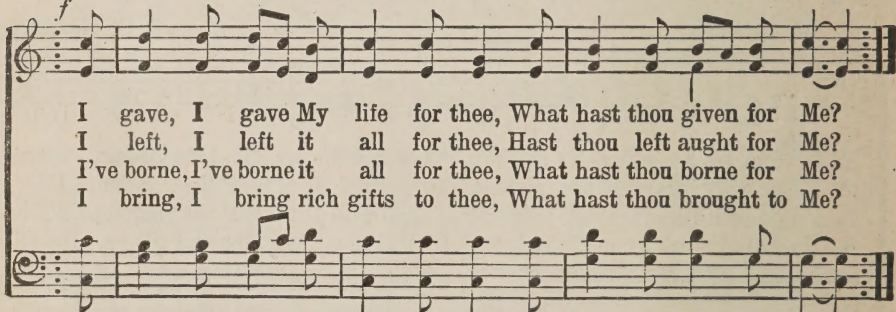
P. P. Bliss.



1. I gave My life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed,
 2. My Fa - ther's house of light, My glo - ry - cir - cled throne,
 3. I suf - ered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
 4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a - bove,



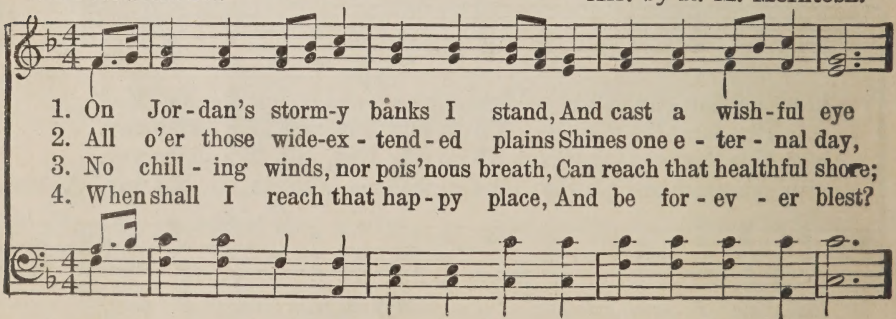
That thou might'st ran - somed be, And quick - ened from the dead;
 I left for earth - ly night, For wan - d' rings sad and lone;
 Of bit - t' rest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;
 Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and My love;



I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
 I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

Samuel Stennett.

Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.



1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
 2. All o'er those wide - ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day,
 3. No chill - ing winds, nor pois - nous breath, Can reach that healthful shore;
 4. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?

On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

FINE.

To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
There God, the Son, for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When I shall see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos-om rest?

D.S.—O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the prom-ised land. **D.S.**
REFRAIN.

I am bound for the promised land, ... I am bound for the promised land;
promised land,

102 'Tis My Savior That Can Give.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1929, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Arr. B. B. McKinney.

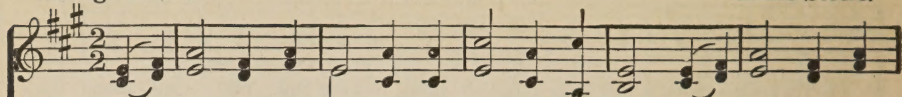
1. 'Tis my Sav-ior that can give Sweet-est pleas-ure while we live;
2. Af-ter death my joy will be Last-ing as e-ter-ni-ty;
3. Bless-ed Christ be Thou our Guide, Let us walk close by Thy side;

'Tis my Sav-ior must sup-ply Sol-id com-fort when we die.
Be the liv-ing God my friend, Then my bliss shall nev-er end.
Comfort, cleanse and sanc-ti-fy, Safe-ly lead us home on high.

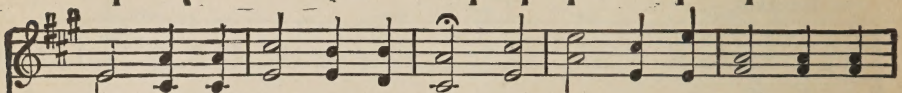
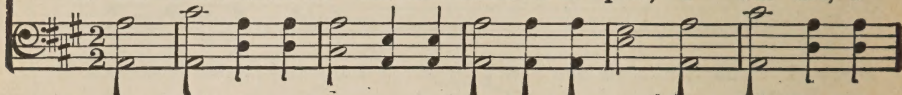
George Keith.

Foundation. ITS.

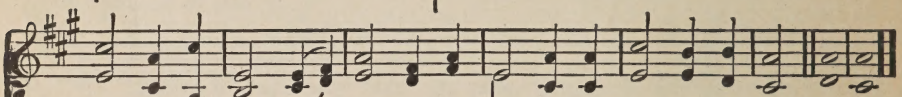
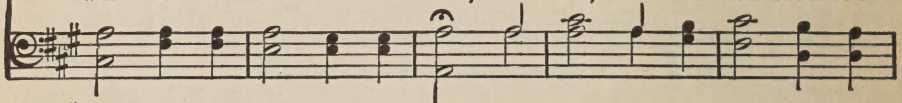
Anne Steele.



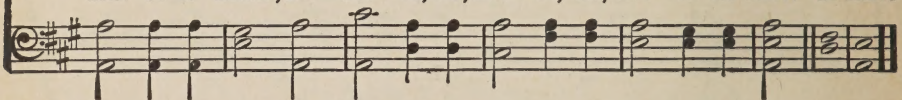
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. In ev-'ry con-di-tion, in sick-ness, in health, In pov-er-ty's
 3. "When thro' fier-y tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all suf-
 4. "E'ndown to old age, all My peo-ple shall prove My sov-'reign, e-
 5. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re- pose, I will not, I



faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to
 vale, or a-bound-ing in wealth; At home and a-broad, on the
 fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply; The flame shall not hurt thee;—I
 ter-nal, un-change-a-ble love; And when hoar-y hairs shall their
 will not de-sert to its foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en-



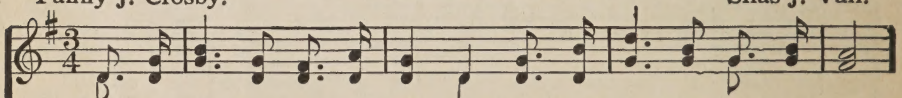
you He hath said, You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?
 land, on the sea, As your days may demand, shall your strength ever be.
 on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.
 tem-ples a-dorn, Like lambs they shall still in My bos-om be borne.
 deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er for-sake!" A-MEN.



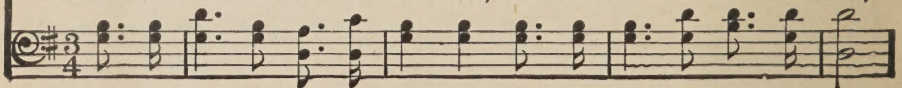
Fanny J. Crosby.

USED BY PERMISSION.

Silas J. Vail.



1. Thou, my ev-er-last-ing por-tion, More than friend or life to me;
 2. Not for ease or world-ly pleas-ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
 3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad-ows, Bear me o'er life's fit-ful sea;



Close to Thee.

FINE.

D.S.—All a-long my pil-grim jour-ney, Sav-ior, let me walk with Thee.
 D.S.—Glad-ly will I toil and suf-fer, On-ly let me walk with Thee.
 D.S.—Then the gate of life e-ter-nal May I en-ter, Lord, with Thee.

REFRAIN. D. S.

Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; **A-MEN.**

105

O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge.

Happy Day. L. M.

E. F. Rimbault.

1. { O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God! }
 { Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. }
 2. { O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love! }
 { Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move. }
 3. { 'Tis done; the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's, and He is mine; }
 { He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to confess the voice di-vine. }
 4. { High Heav'n, that heard the solemn vow, That vow re-newed shall dai-ly hear, }
 { Till in life's lat-est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear. }

REFRAIN. FINE

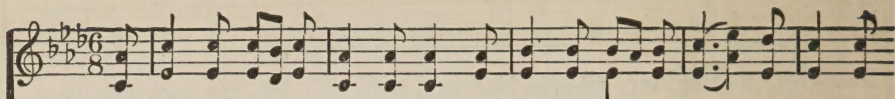
Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way!

D. S.

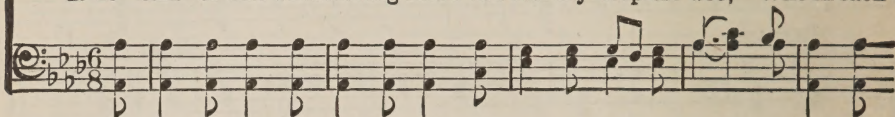
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day;

106 There is a Name I Love to Hear.

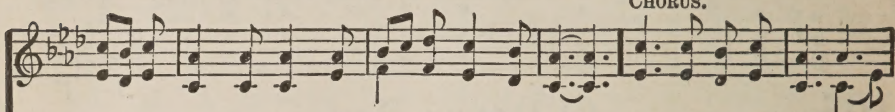
How I Love Jesus. C. M.



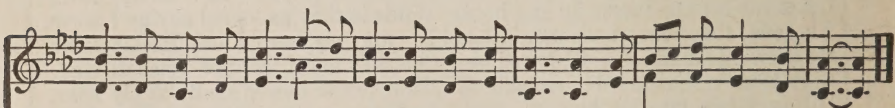
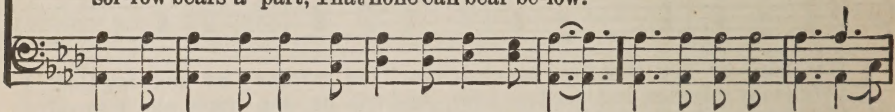
1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev-'ry day, And tho' I
4. It tells of One whose loving heart Can feel my deep-est woe, Who in each



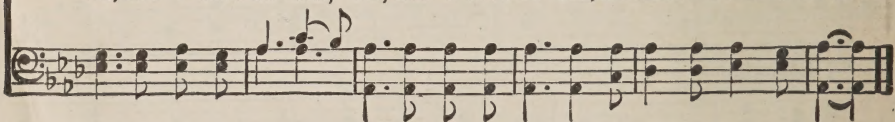
CHORUS.



mu-sic in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth.
of His precious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea. Oh, how I love Je - sus
tread a darksome path, Yields sunshine all the way.
sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.



Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus, Because He first loved me.

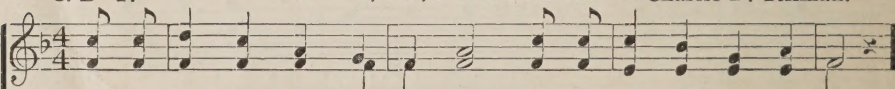


107 Old-Time Power.

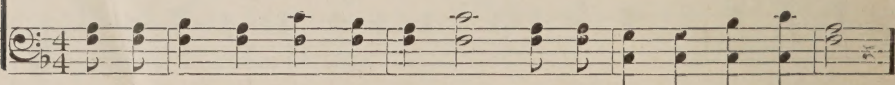
C. D. T.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN

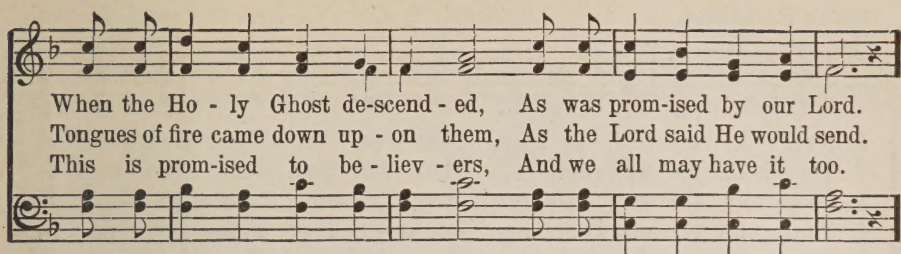
Charlie D. Tillman.



1. They were in an up - per cham-ber, They were all with one ac - cord,
2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n de-scend-ed, With a sound of rush - ing wind;
3. Yes, this 'old - time pow'r was giv - en To our fa - thers who were true;

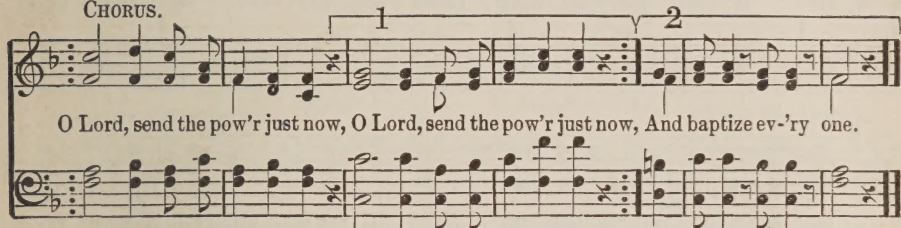


Old-Time Power.



When the Ho - ly Ghost de-scend - ed, As was prom-ised by our Lord.
Tongues of fire came down up - on them, As the Lord said He would send.
This is prom-ised to be - liev - ers, And we all may have it too.

CHORUS.



O Lord, send the pow'r just now, O Lord, send the pow'r just now, And baptize ev-'ry one.

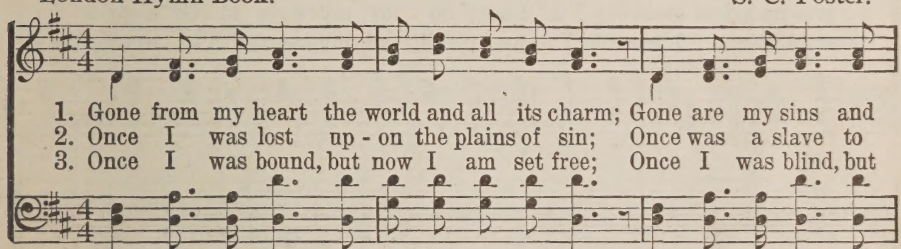
108

I Love Him.

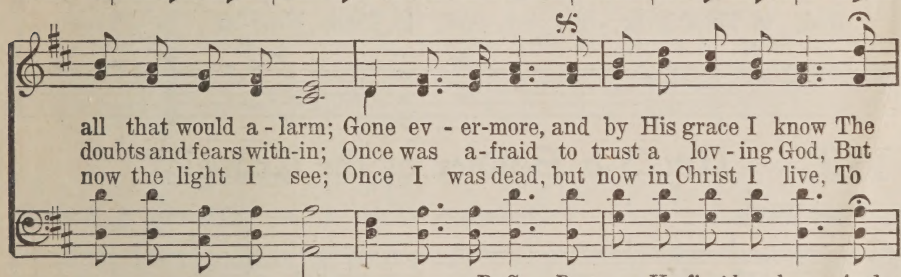
London Hymn Book.

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S. C. Foster.

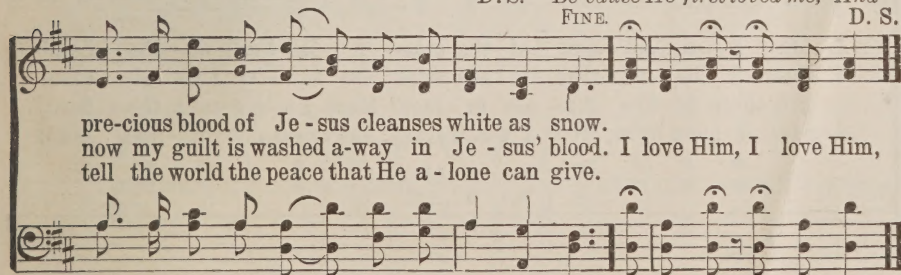


1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charm; Gone are my sins and
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but



all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know The
doubts and fears with-in; Once was a-fraid to trust a lov - ing God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

D. S. — Be-cause He first loved me, And
FINE. D. S.



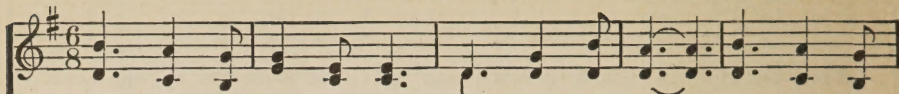
pre-cious blood of Je - sus cleanses white as snow.
now my guilt is washed a-way in Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world the peace that He a - lone can give.

purchased my sal - va - tion on Calv'ry's tree.

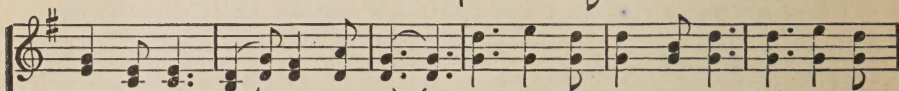
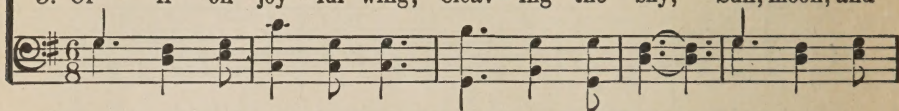
Sarah F. Adams.

Bethany. 6. 4.

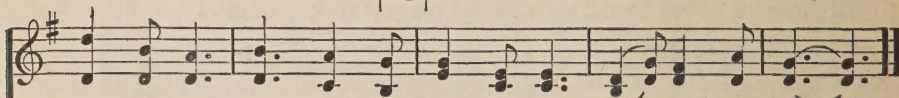
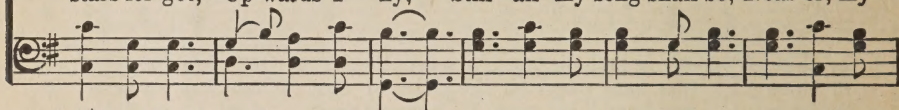
Arr. by Lowell Mason.



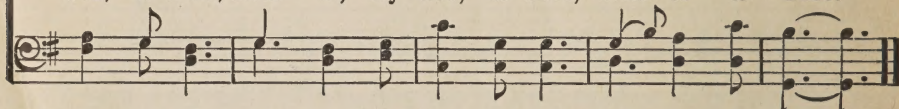
1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to Heav'n: All that Thou
4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and



- be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my
o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my
send'st to me, In mer - cy giv'n: An - gels to beck - on me, Near-er, my
sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my
stars for-got, Up-wards I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my



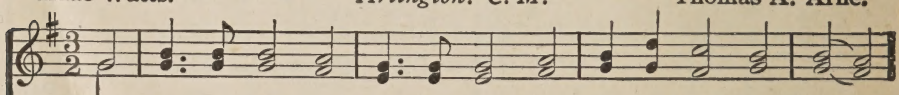
God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!



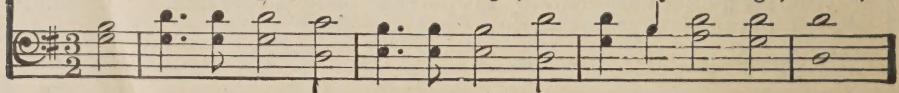
Isaac Watts.

Arlington. C. M.

Thomas A. Arne.



1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - low'r of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In - crease my cour - age, Lord;



Am I a Soldier Of The Cross?

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word. A - men.

111

Higher Ground.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. RENEWAL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;

Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
'Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is high-er ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."

CHORUS.

Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heaven's table-land, A high-er

plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground. A - MEN.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
 2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions lose their
 3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick - ly and a -
 4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in -

CHORUS.

Thine Can peace af - ford.
 pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O, I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I
 bide, Or life is vain.
 deed, Thou bless - ed Son.

need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee! A - MEN.

J. Hart.

Arise. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

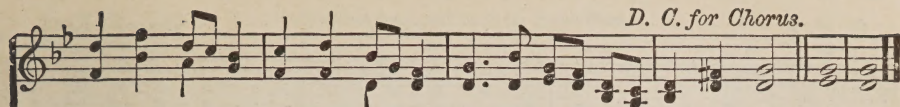
Arr.

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound - ed, sick and sore;
 2. Come, ye thirst - y, come, and welcome, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
 3. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Lost and ru - ined by the fall;
 4. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream;

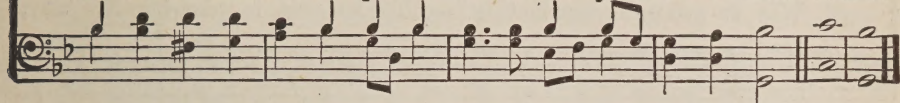
CHO.—I will a-rise and go to Je - sus, He will em-brace me in His arms;

I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

D. C. for Chorus.



Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re-pen-tance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh.
If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev - er come at all.
All the fit-ness He re - quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him. A-MEN.



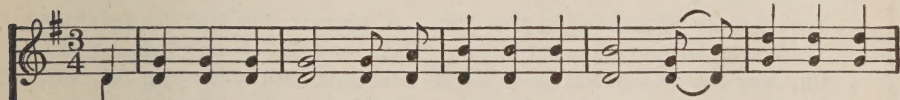
In the arms of my dear Sav-ior, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

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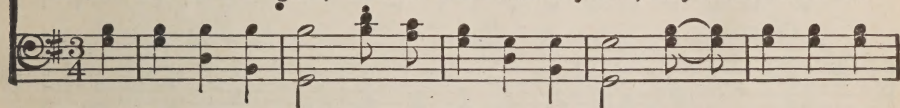
Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay.

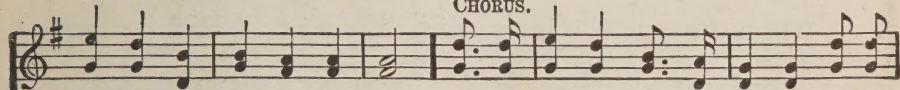
John J. Husband.



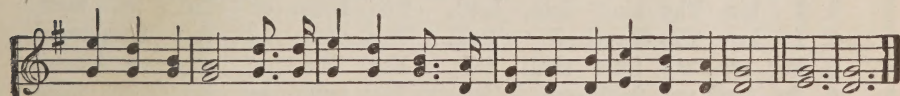
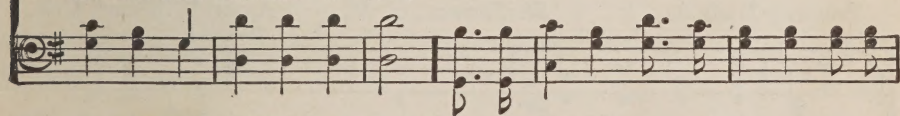
1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re -



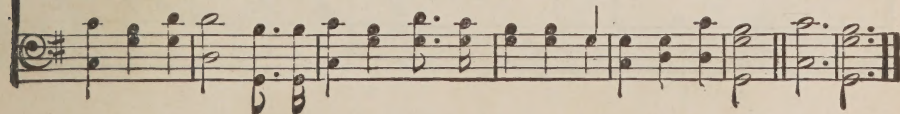
CHORUS.



died, and is now gone a - bove.
Sav - ior, and scat-tered our night. Hal - le - lu-jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal-le-
sins, and hath cleansed ev-'ry stain.
kin-dled with fire from a - bove.



lu-jah! a-men; Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, re-vive us a-gain. A-MEN.



G. F. R.

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Geo. F. Root.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar-ry so long?
 2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de-lay?
 3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striv-ing with-in?
 4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er?— The har-vest is pass-ing a-way,

Your Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.
 There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
 Oh, why not ac-cept His sal-va-tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin?
 Your Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's dan-ger and death in de-lay.

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now? A-MEN.

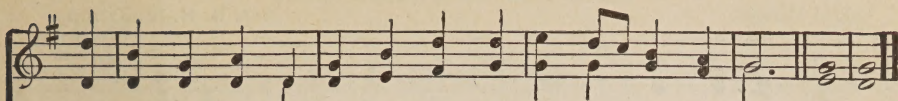
Timothy Dwight.

St. Thomas. S. M.

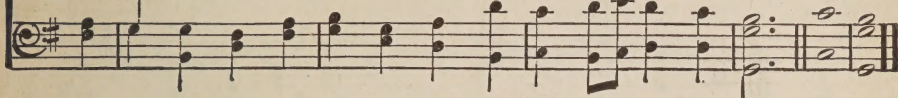
Aaron Williams, Coll.

1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a-bode,
 2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be-fore Thee stand,
 3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as-cend;
 4. Be-yond my high-est joy I prize her heav'n-ly ways,
 5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi-on shall be giv'n

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.



The Church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
 Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And gra-ven on Thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
 Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
 The bright-est glo-ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of Heav'n. A-MEN.

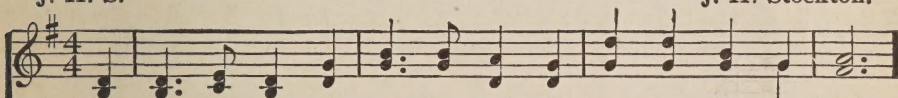


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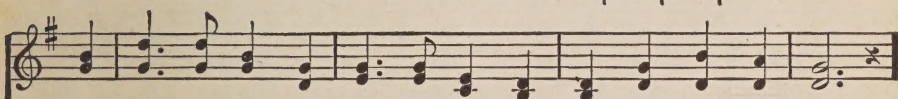
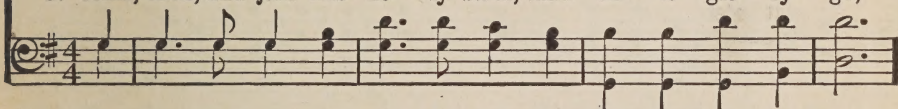
Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

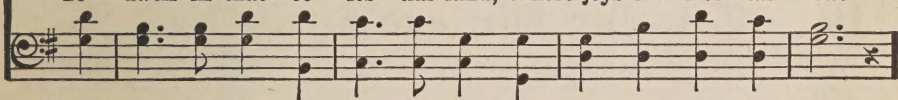
J. H. Stockton.



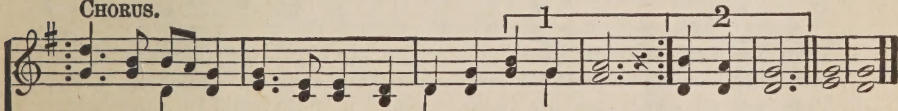
1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
3. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,



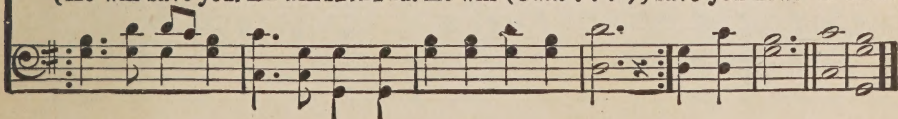
And He will sure - ly give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
 Plunge now in - to the crim-son flood That wash-es white as snow.
 Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are full - y blest.
 To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.



CHORUS.



{ On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now; }
 { He will save you. He will save you. He will (Omit . . .) save you now. A-MEN.



Hal Homer.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1929, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

Arr. B. B. McKinney.

1. Sing a-loud the proc-la-ma-tion O-ver land and o-ver sea;
 2. What a won-der-ful sal-va-tion Thro' the bless-ed, ris-en Lord;
 3. He will ban-ish grief and sad-ness, He will cleanse you from all sin;

Tell to ev-'ry tribe and na-tion, Ev-er-last-ing life is free.
 What a peace-ful hab-i-ta-tion, In His ev-er-last-ing word.
 Trust in Him for life and gladness, And e-ter-nal peace with-in.

CHORUS..

Ev-er-last-ing life, ev-er-last-ing life, Ev-er-last-ing life is free;

Tell it o'er again, sing its sweet refrain, Ev-er-last-ing life is free.

119 Take My Life, and Set It Be.

F. R. Havergal

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-cra-ted, Lord, to Thee;
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee;
 3. Take my sil-ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold;
 4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no long-er mine;

CHO.—Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev-er-more to be

Take My Life, and Let It Be.

D. C.

Take my hands and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.
 Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
 Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy-al throne.

Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev-er-more to be.

120 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er-more,
 2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
 3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail-or tem-pest tossed,

But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
 Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
 Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

D.S.—Some poor fainting, strug-gling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.

CHORUS.

D.S.

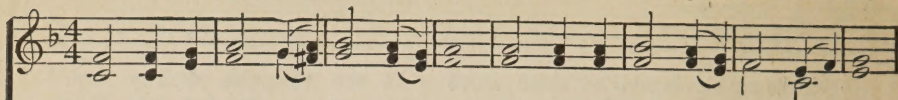
Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave! A-MEN.

121 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

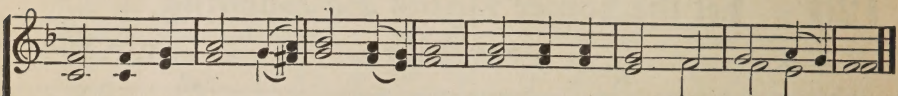
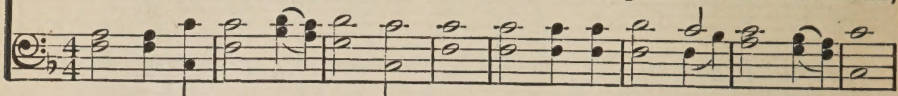
Isaac Watts.

Hamburg. L. M.

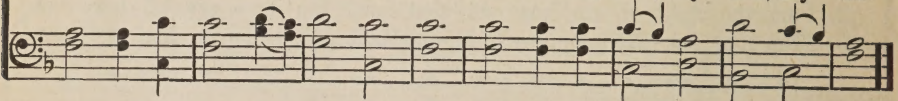
Arr. by Lowell Mason.



1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross, On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord! that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down;
4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;



My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
 Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.



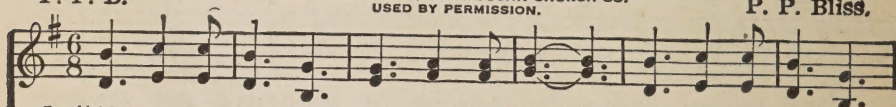
122

Almost Persuaded.

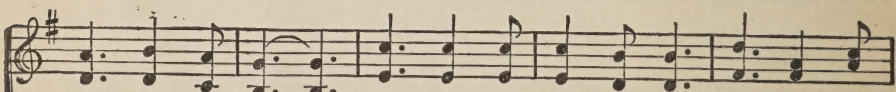
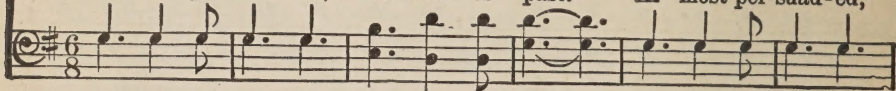
P. P. B.

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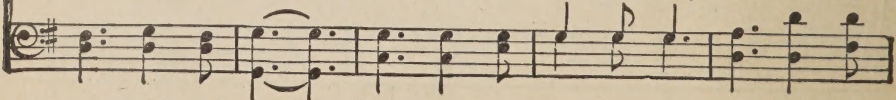
P. P. Bliss.



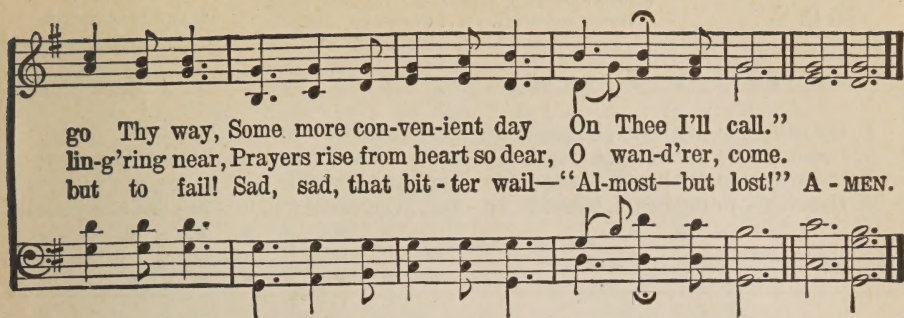
1. "Al-most per-suad-ed" now to be-lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed"
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," come, come to-day; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
3. "Al-most per-suad-ed," har-vest is past! "Al-most per-suad-ed,"



Christ to re-ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir-it,
 turn not a-way; Je-sus in-vites you here, An-gels are
 doom comes at last! "Al-most" can-not a-vail; "Al-most" is



Almost Persuaded.



go Thy way, Some more con-ven-ient day On Thee I'll call."
 lin-g'ring near, Prayers rise from heart so dear, O wan-d'r'er, come.
 but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit-ter wail—"Al-most—but lost!" A - MEN.

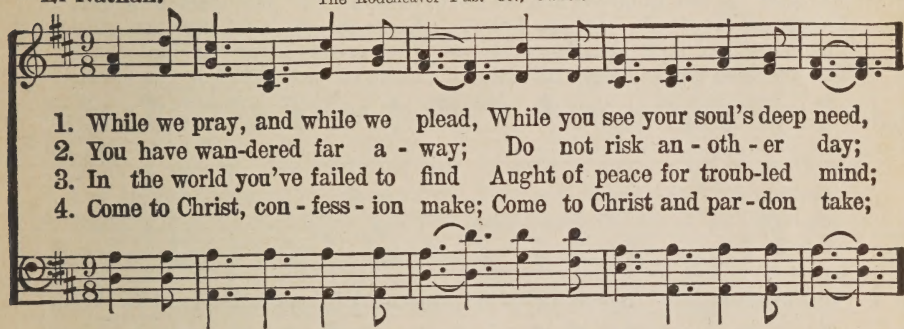
123

Why Not Now?

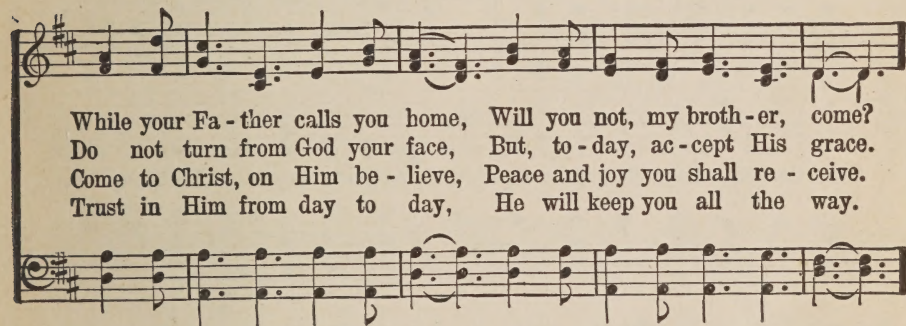
El Nathan.

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C. C. Case.

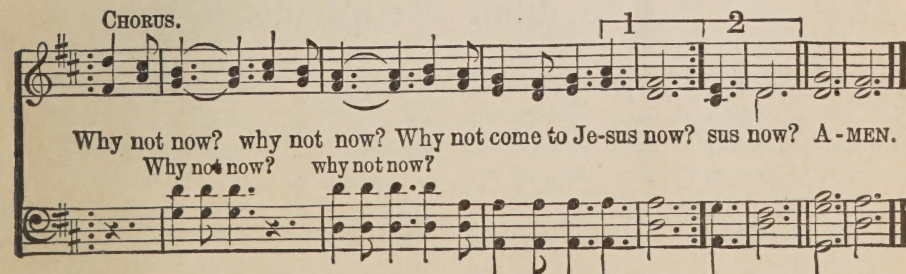


1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fess - ion make; Come to Christ and par-don take;



While your Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
 Do not turn from God your face, But, to - day, ac-cept His grace.
 Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
 Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

CHORUS.



Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je-sus now? sus now? A - MEN.
 Why not now? why not now?

Into My Heart.

H. D. C.

CHORUS COPYRIGHT, 1924, HARRY D. CLARKE, OWNER.
VERSES COPYRIGHT, 1927, BY HARRY D. CLARKE.

Harry D. Clarke.

1. Come in - to my heart, blessed Je - sus, Come in - to my heart, I pray;
 2. Come in - to my heart, blessed Je - sus, I need Thee thro' life's dreary way;
 3. Come in - to my heart, blessed Je - sus, And take all my guilt a - way;
 4. Come in - to my heart, blessed Je - sus, O cleanse and il - lu - mine my soul;

My soul is so troub-led and wea - ry, Come in - to my heart to - day.
 The bur-den of sin is so heav - y, Come in - to my heart to stay.
 Then spotless I'll stand in Thy presence, When breaks Thine e - ter - nal day.
 Fill me with Thy won - der - ful Spir - it,, Come in and take full con - trol.

CHORUS.

In - to my heart, in - to my heart, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - sus;

Come in to - day, come in to stay, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - sus.

Old Time Religion.

Arranged.

CHO. - 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion,
 1. It was good for 'our moth - ers, It was good for our moth - ers,

Old-Time Religion.

'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, — It's good e-nough for me.
It was good for our moth-ers, — It's good e-nough for me.

2 Makes me love everybody.

3 It has sav-ed our fathers.

4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.

5 It was good for the Hebrew children,

6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.

7 It was good for Paul and Silas.

8 It will do when I am dying.

9 It can take us all to heaven.

126

Faith of Our Fathers.

Frederick W. Faber.

St. Catherine. L. M. 6l.

H. F. Hemy.

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire, and sword:
2. Our fa - thers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:

O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo-rious word!
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life:

Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death! A - MEN.

D. R. Van Sickle.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, We cast . . . our crowns be-fore Thee;
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, The ran - somed hosts surround Thee;
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, Our ris - - en King and Sav - ior!

Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - - 'ry voice a -
And earth - ly mon-archs clam - or forth Their Sov - - - 'reign King to
Thy foes are van-quished, and Thou art Om - nip - - - o - tent for-

dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior King, The vi - brant
crown Thee. While those re-deemed in a - ges gone, As - sem - bled
ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa - tan's

chords. of Heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might-y strain:
round the great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song:
pow'r is burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name:

All hail! all hail! All hail! all hail! Im-man-u-el
All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

Hail! Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail!

Hail to the King we love so well! Hail! Im - man-u - el! Hail to the King we love so well!

Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el!

Hail! Im - man - u - el! Glo-ry and honor and majesty, Wisdom and power be
Hail! Glo - - ry and maj-es-ty, Wis - dom be

rit. un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more! . . . Hail to the King we love so well!

man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail! Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el!

Hail! Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well! Hail! Im - man - u - el!
Hail! Hail!

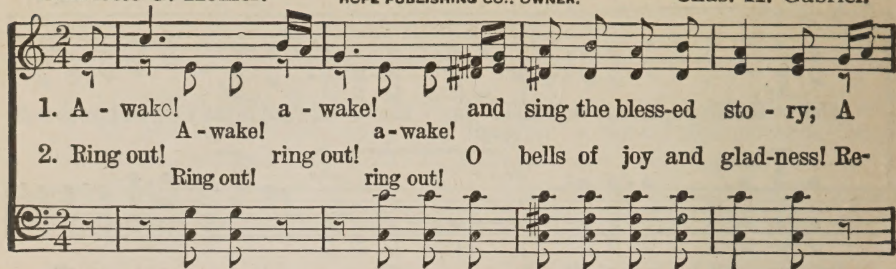
King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man - u - el! A-MEN.

Awakening Chorus.

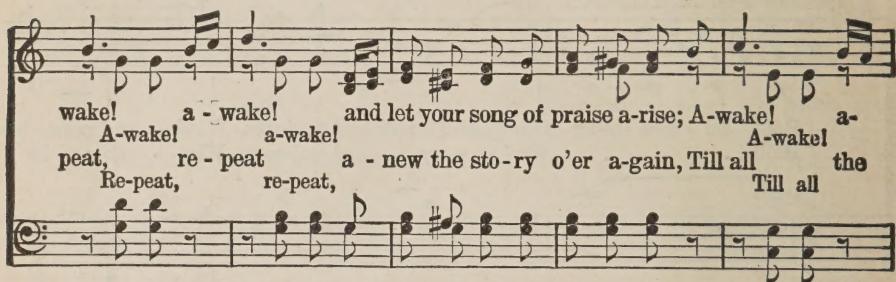
Charlotte G. Homer.

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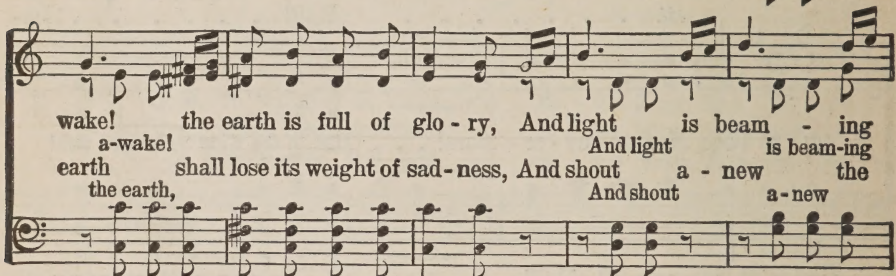
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. A - wake! a - wake! and sing the bless-ed sto - ry; A
A - wake! a - wake!
2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad-ness! Re-
Ring out! ring out!

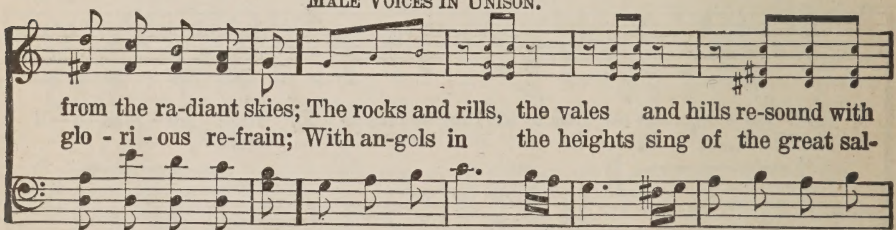


wake! a - wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A-wake! a-
A-wake! a-wake!
peat, re - peat a - new the sto-ry o'er a-gain, Till all the
Re-peat, re-peat, Till all



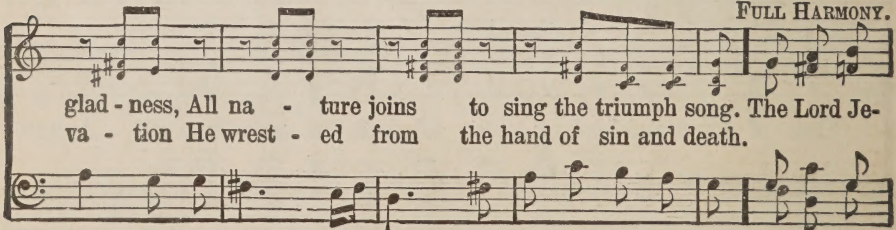
wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam - ing
a-wake! And light is beam-ing
earth shall lose its weight of sad-ness, And shout a - new the
the earth, And shout a-new

MALE VOICES IN UNISON.



from the ra-diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills re-sound with
glo - ri - ous re-frain; With an-gols in the heights sing of the great sal-

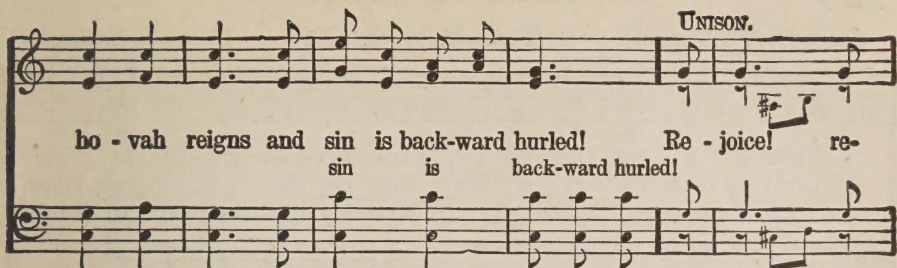
FULL HARMONY.



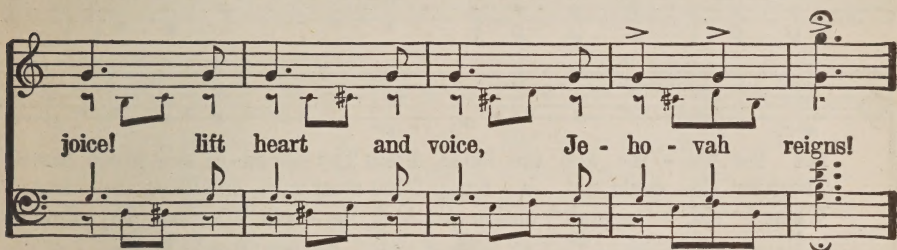
glad - ness, All na - ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je-
va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

Awakening Chorus.

UNISON.

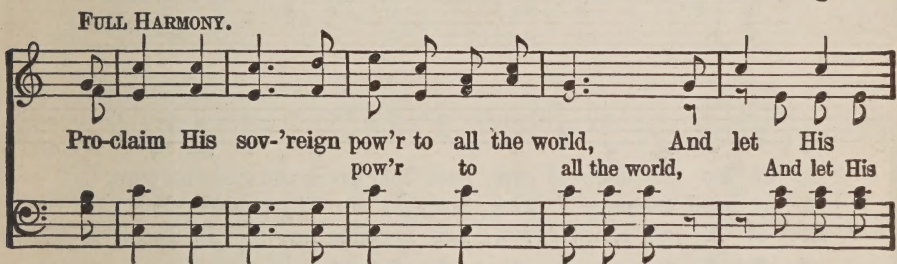


ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re - joice! re-
sin is back-ward hurled!

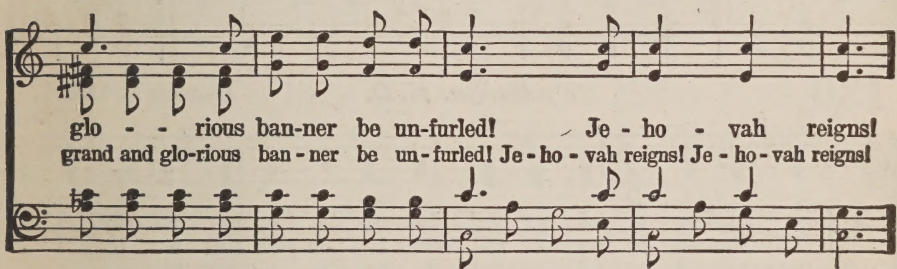


joice! lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns!

FULL HARMONY.



Pro-claim His sov'-reign pow'r to all the world, And let His
pow'r to all the world, And let His



glo - - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!
grand and glo-rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!

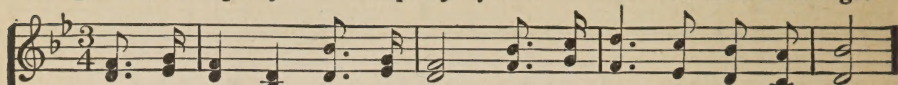


Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice! Je - ho - vah reigns! A-MEN.
Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice!

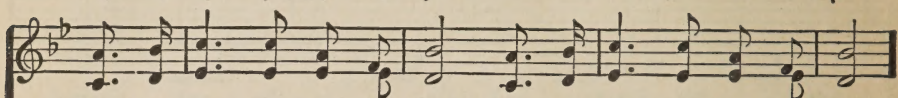
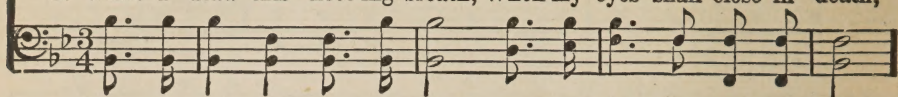
Augustus M. Toplady.

Toplady. 7s. 6l.

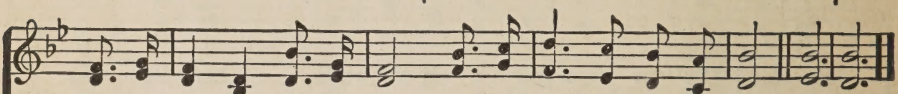
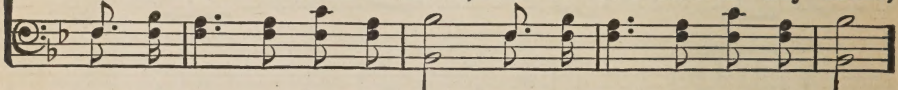
Thomas Hastings.



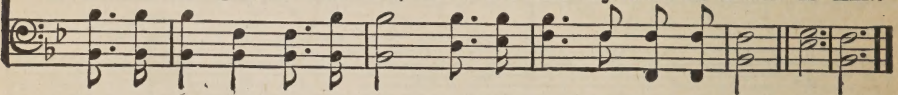
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,
 These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
 When I rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,



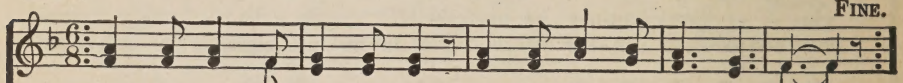
Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 In my hand no price I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee. A - MEN.



Martyn. 7s. D.

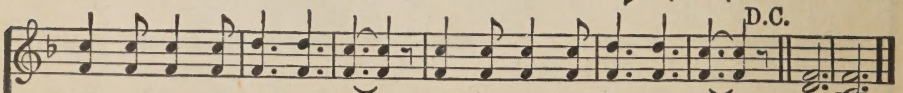
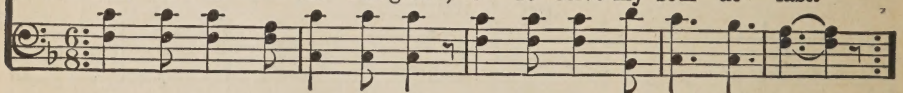
Simeon B. Marsh.

FINE.

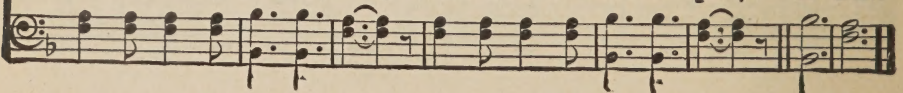


1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, }
- { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high! }

D. C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.



Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past; A - MEN.



All Hail the Power.

Coronation. C. M.

Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res-trial ball,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all,
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all,

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all! A-MEN.

132 There's Only One Savior Who Saves.

J. P. S.

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J. P. Scholfield.

There's on - ly one Sav-ior who saves, There's on-ly one Sav-ior who saves;

Then anchor your faith to Christ Jesus to-day, For there's only one Savior who saves.

S. E. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

Charlie D. Tillman.

1. Read-y to suf-fer grief or pain, Read-y to stand the test;
 2. Read-y to go, read-y to bear, Read-y to watch and pray;
 3. Read-y to speak, read-y to think, Read-y with heart and brain;
 4. Read-y to speak, read-y to warn, Read-y o'er souls to yearn;

Read-y to stay at home and send Oth-ers, if He sees best.
 Read-y to stand a - side and give, Till He shall clear the way.
 Read-y to stand where He sees fit, Read-y to stand the strain.
 Read-y in life, read - y in death, Read-y for His re - turn.

CHORUS.

Read-y to go, read-y to stay, Read-y my place to fill;

Read-y for serv-ice, low-ly or great, Read-y to do His will.

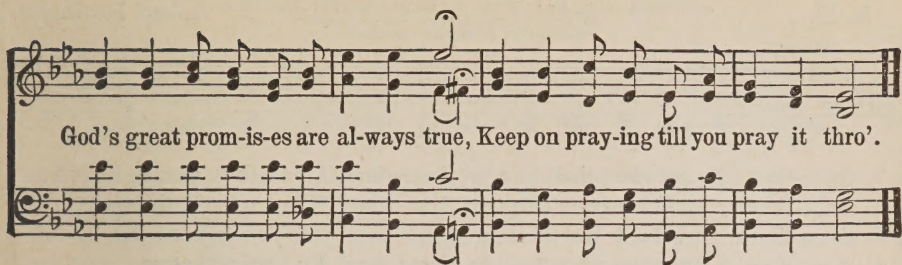
B. B McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

Keep on pray-ing till you pray it thro', Keep on praying till you pray it thro';

Keep On Praying.



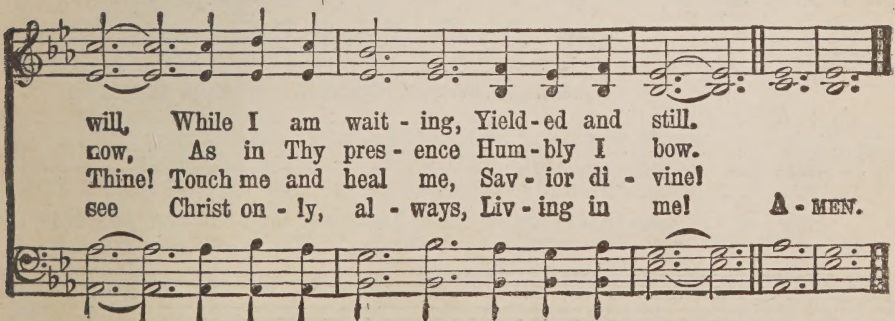
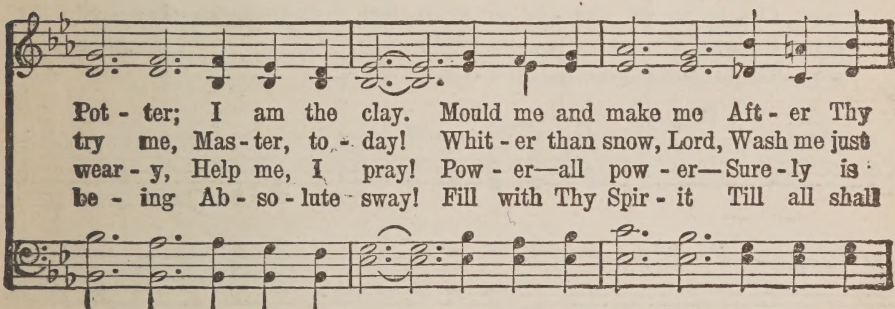
135 Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

A. A. P.

Slowly.

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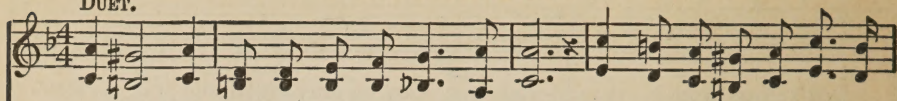
Geo. C. Stebbins.



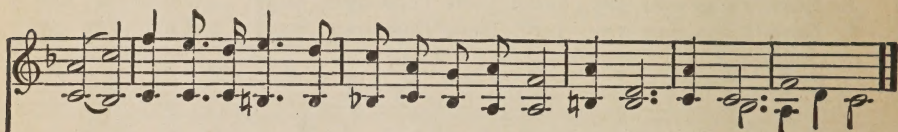
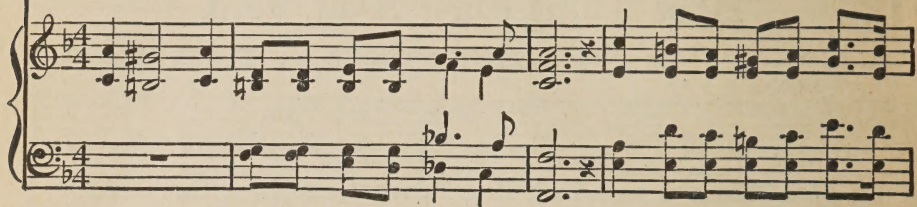
R. H.

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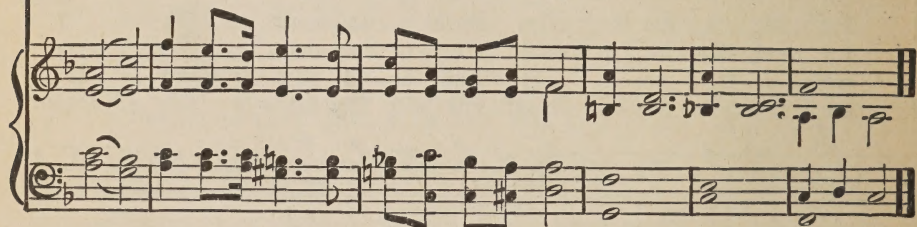
DUET.



1. Some-time all sor-rows shall be o'er, Some-time! All earth-ly care be known no
2. Some-time our loved ones we shall greet, Some-time! When in the Father's house we
3. Some-time when sets at last life's sun, Some-time! Our jour-ney end-ed, la-bor
4. Some-time, I know not when 'twill be, Some-time! My Lord will come a-gain for



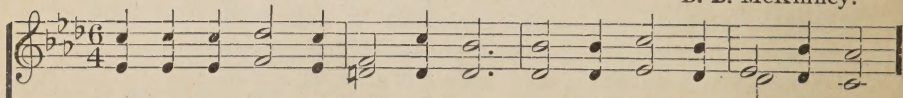
more! Oh, what re-joic-ing on the golden shore,
meet, On-ly to sit for-ev-er at His feet, Some-time, some-time soon!
done, Oh, what a crown for ev-'ry vic-t'ry won, some-time soon!
me, Then I shall reign with Him e-ter-nal-ly,



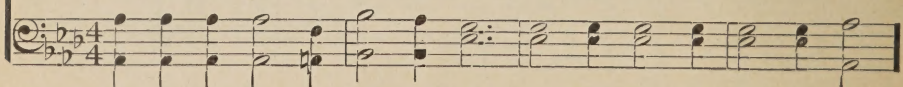
ROMANS 10: 9.

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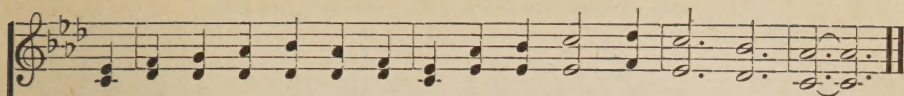
B. B. McKinney.



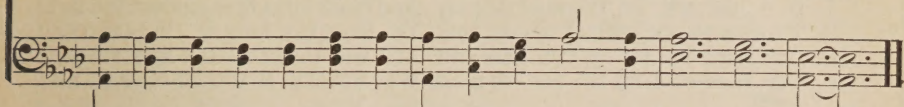
How do I know that Christ is mine: Turn to Rom-ans, ten and nine;



How Do I Know?



Con-fessing Him, trusting Him, Sav-ior di-vine, I know He's mine.

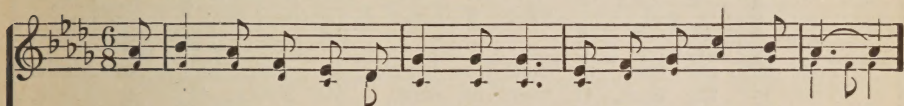


138 Christ Will Our Pilot Be.

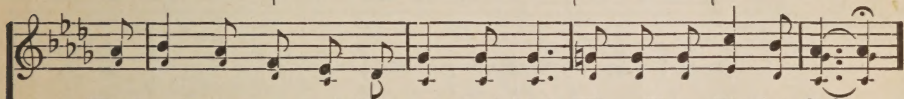
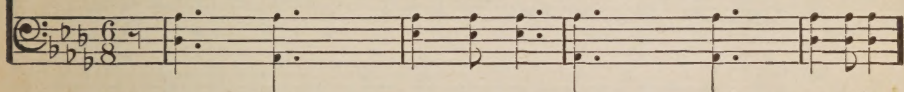
Lizzie DeArmond.

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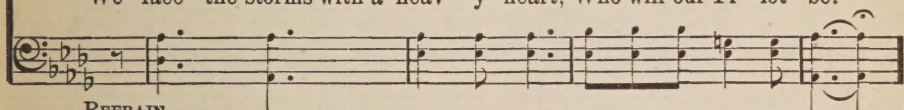
Ira B. Wilson.



1. We sail a-long in our lit-tle boats O-ver the great life sea, . .
2. We sail a-long in the morning bright, Hap-py and glad are we, . .
3. We sail a-long, there are shoals they say, Dangers from which to flee, . .



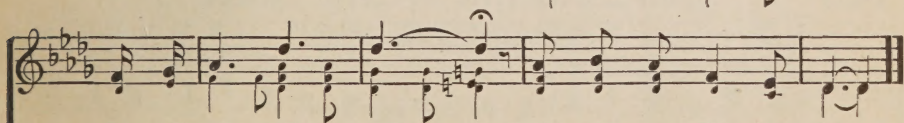
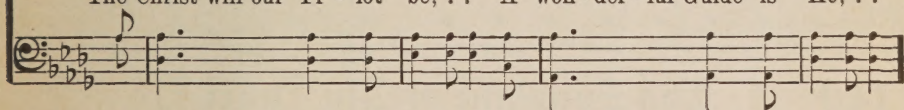
The break-ers roar and the waves dash high, Who will our Pi-lot be?
But still we ask as the rocks draw near, Who will our Pi-lot be?
We face the storms with a heav-y heart, Who will our Pi-lot be?



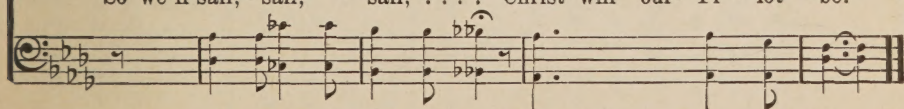
REFRAIN.



The Christ will our Pi-lot be, . . A won-der-ful Guide is He, . .



So we'll sail, sail, sail, . . . Christ will our Pi-lot be.



O Why Not To-night?

Elizabeth Reed.

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J. Calvin Bushey.

1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
 2. To - mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight;
 3. Our Lord in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite?
 4. Our bless-ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u - nite;

Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, O to - night.
 This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to - night.
 Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, O to - night.
 Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to - night.

CHORUS.

O why not to-night? O why not to-night?
 O why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?

Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
 Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?

The Sunshine of My Heart.

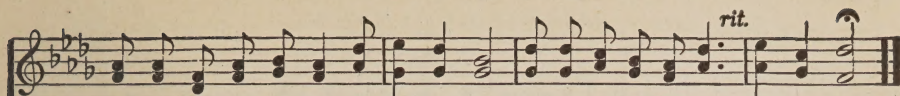
B. B. McK.

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B. B. McKinney.

Je - sus is the sun-shine of my heart, Je - sus is the sun-shine of my heart,

The Sunshine of My Heart.



Joy and peace e - ter - nal He doth im - part, Je - sus is the sun - shine of my heart.

141 When We All Get to Heaven.

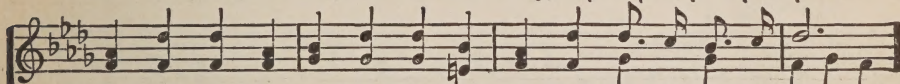
E. E. Hewitt.

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Mrs. J. G. Wilson.



1. Sing the won - drous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer - cy and His grace;
2. While we walk the pil - grim pathway, Clouds will o - ver - spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faithful, Trust - ing, serv - ing ev - 'ry day;
4. On - ward to the prize be - fore us! Soon His beau - ty we'll be - hold;

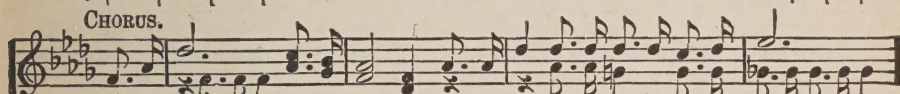


In the man - sions bright and bless - ed, He'll pre - pare for us a place.
 But when trav'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad - ow, not a sigh.
 Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
 Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.

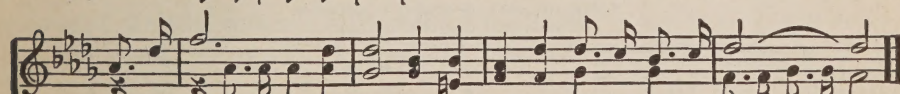
1. for us a place.



CHORUS.



When we all get to heaven, What a day of rejoicing that will be!
 When we all What a day of rejoicing that will be!



When we all see Jesus, We'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry.....
 When we all and shout the vic - to - ry.

I. E. R.

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I. E. Reynolds.

1. "Call un-to Me and I will answer thee," Thus saith our God of love;
2. "Call un-to Me and I will answer thee," The Savior's prom-ise sweet;
3. "Call un-to Me and I will answer thee," His word of love to you;

Faithfully come, whate'er thy needs may be, He'll give thee from a - bove.
Anx-ious is He to hear our ev-'ry plea, And make our joy complete.
Trust in His blood and He will set you free, And ev - er He'll be true.

CHORUS.

"Call un-to Me and I will answer thee, Call un-to Me, call un - to Me;

Great and wonderful things I will show thee, Call un-to Me, call un - to Me."

143 Jesus Paid the Price for Me.

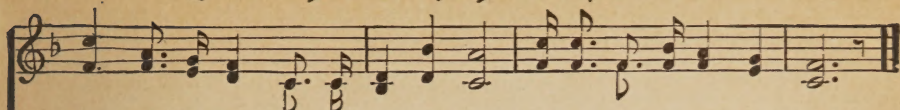
M. B. J.

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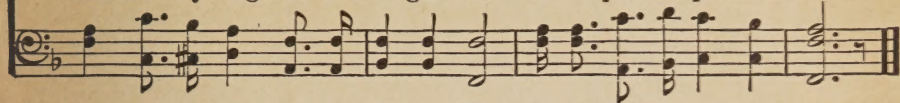
Mrs. Maude B. Jacobs.

Je-sus paid the price for me, (for me,) Paid it for e - ter - ni - ty;

Jesus Paid the Price for Me.



This shall my song thro' the a - ges be: Je-sus paid the price for me.



144

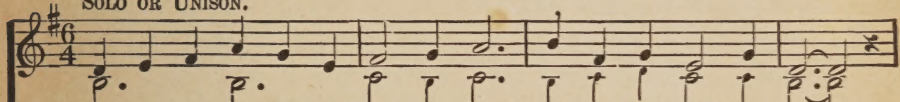
Bearing His Cross for Me.

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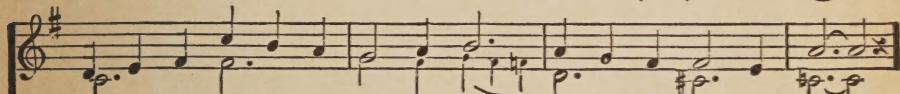
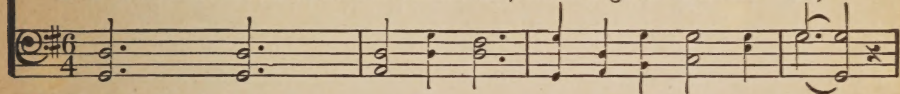
R. H.

Robert Harkness.

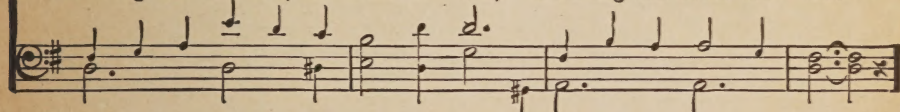
SOLO OR UNISON.



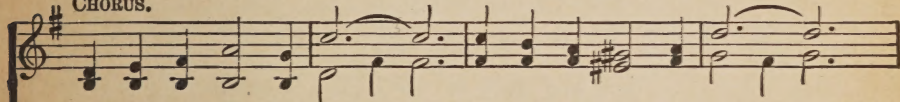
1. I see my Sav-ior with thorn-crowned head, Bear-ing His cross for me;
2. I see Him pass thro' the cit - y gate, Bear-ing His cross for me;
3. I see Him burdened with this world's sin, Bear-ing His cross for me;



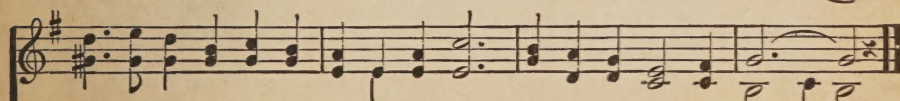
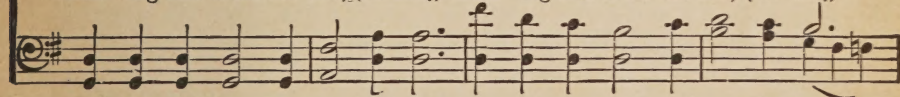
Thorn-pierced His brow, as by sol-diers led, Bear-ing His cross for me.
On midst the taunts and the peo-ple's hate, Bear-ing His cross for me.
Will-ing to suf-fer, all hearts to win, Bear-ing His cross for me.



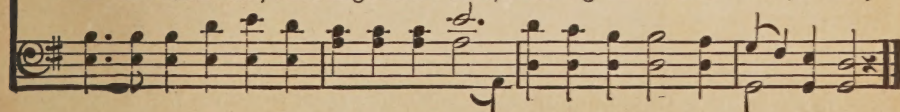
CHORUS.



Bear-ing His cross for me, (for me,) Bear-ing His cross for me, (for me,)



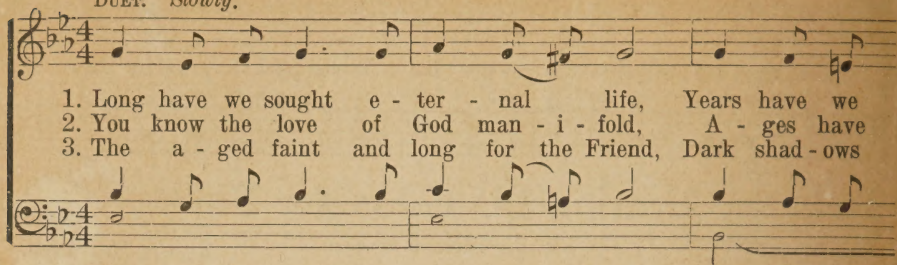
Won-der-ful Sav-ior, what anguish He bore, Bear-ing His cross for me. (for me.)



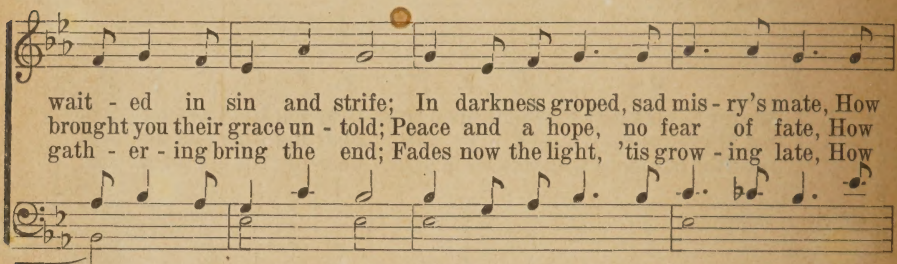
Rev. S. M. Glasgow.

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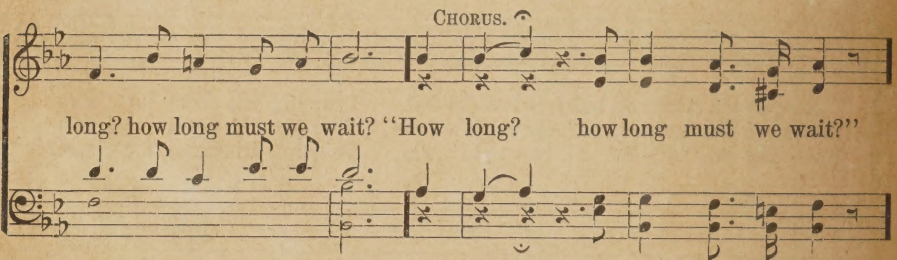
Rev. C. T. Caldwell.

DUET. *Slowly.*


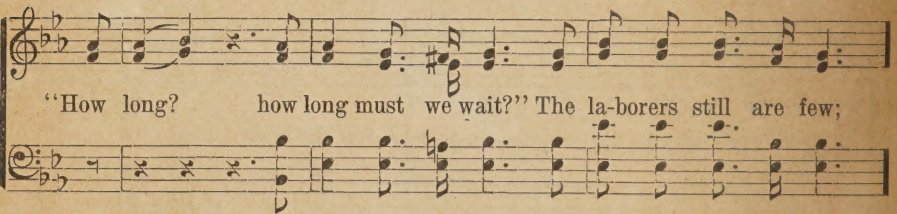
1. Long have we sought e - ter - nal life, Years have we
 2. You know the love of God man - i - fold, A - ges have
 3. The a - ged faint and long for the Friend, Dark shad - ows



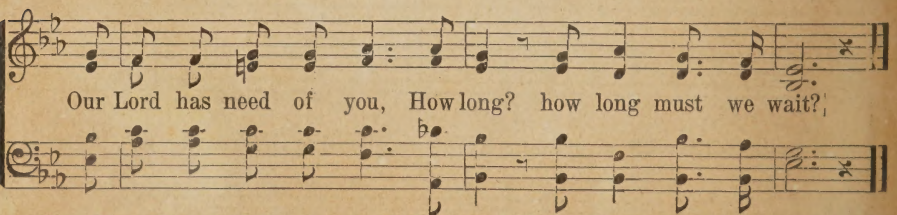
wait - ed in sin and strife; In darkness groped, sad mis - ry's mate, How
 brought you their grace un - told; Peace and a hope, no fear of fate, How
 gath - er - ing bring the end; Fades now the light, 'tis grow - ing late, How



CHORUS.
 long? how long must we wait? "How long? how long must we wait?"



"How long? how long must we wait?" The la - borers still are few;



Our Lord has need of you, How long? how long must we wait?

(Rev. Motte Martin, of Africa, recites the moving incident of a seeker after a teacher for his distant village who, when thrice refused, there being none to send, cried out in his brokenheartedness, in response to the answer, "You must wait;" "HOW LONG MUST WE WAIT? Oh, Teacher, ask the white man in your land, "HOW LONG MUST WE WAIT?"")

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